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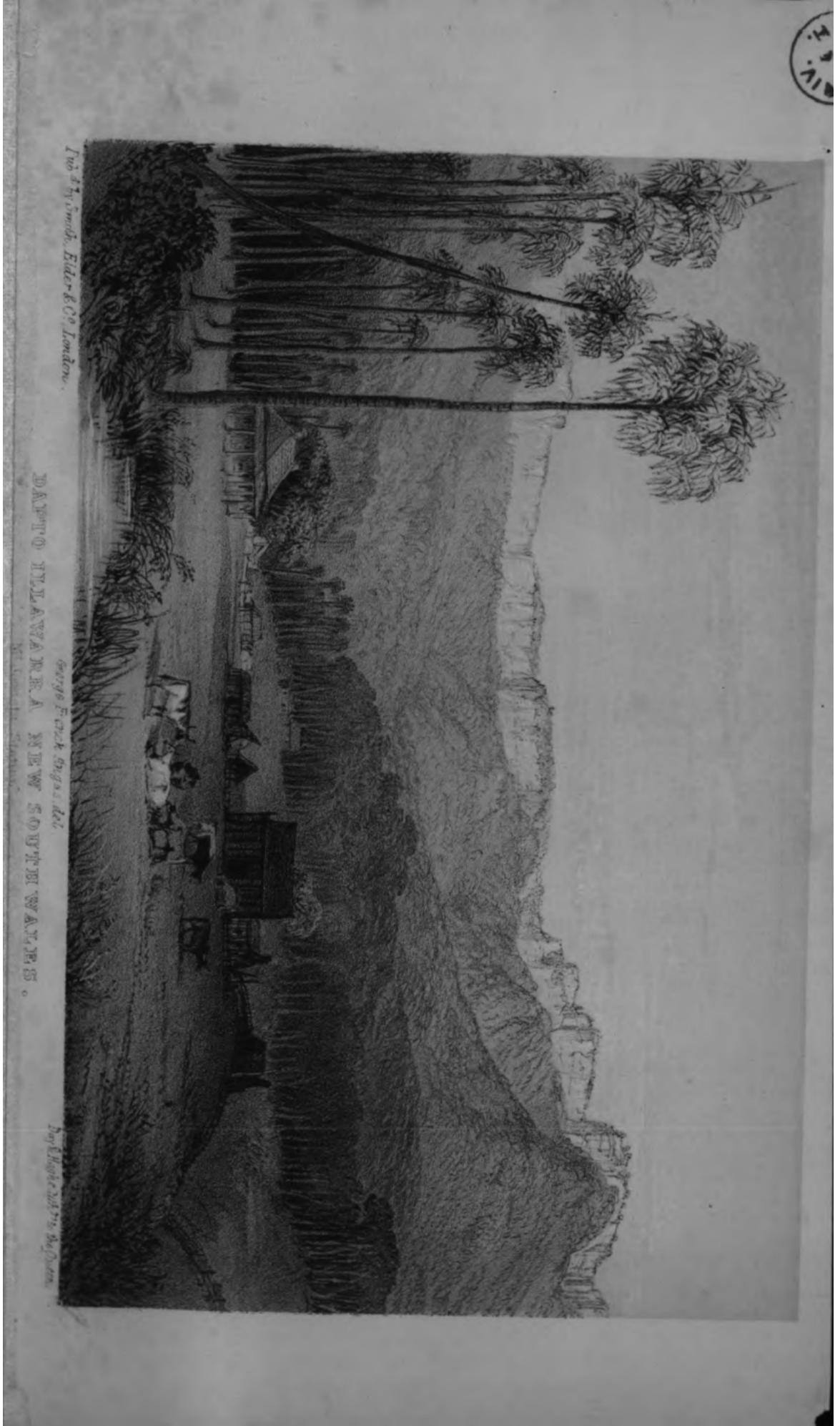
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SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES

IN

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND :

BEING AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF COUNTRIES AND
PEOPLE AT THE ANTIPODES.

With numerous Illustrations.

By GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW ZEALANDERS ILLUSTRATED;" "SOUTH AUSTRALIA
ILLUSTRATED;" "A RAMBLE IN MALTA AND SICILY," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



STRIKING THE WAR-BELL—NEW ZEALAND.

SECOND EDITION.

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SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES

IN

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR OF NEW ZEALAND— THE WAIKATO.

TRAVELLING in New Zealand is very different from travelling in Australia, where the open nature of the country enables one to ride for hundreds of miles in almost any direction: in New Zealand the traveller must go on foot, and so dense and extensive are many of the mountain forests, that he has to cut or force his way through them; whilst the frequent precipices, swamps, and rivers, offer obstacles to his progress that require some ingenuity to overcome.

Early in the spring of 1844, I set out on a journey of upwards of eight hundred miles, on foot, to explore

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various portions of the interior of the Northern Island; and in the course of my progress I became acquainted with many tribes, settled on the shores of inland lakes and amidst sequestered valleys, whose character, and existence even, are but little known to dwellers on the coast. At setting out, and for the first portion of my journey, up the Waikato river and along the western coast, I was accompanied by my friend Forsaith, one of the protectors of aborigines; who was on his way overland to Taranaki, or New Plymouth, the British settlement at the foot of Mount Egmont. But when penetrating to the interior, and visiting the districts of Mokau and the Taupo lakes, I was accompanied only by natives; and during the whole period of my sojourn with the New Zealanders, I invariably experienced both hospitality and protection. My mission amongst them was one of peace: I did not covet their land; and my coming from Europe for the purpose of representing their chiefs and their country was considered by them as a compliment. The chiefs readily acceded to my requests, and facilitated the purpose of my journey; and I was everywhere known by the title of "*Te pakeha no te Kene Ingerangi*," or "The stranger from the Queen of England:" loudly and proudly did my native guides herald my approach to a *kainga maori* with this appellation.

The day of our starting from Auckland was calm and cloudy: not a breath of wind ruffled the wide expanse of the gulf; and as we brushed through the

fern and heather along our onward way, the stillness was intense: the pervading silence was unbroken save by the occasional flutter of a locust, and the low rumbling, at intervals, of distant thunder. Clad in our "bush" costume, but without weapons, and each with a *toko toko* or long walking-staff in our hands, my fellow-traveller and myself set off in excellent spirits, accompanied by five Maori lads, who carried our baggage; this consisted of bundles of clothing, sketching apparatus, collecting boxes, a small tent, and a basket of provisions: which they severally carried in their *pikau* or knapsacks, strapped over their shoulders with the leaves of flax. As we passed along, our lads exchanged farewell salutations with their native friends; the latter shouting out, with a long condoling whine, "*Haere ra! haera ra!*"—which means, "Go, my friends! go!" This was returned by "*E noho!*"—"Remain, my friends! remain!"

Our route lay through the region of extinct volcanic craters, described in a former chapter. We skirted the low shores of the harbour of Manukao, a large but dangerous inlet from the west coast; and the view of Manukao heads, with a high peaked bluff, shut out the horizon to our right. On the banks of this harbour, is the rich and extensive farm belonging to Mr. Fairburn, who possesses an immense territory in this district. The cattle were grazing amongst the low fern, and looked remarkably sleek, and in excellent order.

From this point, we struck into one of the native

paths, which are never wide enough for two persons to travel abreast ; and after wading through several swamps and flax marshes, in which we found our long *toko tokos* of great assistance, we arrived at the banks of the Tamaki river. The tide being out, mud and slime covered the margin of the stream for a considerable distance, and the sight of some stout wild-ducks waddling along over these exposed flats, made us regret we had no rifle to procure a few for our supper. Here we had no alternative but to strip and ford the river, wading across the mud flats, into which we sank at every step nearly up to our middles. It was a difficult matter to get our feet out of the mire, while thousands of small crabs kept biting our legs as we toiled slowly through the sludge, rendering our situation anything but an enviable one. We at length regained the opposite shore ; and after scraping the mud off our limbs with flax-leaves, we resumed our journey.

We passed several volcanic craters, with terraced sides, near which blocks of lava were piled up artificially ; and many signs of ancient *pahs* were observable, especially vast heaps of *pepi*-shells that lay scattered in all directions around. The tea-tree shrub (*leptospermum*) was in full bloom amongst the fern ; and a small flowering plant, with sharp prickly leaves, its blossom a minute white bell, exhaled a sweet spring perfume, scenting the air with its delicious fragrance : yet the tiny source of this grateful enjoyment was so concealed beneath

the moss and fern, as to require a diligent search before its presence was discovered to the eye.]

Our day's route lay through a sombre and desolate-looking region, almost without trees. The undulating country was clothed with russet fern, and bunches of flax occurred in every direction, reminding one of the aloe, which at a distance it somewhat resembles. This entire district was once the scene of intense volcanic action, to which the numerous funnel-shaped craters before mentioned acted as safety-valves. An occasional *ti*-tree (*dracæna*) gives a foreign and palm-like aspect to the swampy ground; and a small black and white moth (*agarista*) flutters plentifully over the fern and along the banks of bulrush and *tohi tohi* swamps.

Towards the close of day, we arrived at the termination of this volcanic and open district, and, on the borders of a dark forest, we descried a small clearing, with one or two huts belonging to European settlers. We tried in vain at one of the huts to procure either a kit of potatoes or some flour as food for our lads; the settlers being very poor, and potatoes exceedingly scarce, in this part of the country: the great native feasts at Auckland a few months ago had well nigh exhausted the stock, and there will be no more until the spring crop comes up. It was now sunset; and we suddenly struck into a belt of forest—a glen of profuse vegetation—through which the lingering beams of day were in vain struggling to penetrate. A break in the forest re-

vealed to us an open space, through which a murmuring stream flowed, and the ruins of an undershot water-mill, that had never seen completion, marked the unsuccessful toil of some settler in the wild. The full moon, like an amber shield, rose over the dark wood, and its light stole through the crisp leaves of the spreading tree-ferns, making them look extremely beautiful. The lone cry of the *ko ko* (a species of goatsucker) echoed plaintively from amongst the dense copse-like underwood, and the song of night-birds amongst the fern, made a low, soft music, that told of calm and peaceful solitudes. Suddenly emerging from the wood, we again struck out into an open fern country, along which we travelled by the light of the moon, crossing swamps and small streams gurgling beneath an overgrowth of luxuriant flax bushes.

We sought refuge for the night under the hospitable roof of an old captain, who, from commanding country ships in the opium trade, had exchanged China, and India, and the luxury of the East, for a humble barn in the forests of New Zealand. Our host complained sadly of the depredations of the natives, and positively assured us that their ill-behaved dogs ate all his butter, which had been made with infinite trouble, by shaking up the cream in a green glass bottle. His guns were kept cocked, in case of an alarm; and the very people, amongst the least civilized of whom I was going alone and unarmed, were represented to us as a race of banditti.

Our native lads, tired and hungry, on arriving at the end of their day's journey, dropped each one as usual into the fern, with his flax-tied bundle on his back, and, giving the accustomed grunt, each removed his load. Whilst the lads made themselves comfortable beneath a *raupo* shed, at a short distance from the barn, we betook ourselves to the shelter afforded us by the worthy captain's hut, where we found his family, with the usual accompaniments of a settler's log cabin,—dogs, fleas, and a good blazing fire. Our host, as is usual in Europe, conducted me to my night's quarters. Lifting a piece of depending canvass, he requested me to crawl beneath it; this done, I was enabled, by the light of the moon which was shining full into this corner of the barn, to make a complete survey of the crevice into which I had been thrust by the overwhelming kindness of my host: he would not for a moment think of my sleeping on a heap of fern, which I greatly preferred, but obligingly compelled me to occupy "the best bed," which was styled "the mattress,"—a filthy, ragged thing, full of fleas, and without any covering. Two herdsmen, on an opposite tressel, with the moonlight shining brightly upon their faces, lay snoring and scratching themselves alternately with great vehemence; troubled, no doubt, by the same nimble parasites that blackened my "mattress," with their countless hosts. Horrible noises in the thatch, which the natives would probably have ascribed to the *atuas*, afforded a subject for speculation, as I lay all night

with my eyes wide open, counting the mosquitoes I had killed: sometimes I was inclined to think that *they* were the greatest plague; but a vigorous sally from the myriad inmates of the mattress "feelingly" convinced me that they were not unrivalled, and turned the fulness of my wrath against the wingless foe. Longing for sunrise to banish my vile tormentors, I envied Forsaith on his heap of fern; but in the morning he told me that he too had slain his thousands, and the trophies of his prowess lay scattered around him. During the day the *namu*, or sand-fly, is almost as troublesome as the mosquito; but it is instant death for them to bite me, as my entomological propensities make me pretty certain in my capture.

Sept. 27th.—At daybreak we gladly rose up, and were off into the clear and dewy air of the morning. Proceeding onwards through fern and belts of forest, we at length arrived at the banks of a rapidly flowing river, which we crossed on the shoulders of our guides; and soon afterwards we reached a small ruined *pah*, on the slope of a hill, having around it several grotesquely carved figures much decayed. At the native settlement of Papakoura, we found but four individuals at home; food was very scarce, and the improvident natives, for some time past, had been almost starving; their early potato crops not yet being sufficiently advanced to take them out of the ground. With some difficulty, our lads obtained one basket of potatoes, and made up the remainder of their meal

with boiled sow-thistles. It is remarkable that the natives will not eat salt, and though I have repeatedly offered it to them, I have met with but a solitary instance of their accepting it. On our approach to the scattered huts constituting the settlement of Papakoura, a body of lean dogs attacked us with the utmost demonstrations of fury; but after throwing a few sticks at them they were crouching at our feet, imploringly watching for a morsel of potato.

The thunder and lightning, which had been violent during the morning, were succeeded by torrents of rain that wetted us through; and as the slippery state of the soil rendered walking along the native paths very unpleasant, we found our *toko tokos* of considerable use, both as walking-staffs and also to feel our way through the swamps and peat-bogs that we constantly had occasion to cross. Onwards, through gently undulating fern-land, interspersed with bushes of *phormium tenax* and an occasional dragon-tree, we again found belts of forest-land. The thunder rattled angrily over the Maunuotu hills, and after a thorough drenching, the weather once more cleared up.

Amidst a grove of tree-ferns, the sight of a tent agreeably surprised us; for we at first concluded that it belonged to the native party who had conveyed one of the missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Buddle and his family, from Waipa to Auckland, in a sort of chairs or litters (*amo*), "a la mode Sicilien;" and this party we were anxious to overtake, so as to be able

to proceed with them in their canoes up the Waikato river. The tent, however, proved to be that of a surveyor, and several Maories were encamped around it.

To-day we had several small rivers to cross : the yellow *kowai* tree, at this season of spring, covered with a profusion of golden blossoms, ornamented the banks of the streams with its gracefully bending stems. We waded a broad and deep river, at the only fordable spot we could discover, which was over very smooth and slippery rocks ; and the violence of the current threatened to carry us off our legs into the foaming rapids beneath. At noon we crossed another river, twelve feet deep, by means of a narrow tree, along which we passed, holding each other's hands, and supported by our poles : on the opposite bank we rested half an hour, and partook of a mouthful of *kai* (food).

One of our natives constantly carries a slate in his hand, and whenever we halt to rest, he amuses himself by working sums in arithmetic : he is now lying at full length on the fern, busily engaged with a calculation that Forsaith has set him ; and my lad, E Pera, is reading aloud from a native testament, extremely fast. Not only do the young people, in this way, improve themselves in education, but they are very fond of teaching others ; and many individuals in the interior, who had no instruction whatever from the missionaries, have acquired the arts of reading and writing, merely by aid of these native

instructors, who have a pride in communicating their new acquirements.

We now reached a river—a deep and sluggish stream—and, as no trees were near, nor any means of crossing except by stripping and plunging in, we waited until our lads came up; they all soon divested themselves of their shirts and trousers, which they flung across to the opposite bank along with their poles and blankets, and then waded the river with the luggage on their heads, the water being up to their necks. After conveying the bundles across, they returned for ourselves, and carried us over, with our feet resting on one fellow's shoulders and our backs on the head of another. It was ticklish work, and the lads enjoyed it amazingly; joking my friend, who lay remarkably still, by saying that they were carrying a dead body. The Maories are remarkable for their natural gaiety: they are merry fellows; always laughing and joking, especially during the adventures of a journey, to which they are extremely partial: look when you will they are sure to laugh, and though they have had but little to eat to-day, they are full of fun.

The soil of the district through which we passed was a sandy loam; the country gently undulating, covered with fern, and intersected by innumerable gullies, filled up with swamps yielding flax and *tohi tohi* grass.

Towards the afternoon, we came in sight of the native settlement of Tuimata, prettily situated in a

rich valley on the borders of a *kaiatea* forest, part of which had been cut down for a potato ground. The natives prefer the soil reclaimed from the decayed vegetation of the woods for their agricultural purposes, and they take infinitely more pains in clearing forest land than in rooting up the fern, as they consider the soil of the former superior. At the *kainga*, or native settlement, we found about thirty people, together with the party returning to Waipa, whom we had been so anxious to overtake. The chief, whose baptised name was Haimona (Simon), a strong grey haired man, sat to me for his portrait, as did also his wife and child. After pitching our little tent, and partaking of some food, I set to work, though the rain again descended in torrents. I sat beneath the shelter of a native verandah or porch, whilst my patient sitters were exposed to the rain. I resolved on sketching Haimona's wife in the posture she had involuntarily assumed whilst gazing intently at me as I transferred the lineaments of her spouse to paper. She lay at length upon the ground, exactly in the attitude of a sea-lion (*phoca*) when basking in the sun. The lady insisted, greatly to my dismay, in robing herself for the occasion in a clean white *chemise* of European fashion; and, putting aside her native habiliments, down she lay upon the wet ground thus attired. Although her vanity was thus singularly gratified, I really pitied the poor woman: notwithstanding, it was impossible to refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh at the idea of a European lady, thus scantily

attired, lying for her portrait in the pouring rain in such a posture. She appeared highly satisfied with my sketch, as did the old chief who sat by my side: saying it was "*wakapaipai*," or "beautiful;" whilst all the time I was nearly stifled by the horrible odour that issued from a vessel of stinking Indian corn: a relish to which the natives are remarkably partial.

The rich tints of the evergreen forest were gilded by a transient sunbeam, and just at sunset a rainbow stretched across the eastern sky; the clouds cleared off, and then the moonlight that succeeded this day of storm was lovely and unclouded—the moon being at its full. Our tent is pitched on a bed of chickweed, and spread thickly with fern by our lads, which makes a delightful couch to repose on; outside, round the fire, our natives are going through their multiplication table, and laughing and joking at intervals as usual. At sunset, the natives went through their *karakia*, or worship, which is performed by the Christians every night and morning. Not having a bell, the signal to prayers was given by striking an iron pot with a stone; and presently afterwards we heard their voices, all singing the evening hymn in the Maori tongue. The native teacher, a well-tattooed man, came to us after prayers, and remained all the evening with his head and shoulders thrust into our tent, talking with Forsaith, in the native language, about incorrectly translated passages of the New Testament.

Sept. 28th.—Started at six o'clock, and marched

several miles before we halted to cook our breakfast. The party returning to Waipa were already off, but we overtook them at an old potato-ground, where they were taking their morning's meal.

We crossed two native bridges over marshy creeks: they were constructed by laying a great quantity of fern across small trunks of trees, and brushwood placed lengthwise. The appearance of the country was here very picturesque; the hills became of a more undulating aspect, clothed with deep forests, and every now and then opening into tracts of fern: from these clear spaces, the view of hill and dale, and belted forest, bounded by the distant appearance of Manukao harbour, with the faint and dim outline of the extinct craters jutting up from the volcanic region we had left far behind us, formed a singular and pleasing scene.

We now entered a gloomy forest, the path through which was rendered difficult and annoying by the liands and roots of various climbers catching our feet at every step beneath the mud. In this forest, and also in the next through which we passed, were complete groves composed entirely of the beautiful *nikau* palm (*areca sapida*) mingling with tree ferns (*cyathæa* and *mahrattia*) and the other exuberant vegetable productions of these still and sombre dells; which are shaded eternally from the sun by a lofty canopy of *kaihatia* foliage overhead, and fed by the ceaseless moisture that drops from every spray, and renders these antipodean forests rank with vegeta-

tion. Parasites sprout from the loftiest trees, and mosses and ferns of numerous varieties clothe the trunks with green, carrying a profusion of vegetable life up into the topmost branches of the noblest forest-trees. All is of the deepest green, and amidst the gloom and shady recesses of these dense forests, there reigns a solemn and almost unbroken stillness: the fluting cry of the *kaka* (*nestor meridionalis*) or the moonlight-accompanying voice of the *ko ko* but occasionally sounding through these primeval solitudes. Truly beautiful at this season of the year are the clustering blossoms of the large white clematis, hanging here and there high overhead, twining round some stately trunk, or spread like a snowy mantle over its leafy summit, and anon descending in chains of bloom, wreathing fantastic garlands around the brushwood.

We halted for our morning meal amidst the charred stumps that marked an old potato-ground, the rich soil of which was overrun with wild cabbage now in blossom. Huiputea, the chief who led the party, spread some *nikau* leaves for us to sit upon, and, opening our provision box, we commenced breakfast. We had, in addition, potatoes roasted in rows upon sharp sticks; and one of the natives contributed a beautiful pigeon, of a large size, which he had just brought down with his musket. Before he could reach the fires, little Hori, son of Huiputea, snatched out the tail of the bird, and commenced sticking the feathers upright in his hair, and another

of the natives covered his head with tufts of the snow-white feathers from its breast. The delicate rose-coloured feet of this pigeon, are used by the natives of the Southern Island to stain their cheeks red.

We again entered a dense forest, frequently travelling through mud which was knee deep, where the tangled roots and liands caught our feet continually; and for some miles we pushed onwards in this manner: now toiling up a steep and slippery bank, then climbing over a fallen *kaikatea* tree, or descending from root to root down a ravine, holding on by the trees in our descent; and presently after crossing some swollen torrent dashing over blocks of stone of a volcanic character.

One of our lads felled a *nikau* palm (*areca sapida*), and cut out the heart, of which we all partook: it was refreshing, and tasted rather pleasant than otherwise, its flavour somewhat resembling that of the cocoa-nut. This portion of the palm-tree is eagerly sought after by the New Zealanders, who fell every tree which they consider likely to contain a young and succulent heart: the leaves are also much used for thatching the temporary sheds which they erect whilst travelling in the forest; likewise frequently for roofing their houses and cooking-huts in the plantations. The *nikau* palms are consequently fast decreasing, and this graceful tree will probably soon disappear, unless means are taken to preserve its growth: in all directions we saw destroyed stems,

and their broad pinnated leaves lay scattered on the ground. Our party halting amidst a grove of *nikau* palms, formed a wild and picturesque group.

The rain fell in torrents during the morning, and the dripping forest resembled a shower-bath. Fern and forest-land alternated all the way, until we came in sight of the Waikato river, meandering through a rich country, amidst hills clothed with trees. It was a welcome sight, as here we knew that our journey on foot would be interrupted for a day or two; having to ascend the river in canoes to Waipa. On entering the last forest, before we arrived at the margin of the river, a delicious fragrance, like that of hyacinth and jessamine mingled, filled the warm still air with its perfume. It arose from the petals of a straggling shrub, with bright green shining leaves, resembling those of the nutmeg-tree; and a profusion of rich and delicate blossoms, looking like waxwork, and hanging in clusters of trumpet-shaped bells: I observed every shade of colour amongst them, from pinkish white to the deepest crimson, and the edges of the petals were irregularly jagged all round. The natives call this plant *horopito*.

On reaching the banks of the Waikato, we found that one large canoe had already started with a portion of our native escort, who were pushing on to reach Koruakopupu before sunset: there, being Christian natives, they intended to spend the Sabbath, which was on the following day.

The yellow *kowai* tree, which, at this season, was one

mass of golden blossoms, grew abundantly near the water's edge : some of our natives gathered bunches of it, and suspended them as ornaments in their ears. The Waikato river, at this spot, cannot be less than four hundred yards in breadth, and it flows onwards with a rapid current of at least five miles an hour, towards the west coast.

Our canoe, which was hewn out of a solid tree, was of that kind used for river conveyance, called *kau-papa* : it is quite simple, deep, and trough-like, without either the ornamental carving or the painting of *kokowai* that adorn the war-canoe and the gaily decorated *waka* of the harbours on the coast. It was from forty to fifty feet in length, but the breadth did not exceed two feet and a half. The bottom of the canoe, well strewn with fern, received our luggage and various packages belonging to the natives.

The number of our party amounted to about twenty-five, and away we started for Koruakopupu ; keeping near the bank to avoid meeting the strength of the current, which flows most rapidly towards the middle of the river. Our people, stripped to the waist, each with a mat round his loins, paddled away most lustily ; and we glided on swiftly, propelled by at least a dozen paddles.

As we proceeded, the most luxuriant vegetation overspread the banks of the river, and even extended into the water. Gigantic flax and the *tohi tohi* grass, with its razor-edged leaves, formed a complete jungle ; whilst the dragon or *ti*-trees, in full beauty, imparted

quite a foreign character to the scene. An occasional *nikau* shed appeared on the margin of the stream, beneath groves of dragon-trees and kahikatoa pine. The graceful *rimu*, and the *koroï* pine, seventy or eighty feet in height, mingle their evergreen foliage, and occasionally a small *cowdie*-tree appears here and there; though the Waikato is the southern limit of this magnificent timber-pine. Our natives, anxious to reach the village where we were to halt on the Sabbath (for the missionary natives very seldom travel on that day), pulled merrily, timing the strokes of their paddles with a chant, shouted with deafening noise; one responding to another: their loud and barbarous singing may be heard at a great distance on the water. The burden of our paddlers' chant was, "Pull away, pull away—this is not pulling;" but occasional improvised allusions to any casual object we might be passing varied the song, and had an inspiriting effect on the rowers.

It was a calm and lovely evening, and nothing broke the serenity of its repose but the splashing of the paddles as our canoe dashed onwards. How many a scene of barbarous and warlike times has this noble river been witness to! Fleet after fleet of gaily decorated war-canoes have passed up and down its surface, from the places of slaughter, reeking with blood, perhaps deeply laden with human flesh, and filled with savage heroes, whose war-shouts and yells of triumph disturbed the stillness of the lovely scenes of nature around them. But now the picture is changed.

A far different era has dawned upon the descendants of those fierce warriors. The New Zealanders are no longer a fighting people; they find raising supplies for the Europeans a far more pleasant and profitable occupation. The good effects arising from the influence of the missionaries is apparent, even if civilization had been their only aim. The New Zealanders are an intelligent and interesting race; they have fine minds and good dispositions; and if properly treated, no people can behave better. Much has been foolishly alleged against them, by individuals who are entirely ignorant of the true character and meritorious conduct of many of the Maories.

Pieces of pumice-stone, carried by the current from the Lake of Taupo, where the river has its real source, are constantly floating down with the stream of the Waikato: they are the products of the great active volcano of Tongariro, which is the centre of volcanic agency in the northern island of New Zealand.

We landed at a small *pah* or settlement, close to the right bank of the river, which proved to be Korua-kopupu; here we pitched our tent, overlooking the broad surface of the Waikato, at about half a dozen yards from its brink. The fear of too many visitations from that active parasite, the flea (cleverly styled "*e pakea nohinohi*," or "the little stranger," by the natives, who say it was introduced by the Europeans), prevented our encamping within the enclosure of the *pah*; we were, however, annoyed by the

mosquitoes during the night; and no sooner had the sun risen, and we issued from our tent to wash by the river side, than those peculiarly vexatious pests, the sand-flies (*namu*), commenced their attacks on our bare hands and feet. The sand-fly is a small black insect, and swarms in such myriads, that one is never free from their vengeance, if remaining for a single instant in the same position: whilst sketching, my hands are frequently covered with blood, and their numbers being inexhaustible, one at last gets weary of killing them.

At this village I made a sketch of a chief named Te Taepa, who was on a visit at this *kainga*: he was employed, on my approaching him, in plucking out the slightest remaining vestiges of his beard with a pair of shells, which answered the purpose of tweezers. Whilst taking his portrait, an acquaintance of his entered the verandah, and the cordial salutation of *hungi*, or "pressing noses," took place: it appeared to be a particularly fond salute, for they continued pressing their noses together, more or less violently, for a considerable time, uttering numerous comfortable little grunts during the ceremony.

Just outside the railings of the *pah* stands a "*ware puni*," or "hot-house," for strangers to sleep in. Our lads occupied this lodging, which they heated nearly to suffocation with a large fire, and then closing the door and window, they crawled in, and lay huddled together all night in an atmosphere that would stifle almost any European: in the morning they came out

into the sharp, cold, dewy air, with the perspiration dripping profusely from their bodies. This practice is, doubtless, one of the many causes of consumption being so prevalent amongst this people: another, as has been before remarked, is the introduction of blankets as articles of clothing.

The hospitality of the Maories to strangers is proverbial; travellers are always welcomed amongst them. Tobacco is the only money needful for a European in passing through the country; a present of a small quantity of this weed, on leaving, being considered as an ample remuneration for food and shelter: for a fig of tobacco they will willingly furnish a dozen eggs, or a basket of potatoes or *kumeras*. It is only on the coast, in the vicinity of the European settlements, that the natives require *utu*, or payment in coin.

The evening bell sounded for worship within the *pah*, and the native teacher, Wirihona, or Wilson, read prayers to his party. Our lads cooked an excellent supper for us; consisting of masses of small fish enclosed in flax-leaves, and tied up in bundles: these packages were placed upright before the fire, against a frame of sticks, and were kept turned round until sufficiently cooked, when they emptied out of the broad leaves beautifully done, and we thought them the most delicious supper imaginable. During our repast, a facetious native popped his head into the tent, and exclaimed, "How fast you are eating your suppers!"—and next morning, whilst breakfasting in front of our tent, we gave a plateful of frag-

ments to several lads who were watching our operations, when one of them shrewdly remarked, "The dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their master's table; so we are eating your leavings." They are naturally witty, and fond of a joke or repartee.

Sept. 29th.—During the night we had heavy rain, and the clouds hung low upon the hills this morning; the air in the neighbouring woods was rendered quite fragrant with the *horopito*, and the dark trees were reflected on the breathless surface of the Waikato. Several canoes, filled with natives, arrived from the opposite side of the river for morning worship, and returned again after the service was concluded. The worship was conducted with great apparent propriety and decorum, and the hearers were devout and attentive. There were three services during the day; and the Sabbath appeared to be more strictly regarded by these people than it is amongst Europeans in general. The horrid sand-flies attacked us to-day more unmercifully than ever, and in such clouds that I should imagine them to be a species very nearly allied to those that constituted the fourth plague of Egypt. It became necessary to send away the chief's little boy from the doorway of our tent, as the stench arising from a cake that he was eating, made of shark and putrid maize, was more than any nose that had the most remote claim to civilization could in any way tolerate. The children soon afterwards began to cram themselves with *hinau* cakes,—a black, filthy mass, consisting of the fruit

of the *hinau* tree compressed together, and kept till quite rotten and musty, which they eat with avidity. With the exception of the putrid corn, one can hardly imagine anything more disgusting: they tell us it is good for them, but would not suit the *pakeha*. From the bark of the *hinau* tree is extracted the rich black colour with which they dye the strings of their mats, and the black portions of the wood-work of their canoes.

Sept. 30th.—Up at half-past five: the morning calm, and the dewy mists hanging in broad masses over the still, deep-flowing Waikato. At six, the bell of the pah sounded for morning prayers, and one by one the natives, wrapped in their blankets and mats, silently emerged from their various dwellings, and came dropping into the house appropriated for worship, with their books in their hands. Whilst sketching, I was much annoyed by stupid natives and dogs: I obtained only two portraits, and left one half finished to partake of a hurried breakfast; the natives being all impatience to start. Our party consisted of two canoes full, comprising about forty persons: the canoe in which we took our places was very deeply laden, and contained twenty-four paddlers, besides my friend and myself. The inhabitants of the pah who remained behind sat in groups along the banks, or upon the tops of their houses: perched here and there, they resembled so many haystacks in their *kokahus*, or coarse flax garments. About a mile from Koruakopupu we halted a few

minutes at a small settlement, where a white man and his family resided amongst the natives: the whole population were here and there scattered about in groups, either squatting on the ground or seated on their canoes or logs of wood, watching the arrival of our party.

The magnificence of vegetation in the forests along the margin of the river, cannot fail to strike the eye of a lover of nature with wonder and delight: deep, rich, and varied are the tints of the evergreen woods of New Zealand. The large white stars of the clematis are wreathed like garlands round the sombre foliage of the tall trees; and the golden blossoms of the *howai* are scattered in showers over the bosom of the stream, from the drooping tresses that bear them.

At one settlement which we passed, there was a singular fishing-net near the water's edge, suspended upon poles: its shape resembled that of a boat, and its fine meshes were composed of the fibres of the *phormium*. At another spot I observed a *rohi*, or native landmark, formed of three upright stakes or poles, curiously decorated with bunches and festoons of the dried stems of a climber.

Whilst paddling, many of the natives wear a *tatua* or belt, made of flax, in black and white angular designs, ornamented with tufts of red wool: it is broad in the centre, tapering to a point at each end, and is fastened round the waist like a girdle.

Several low, sedgy islands occur in the river: they are all covered with gigantic flax, *tohi tohi* grass,

wild cabbage, and bulrushes. The large coarse flax growing on the banks of the river is used by the natives in manufacturing the *kohahu*, or rough winter garment. The flax for making the *kaitaka* and finer varieties of mats, is usually cultivated for that purpose, by which means the fibre becomes much more silky and beautiful.

As we glided onwards, the scenery was in places varied by open fern-hills, with peeps of the distant blue ranges beyond. Now and then the quantity of pumice floating down with the current of the stream was so great as to have gathered with the drift-wood and duck-weed, and formed considerable masses, which occasionally impeded the progress of our canoe; as we kept near the banks to avoid the strong current against us which flowed in the centre of the river. Our canoe was too deeply laden; and, though we were in still water, its edge was frequently not more than a couple of inches above the surface of the stream. The paddles were plied with great spirit; the exertions of the natives being stimulated by the animated shouting song kept up incessantly by one or another of the party. At length the splashing was so violent that we became nearly drenched; and on requesting the Maori before us to throw less water in our faces, he replied with a proverb amongst them, that, "no one is dry who travels with the Waikatos;" meaning that the people of this tribe excel all others in the speed and dexterity with which they manage their canoes. Our

natives were in excellent spirits; they had been on a long journey to Auckland, where they had seen the *pakeha* (white man or stranger) in his settlement, and had witnessed many sights of civilization to which they were previously strangers; they had also purchased articles of European manufacture, and were longing to return home to the peaceful banks of the Waipa, to present them to their friends as tokens of their regard. Their wild, deafening songs, with their heads all undulating at every stroke, the contortions of their eyes, and their bare tawny shoulders, finely developing their muscles as they all dashed their paddles simultaneously into the water, rendered the scene at once novel and animating. The canoe songs are generally *improvised*, and frequently have reference to passing objects: such ejaculations as the following were uttered by our companions at the highest pitch of their voices:—“Pull away, pull away, pull away!”—“Dig into the water!”—“Break your backs!” &c. From the prow of one of the canoes a native flute sounded plaintively: this is a very rude and imperfect instrument, and they do not play it with any degree of skill, it having only two or three notes. The native art of balancing a canoe is extremely nice, the slightest preponderance of weight on either side being sufficient to upset it. From a want of proper caution in having the canoe exactly balanced, Europeans have frequently lost their lives by being capsized. Meeting a large canoe on the river, well manned, as

it approaches end on, with all the paddles dashing into the water at once, has a curious effect; giving one the idea of a huge centipede moving along.

The dark glossy foliage of the *puriri* tree formed groves in some places on the banks of the river: the colour of the leaf appears of the richest purplish-green, almost approaching to black, and is very ornamental; the blossom is of a delicate lilac, sometimes approaching to rose-colour, and resembles in shape that of the snap-dragon; the timber is extremely hard, like iron-wood, and is employed by the natives in the construction of several of their weapons and implements.

We landed at Kapau, where are a few old huts and a grove of dragon-trees (*ti*), on the left bank of the river. Whilst our friends were employed in kindling fires, and cooking food for their mid-day meal, I made a sketch of the spot, thus suddenly transformed from a solitude to a lively and animated scene. Our lads, as usual, roasted our bacon in thin slices, between two sticks tied with flax; and potatoes were plentiful. During our repast, one old man perseveringly sat close to my side, plucking out his beard with a pair of tweezers.

Railed enclosures of some twenty feet square are erected in the water, near these river-side settlements, expressly for the purpose of preparing the favourite stinking corn. The cobs of maize are placed, when in a green state, in flax baskets, and put under the water for some weeks, until quite putrid: they are



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ON THE WAIKATO AT KAPOU.

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then taken out as occasion may require, and made up into the disgusting cakes before mentioned. At other times the putrid mass is put into a *kohue*, or large pan, and, when mixed with water and boiled over the fire, is converted into a species of gruel that sends forth an effluvia over the whole settlement. No one who has been fortunate enough never to experience the vile odour arising from corn thus prepared, can form any idea of its extreme offensiveness.

After halting for a couple of hours, we again started. The canoes were all full of men, women, and children; and at the head of Wirihona's canoe sat his little son, with a small fire before him, carried between some pieces of dry bark: the child, paddling away, formed a living figure-head to the sharp and frail vessel as it glided onwards. Next came the elder children, all arranged according to their sizes: the bigger ones placed where the canoe widened towards the centre; and on the flat projecting end of the stern sat the chief, steering dexterously with a paddle. The latter part of the afternoon was splendid: the showers had cleared off, and large white rollers of cloud lay gathered up over the distant mountains, leaving the canopy overhead of a deep and pure azure.

The graceful *tui*, or parson-bird (*prothemadera Novæ Selandicæ*) sported amongst the yellow blossoms of the *kowai*—the tuft of white feathers on its breast, from which it derives its name, contrasting with the glossy black of the rest of its plumage; and occasion-

ally one of the beautiful New Zealand pigeons (*carpophaga Novæ Selandicæ*), disturbed while feeding on the berries growing near the stream, would flutter away into the darker recesses of the forest. The wild-ducks were numerous, and so tame that they frequently allowed us to approach within a few yards of them.

We fell in with an old woman most actively moving about in a very small canoe, who used her paddles in high style, and ran in between our two canoes. She then commenced a *tangi*, or crying match, as a salute, with one or two of her friends who happened to be of the party; still paddling, and continuing her dismal *tangi*. Having put a basket of potatoes on board as a present, she received in return a fig of tobacco; the *tangi* concluded, she turned about, laughing merrily, and, handling her paddles as briskly as before, was soon out of sight, as we turned an angle of the stream.

The natives are all remarkably fond of smoking; and it amused us greatly to observe a sickly-looking child in Wirihona's canoe, who wore a straw-hat without any brim, constantly carrying a little fancy pipe in his mouth. At rare intervals, this pipe gets a shred of tobacco, but for hours, and perhaps days, it remains empty; still, however, adorning the mouth of its juvenile possessor.

We passed several primitive landmarks on the margin of the river, one being composed of three upright posts, with balls of *mange mange*—a dried creeper—fastened upon the top, and festoons of the

same material connecting the posts. Sometimes these landmarks are formed by planting *harikeke*, or flax, in rows in a straight line. This is generally done in valuable land, such as ground fitted for *kumeras*, &c.

We observed numerous small settlements (*kainga maori*) on both banks of the river. Many appeared deserted, the natives being temporarily absent at their cultivations and potato-grounds; but one of these villages boasted a solitary old woman, whose little pig was in faithful attendance at her heels.

At the junction of the Puatia River with the Waikato, the scenery around assumes a bleak and open character: undulating fern hills, destitute of wood, slope to the water's edge, and a range of blue mountains bounds the view to the eastward. The Waikato here is much broader than at Tuakau, the spot where we first embarked on its bosom. Some wide, open reaches were to be passed, and our canoes had to cross the current diagonally to the opposite bank.

The wind now blew violently, and, meeting the current, caused an unpleasant sea in the middle channel of the river. Our heavily laden canoe was not fitted to encounter anything beyond still water; and as our natives related to each other where this and that canoe were upset, they dashed their paddles into the water with all their energy, and our bark was soon in the midst of the troubled current. We were every moment in imminent danger of being swamped: the water washed in on both sides, and nothing but the extreme swiftness with which we

32 FRIENDLY GREETINGS OF TWO OLD CRONES.

glided through the current prevented us from filling. As the canoe darted against the opposite shore, our natives gave a loud shout, and commenced baling out the water, which we had shipped in great quantities, with a *tatau*, or scoop. We now looked anxiously towards the second canoe, and watched them literally pulling for their lives, splashing and dashing with the utmost vehemence. The frail bark appeared almost swallowed up by the angry stream ; but she glided securely through, and the drenched chief and his family repeated the shout of welcome to the opposite shore, as their canoe also darted in safety against its banks.

We landed for the night at a small *kainga*, where we pitched our tent, close to some neat graves belonging to the Christian natives. These were railed round with a double fence of low pailings. An enclosure of corn looked well, and several peach-trees grew at the other extremity of the settlement. Our numerous party, as usual, busied themselves in preparing a sufficient supply of food ; a large oven of heated stones, heaped over with earth, contained the general supper, and was surrounded by all the busy old women, squatting in the smoke and anticipating the opening of the oven. The wife of Wiri-hona met the wife of an inferior chief, who was an old acquaintance, which led to a warm *tangi* between the two parties ; but, after sitting opposite to each other for a quarter of an hour or more, crying bitterly with a most piteous moaning and lamentation, the

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George French Angere, del.

EVENING SCENE

Day's March, 1877, to the Present

tangi was transformed into a *hungi*, and the two old ladies commenced pressing noses, giving occasional satisfactory grunts. During all this time, no one around appeared to take the slightest notice of the ceremony: neither the crocodile tears of the first salute, nor the loving caresses of the second, aroused any sympathy in the hearts of the surrounding spectators.

While making my sketch of this rustic *kainga*, the setting sun lit up the fern and distant hills with ruddy purple, and the evening tints reminded me of Australian scenery; such was the brilliancy of their hues. A keen westerly wind was blowing, and the night was sharp and clear. At sunset an iron pot was again struck in lieu of a bell, and the natives assembled in a circle in the open air, around a blazing fire, for their evening *karakia* or worship.

Oct. 1st.—The morning was shrouded in thick dewy mist, that fell like small rain, and the black and white moths fluttered drowsily in the raw cold air. The ovens were now opened, and great was the bustle and business of breakfast. Several natives were cooking fern root in the fire, in pieces of about a foot long; after being sufficiently roasted, the root is scraped clean with a mussel-shell: it has an earthy and rather medicinal flavour, and is full of black and stringy fibres. An old slave woman was shelling mussels (*anadon*) most expeditiously: she scooped out the fish with another mussel-shell, and it was astonishing to watch the extreme rapidity with which

she emptied the shells of their contents. Another old woman was assisting her, whose breasts were most elaborately tattooed with small straight lines.

We obtained some fine *kumeras* for breakfast. These are the choicest of the New Zealanders' produce, and their *whatas*, or stores for these vegetables are frequently more carved and adorned than the houses they dwell in. The *kumera* in shape resembles a kidney potato, its flavour is sweet, and it contains a quantity of starch. Our companions cooked slices of stinking shark with their potatoes, and the women having made baskets of green flax for the reception of the food, a supply was carried forward in the canoes, so that the whole day we were regaled with the filthy effluvia of putrid shark.

At a small *kainga* one of our party left us, with his musket and basket of et ceteras, wading through the marshy flax and bulrushes to gain terra firma, and saying "how d'ye do" in English as a farewell salute to his companions. Away he went, pushing through the fern, and we speeded onwards towards Kaitote, the pah of the celebrated Te Whero Whero, who is the principal chief of all the Waikato tribes.

Kaitote is famous for its fine *kumera* grounds. The banks of the river are low, and fern extends to the water's edge, with about three or four feet of light vegetable soil, or sand, through which the roots of the fern extend, thickly matted together. Towards the afternoon the scenery changed: steep wooded hills descended towards the stream, and the mountain of Taupiri, famous as a landmark of old renown, reared

its pyramidal cone before us ; its sides were clothed with thick forests, and at its base, on the opposite bank of the river, stood Te Whero Whero's pah of Kaitote. The site of an ancient fortification occupies a hill close to Taupiri. The land around Kaitote has been the scene of many a desperate fight, and extensive cannibal feasts have taken place on the very ground where we halted to dine. Numerous *whatas*, or elevated repositories, are scattered about this district ; and the natives have extensive cultivations of potatoes, *kumeras*, Indian corn, and occasionally wheat. There was not a single native at Kaitote on our arrival : in company with their chief, they were all at their extensive *kumera* grounds on the Waipa, at a place called Whata Whata. As usual, I explored the remotest corners of the pah, in search of anything new for my pencil, and seeing a square deal box elevated on posts and covered with a roof raised by means of slender sticks, I was curious to know what it contained ; it was evidently *tapu*, and on lifting up the lid I found that it was filled with old garments, which I afterwards learned were the property of a very celebrated person lately deceased, and that these garments had been placed within this *wahi tapu*, under the most rigorous *tapu*, by the *tohunga* : who would probably have pulled my ears had he discovered me peeping at these sacred relics. In another portion of this settlement were several neat Christian graves, around which had been planted tufts of the white and blue iris, now in full blossom.

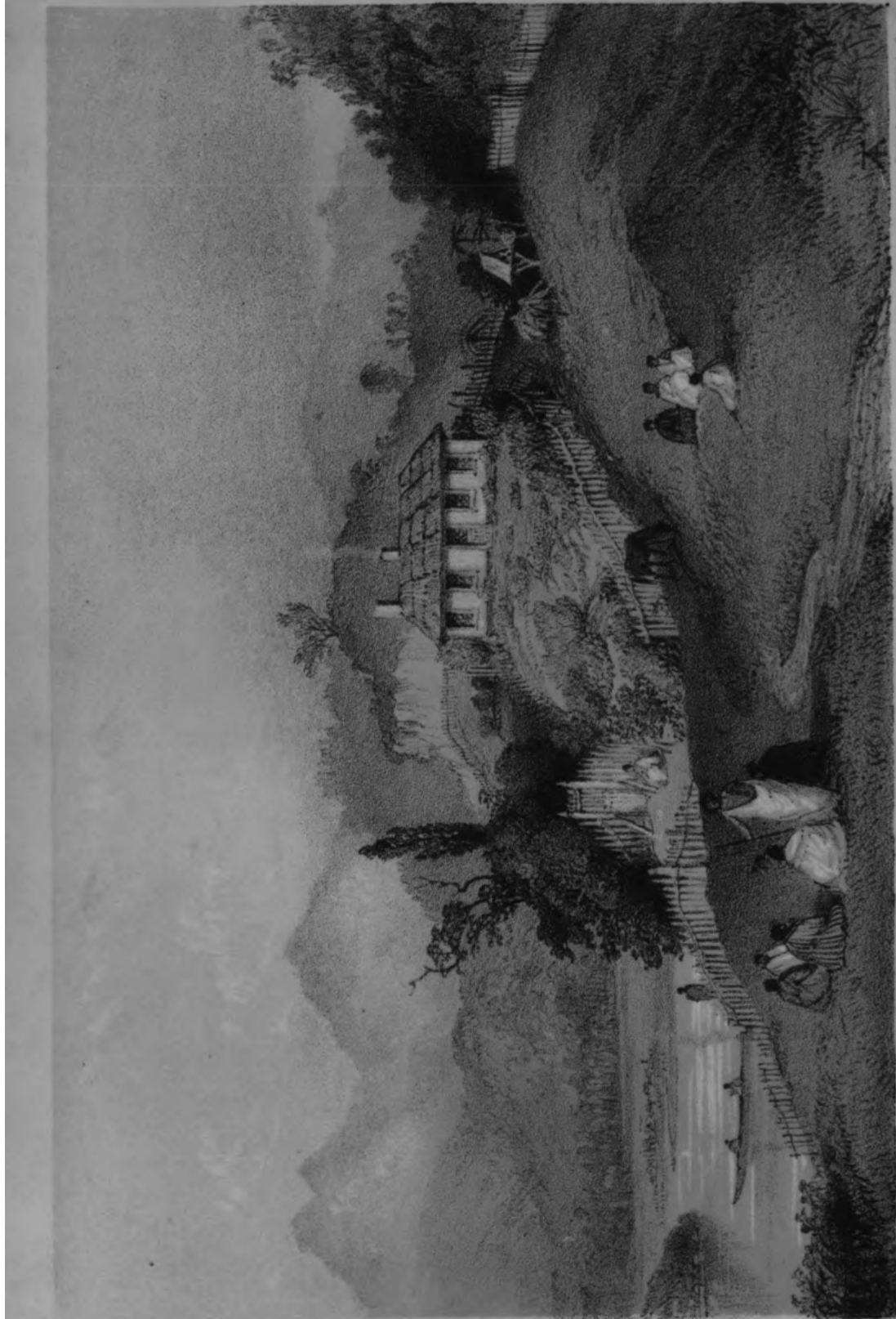
Kaitote pah consists of an open quadrangle, with houses ranged on each side in the primitive style, the whole surrounded by a lofty palisade of wooden posts, having an entrance at each end. At one end of the pah stands a chapel, built of *tohi tohi* grass, by the Christian portion of the inhabitants; and Te Whero Whero, though not professing Christianity himself, frequently attends the worship held here by the missionary.

Three very large canoes were drawn up on the bank of the river, just outside the pah: the largest, about 70 feet in length, was gaily painted red, and ornamented with a profusion of white feathers, and the head and stern post were richly carved. The canoes were all thatched over with *raupo*, to protect them from the weather. Like other nations, the New Zealanders have various high-sounding names by which they designate their war canoes: the one in question was styled "*Maratuhai*," which signifies literally "a slaying or devouring fire."

A walk across the country of about two miles again brought us to a bend of the river, where we arrived at the Church Missionary Station of Pepepe, the residence of Mr. Ashwell. We had thunder and heavy rain, and the mists hung about the lofty wooded hills that surround this enchanting spot. Our walk was a very wet one, through swampy flax and fern, and we were obliged to cross one swamp on the shoulders of the natives.

Numbers of pigs were feeding amongst the fern. The fern root gives to their flesh a delicate flavour

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PEPPLE, GERMAN MISSIONARY STATION.

On the Waikato River near Zealand.

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unknown to other pork, so that it more nearly resembles veal. The New Zealand pigs are generally black; and, on the approach of a European, they erect their bristles, and, grunting, gallop off like wild boars. In the vicinity of deserted pahs, and in the forests, wild pigs are numerous and fierce, and frequent accidents have occurred from their attacking the natives when in pursuit of them. We saw large piles of bushes in stacks amongst the *kumera* grounds through which we passed: they are used for sheltering the tender plants when young. Great care is required in rearing this precious vegetable, owing to its susceptibility to frosts and severe winds.

At a bend of the river, the romantic cottage of the missionary suddenly appeared in view. It was as lovely and secluded a spot as it is possible to imagine: the little cottage built of *raupo*, with its white chimneys, and its garden full of flowers—of sweet English flowers, roses, stocks, and mignonette—was snugly perched on an elevated plateâu overhanging the Waikato; and the access to it was by a small bridge thrown across a glen of tree ferns, with a stream murmuring below.

The interior of the cottage, which was constructed entirely by the natives, under the direction of Mr. Ashwell, is lined throughout with reeds, and divided into a number of small rooms communicating one with another. The cottage, the situation, the people, and everything around them, were picturesque.

Pepepe signifies *butterfly*: and surely the name is not misapplied to this lovely spot.

The missionary and his wife received us with the utmost hospitality, and we remained with these worthy people during the next day.

I had not long entered the house before a sweet little girl, with a very fair complexion and long flaxen ringlets, came running up to me. It was pleasant to hear, in this secluded spot, the prattle of a little English child: she lisped to us of the roses she had been gathering, and said that the rain had made them so pretty.

Thus the prattler went on; when I observed in the next apartment, upon a sofa, a delicate and sickly boy, who was suffering from a disease of the heart. "Do you paint portraits?" inquired the father of me, with a look of almost agonizing earnestness. I guessed his meaning, and glanced at the sick boy on the pink sofa. He said no more; but I felt that it was in my power to make the hearts of those anxious parents happy; for I knew they expected to lose their child. It is a blessed thing to have the power of contributing one's mite towards mitigating the trials of the missionary. On the following morning, I made a sketch of the boy; the father was overjoyed, and the mother's looks told what she had not words to express.

Beside the dark Waikato's stream,
That mother watched her dying child;
Brooding, as one in fitful dream,
With mingled hopes and fancies wild.

And as the boy grew thin and weak,
 He grew more beautiful and fair ;
 And the bright flush upon his cheek
 Told Death had set his signet there.

She murmured not ; for she had seen
 The wild waves closing o'er the dead,
 Famine and flame, where she had been—
 Hopes crushed, and joys for ever fled.

Her woman's heart, by love made strong,
 Had fearless sought that southern shore ;
 And the dark race she dwelt among
 Were strangers to the Word no more.

She murmured not, though, one by one,
 Her every tie to earth was riven ;
 For always, as the day was done,
 The fading sunlight told of heaven.

Like Hagar and the desert child,
 She bowed before her Maker's will ;
 A stranger in the distant wild,
 Beside that river dark and still.

And as she watched her dying boy,
 His young life ebbing day by day,
 A kind of melancholy joy
 Would often through her musings stray :

Though in the forest's calm retreat,
 Upon his grave the flowers might bloom ;
 She knew that they once more should meet
 Beyond the quiet of the tomb.

'T was a sweet place wherein to die—
 Too bright a spot to call a grave—
 Beneath the tree fern's shade to lie,
 Beside Waikato's murmuring wave.

During my stay at Pepepe, the missionary sent for Te Paki, the old chief next in importance in the Waikato districts to Te Whero Whero: he arrived, with his wife, in a small canoe, from a *kainga* about three miles up the river; and they had both arrayed themselves in their primitive costume, for the purpose of sitting to me for their portraits. Paki was formerly a great priest, or *tohunga*, and one of the most eloquent speakers in Waikato. About ten years since, he began to entertain favourable opinions respecting Christianity; but a considerable time elapsed before he could break through his superstitious and heathen customs: the *tapu* had nearly as strong a hold upon his mind, as the idea of *caste* has upon that of the Hindoo. At length he was induced to learn to read; his own son offering to be his teacher. After this he entered into a violent dispute that arose respecting some land, and, for a time, appeared inclined altogether to forsake his newly adopted religion; a quarrel about an eel pah then occupied his whole attention, and the death of his favourite son, who was drowned at Manukao, caused him to absent himself entirely from the Christian natives. He attributed the death of his son to the disrespect paid to the heathen *atuas*, or spirits; and as it was this lad who had taught him to read, he imagined the *atuas* had shown their anger, by punishing him in this manner. At length, however, he became a firm adherent to Christianity; gave up all his heathen notions and habits, and has

ever since remained one of the most upright and conscientious chiefs of the Waikato.

I also painted Te Amotutu, a young chief of Waikato, belonging to the Nga ti pou tribe, who is related to Te Paki. He is a fine lad, not more than sixteen years of age; and about a month ago he was married to a pretty girl of Kaitote, to whom he had long been betrothed by his friends. The young bridegroom is very well satisfied with his bride; but she, unfortunately, is partial to another lad, whom the customs of her tribe forbid her to marry.

In the afternoon our natives were all impatient to start; for the rain had cleared off, and the blue sky was revealing itself in every direction, as the mists rolled up upon the sides of the woody mount of Taupiri; but Mr. Ashwell gave them a little pig for a feast, and they then readily consented to remain until the next day. Our chief, Wirihona, with his party, had started in two canoes early in the morning, and this made the others anxious to follow.

During the evening Mrs. Ashwell played upon the piano, and several hymns were sung in the native language at their evening worship. Had it not been for the three little native domestics (or rather "*helps*") that were in the room, I could, for the moment, almost have fancied myself in England again. These girls Mrs. Ashwell had taught to read and sew, and they assisted her in the domestic arrangements of the mission station: they were droll, fat creatures; and whenever they wanted to pass across the

room, they crept upon their hands and knees under the table. I made a sketch of the stoutest of the trio, who is described as a "regular vixen." The moment I had completed the sketch it was shown to her; whereupon she instantly rushed out of the room, fancying she was bewitched.

From the hills, near Pepepe, there are very extensive views of the surrounding country. From the summit of Taupiri the fresh-water lake of Waikari is seen: it is remarkable for having a salt stream running through it, in which the sea-fish called *kani* are caught; although they are not found in the other parts of the lake.

This Waikari has a communication with the Waikato, in which an occasional stray *kani* from the salt stream of the lake is now and then to be found. Six other fresh-water lakes may be seen from the top of Taupiri.

Oct. 3.—At an early hour we took leave of our friends at the mission station of Pepepe, and were once more seated in the canoe, pursuing our course up the river. Half an hour after breakfast, we passed a number of natives at a small village on the banks of the river. They were calling to us,—“Come on shore, come on shore, or you will be dead for want of food;” when one of our party shrewdly replied,—“It is not for love of us you are calling; it is our tobacco that you want.”

We now entered the Waipa, which joins the Waikato about three or four miles beyond Pepepe. It

is a deep, placid, meandering river, about half the breadth of the Waikato at Pepepe.

We passed the little village of Whakapaku—and afterwards Noterau, where there were a great many natives in their canoes.

The banks of the Waia are in some places very picturesque, with steep, wooded hills and dense foliage extending down nearly to the water's edge. The land is rich, and the whole district is thickly peopled with native inhabitants, whose plantations and potato-grounds exhibit a degree of neatness and skill in the art of cultivation that but few savage races attain. As the canoes approach the little settlements along the banks, it is amusing to observe the alacrity with which the children, in a state of nudity, run to put on their mats at the sight of the *pakeha*, and then squat down in their usual attitude to gaze at us.

We met a large canoe coming down the stream, having in it two Europeans, accompanied by about a dozen Maories. They were pork-traders, a class of men in New Zealand corresponding somewhat with the overlanders of Australia. These individuals go up the rivers into the interior, and procure pigs from the natives in exchange for powder, tobacco, and blankets. The pigs thus obtained they bring down to the coast, where they sell them for a good price, either to the people at the European settlements, or to the captains of whalers and trading vessels. The natives term these men “Pakeha Maories,” or “white men of no consequence.”

On arriving at the village or *kainga* of Ko Ngahokowitu, we found all the natives in a state of extraordinary excitement. We had observed numbers of people running in that direction along the margin of the river from the different plantations; and, on inquiry, we learned that, an hour previously to our arrival, the son of an influential chief had committed suicide by shooting himself with a musket.

Our fellow-travellers, with Wirihona their chief, were all assembled, and we followed them to the shed where the act had been perpetrated, and where the body still lay, as it fell, but covered with a blanket. The mourners were gathered round, and the women commenced crying most dolefully; wringing their hands, and bending their bodies to the earth. We approached the body, and were permitted to remove the blanket from the face and breast: the countenance was perfectly placid, and the yellow tint of the skin, combined with the tattooing, gave the corpse almost the appearance of a waxen model. The deceased was a fine and well-made young man. He had placed the musket to his breast, and deliberately fired off the trigger with his toes, the bullet passing right through his lungs. Blood was still oozing from the orifice made by the bullet, and also from the mouth, and the body was quite warm.

The cause of this sad occurrence was a case of adultery, which had taken place some time ago, between this man and the wife of another person residing in the same village. The friends of this

young man sent away the woman to a distant settlement, which caused the deceased to become gloomy and sullen. Some of the party having that morning reproached him with his conduct, he suddenly rose in an angry mood, and went unobserved to the spot where he destroyed himself.

The tears shed by the mourners were marks of genuine grief: it was quite melancholy to observe the young man's uncle, bending over the body and frequently placing his hands upon it, whilst the tears ran down his furrowed and tattooed cheeks. Only two other mourners approached close to the body: the sister and brother of the deceased. The former I did not at first observe; she was sitting at the feet of the corpse, entirely wrapped in a portion of the blanket that covered it: the same drapery enveloping the living and the dead. The latter, a fine boy about twelve or fourteen, came in and sat down close to his uncle; he had striven to conceal his feelings for some time, but at length he hid his face in his mat and cried bitterly. The old man saluted us most cordially; but his heart was too full to speak, and he only kept shaking his head as the tears wetted his wrinkled countenance.

We left this scene of weeping, with which the heavily falling rain was in accordance, and returned to our canoes, from which we had to bale out the water.

At Hopetui we landed and took shelter beneath a little tent that our chief, Wideona, had erected there.

Sitting huddled together with his family, we found employment in bathing the eye of his little girl with warm water: the poor child having received a dreadful blow, that had caused the part to swell to the size of a pigeon's egg. These people are but very indifferent doctors. Amongst the heathen tribes they attempt to cure all diseases by witchcraft or sorcery; and these Christian natives were actually rubbing the wound with their dirty fingers, while the mother wiped away the discharge from the eye with a piece of old blanket.

A slight incident occurred in the tent, illustrative of native character. The chief caught a large spider on his blanket, and taking it by one leg, held it carefully for a minute and then let it go. I asked him why he did not destroy the spider? He replied—"He has done no wrong: if he had bitten me I should have killed him."

The entrance to the tent was shut in with a crowd of heads, amongst which were those of two old men, who were most anxious to sell us some eggs. The air of the little tent was insupportable; added to which, the whole family were successively chewing a large piece of filthy pork rind, which was handed from one to another, and had now been divested of nearly all the fat it previously contained.

At Hopetui we met with a sister of Karaka or "Clark," the chief of Waikato heads, whose portrait I had painted when at Auckland. This portrait I showed to the old woman, who had not seen her

brother for some time, when, to my surprise and amusement, she at once commenced a most affectionate *tangi* before the sketch; waving her hands in the usual manner, and uttering successively low whining sounds, expressive of her joy. After she had, as I imagined, satisfied herself with seeing the representation of her brother, I was about to replace the sketch in my portfolio, when she begged of Forsaith that she might be permitted to *tangi* over it in good earnest, saying, "it was her brother—her brother; and she must *tangi* till the tears come;" and sure enough presently the tears did come, and the old woman wept and moaned, and waved her hands before the picture with as much apparent feeling as if her brother himself had thus suddenly appeared to her. I could not prevail upon the old creature to desist, and was at length compelled to leave the portrait in Forsaith's care whilst I was employed in sketching elsewhere. In future I shall be more cautious how I show my sketches to the old women, finding they are liable to produce such melancholy results.

This evening, service was held in a small *raupo* building near which our tent was pitched. Three Europeans—*Pakeha Maories*, who were proceeding up the Waipa to trade for pigs with the natives—passed the night at this place.

In the evening, Wirihona came into our tent, and we conversed about cannibalism. I inquired of him, through Forsaith, if he himself had ever partaken of

human flesh? "Yes," he said, "we have all eaten it, when we knew no better."

Wirihona then gave us a detailed account of the mode of preserving the heads of their enemies: which "*tapued* heads" are frequently to be met with in Europe in the museums and cabinets of the curious. If they were heads of enemies taken in battle, the lips were stretched out and sewn apart; if, on the contrary, it was the head of one of the chiefs of their own tribe, who had died, and they were preserving it with all customary honours, they sewed the lips close together in a pouting attitude. A hole was dug in the earth and heated with red-hot stones, and then—the eyes, ears, and all the orifices of the head, except the windpipe, being carefully sewn up, and the brains taken out—the aperture of the neck was placed over the mouth of the heated oven, and the head well steamed. This process was continued until the head was perfectly free from moisture, and the skin completely cured; fern root was then thrust into the nostrils, and in this state the heads were either placed under a strict tapu, or bartered in exchange for muskets or blankets to Sydney traders. To the shame of the Europeans thus engaged it must be told, that so eager were they to procure these dried heads for sale in England and elsewhere, that many chiefs were persuaded to kill their slaves, and tattoo the faces after death, to supply this unnatural demand. Heads belonging to their enemies slain in battle were prepared and stuck up in rows upon stakes within the pah; to these,

every species of savage indignity was offered, and the conquering party danced naked before the heads, uttering all manner of abuse to them in terms of bravado and insult, as though they were still alive.

Oct. 4th.—The morning was dry and perfectly calm: the blue and distant mountain of Perongia formed a fine background to the river, presenting a series of bold and jagged peaks. The deep bosom of the Waipa looked dark, and upon its glassy surface our now reduced party embarked in one large canoe, following up the tortuous course of the river. The steep banks forming the margin of the Waipa were in some places covered with the long and drooping leaves of a peculiarly elegant species of fern, that presented the appearance of a continuous sheet of palm-leaves. The yellow *kowai* trees scattered their blossoms in golden showers upon the face of the stream; and the graceful *tui** sported in flocks amongst their branches, apparently enjoying the gay place they had chosen to display their glossy plumage.

We now reached the settlement and potato-grounds of Whata Whata, where we landed to pay a visit to the celebrated old chief Te Whero Whero, or Potatau, at whose pah we had been a couple of days previously. Te Whero Whero is the principal chief of all the tribes of Waikato, and has an almost unlimited influence amongst his people. The population

* Parson bird (*Prosthemadera Novæ Zelandiæ*).

of the Waikato district amounting to 25,000, renders its tribes second only in importance to those of the Nga-ti-kahuhunu upon the east coast, whose numbers amount to 36,000: in cases of emergency, the Waikatos can bring from 6000 to 7000 fighting men into the field. On the occasion of our visit we found Te Whero Whero engaged in superintending the planting of *kumeras* in the rich soil of the grounds at Whata, and also directing his people in the erection of a house for himself at that place. My friend had important business with this chief on matters connected with Government; Te Whero Whero having lately proffered a request to the Governor to allow Europeans to settle on the Waikato, being anxious to have *pakehas* amongst his people, to purchase their produce, and give them European articles in exchange; and he had offered certain lands for sale to the British Government for that purpose.

At the moment of our approach, we found the old chief seated on the damp ground, leaning against a fallen tree, and clad in several old blankets, over which was a piece of sail-cloth. The only effect our arrival had upon this veteran warrior was a smile of welcome: without in any way moving his position, he shook hands with us most heartily; and my friend, seated on the fallen log, was soon engaged with him in deep conversation and argument. Te Whero Whero, like most of the New Zealand orators, is full of imagery and figurative language: alluding to a more recent application than his, which had been

made to the Government by the chiefs Wiremu Nera, Paratene, and others at Waingaroa on the west coast, for settlers to come amongst them, he said, "Tell the Kawana (Governor) that he must not neglect the elder brother for the sake of the younger."

It having been explained to him that I wished to take his portrait, which would be seen by the Queen of England, and that I had come so many thousands of miles for the purpose of representing the *rangatiras** of New Zealand, he readily consented; and whilst he was discussing the all-engrossing topic of land, I was busy with my pencil. As it rained pretty fast, I requested that we might remove to some place of shelter; but, owing to a superstitious notion that Te Whero Whero was *tapu*, and would render *tapu* any of the surrounding store-houses, he refused to change his position: at the same time he most politely ordered some of his people to erect a temporary shed over me. This was at once done, by fastening some blankets to upright poles, and enthroned beneath this canopy, I painted old Te Whero Whero just as he sat leaning against the tree.

It is a frequent custom for the old heathen chiefs to sit for days together in this apathetic state. When at Porirua in Cook's Straits, I found the aged chief Na Horua, the elder brother of Te Rauparaha, sitting in his potato ground against a fallen tree in a precisely similar manner.

* Gentlemen, or men of rank.

At the request of my companion, Te Whero Whero was good enough to give me a letter of introduction to Te Heuheu Mananui, or Tukino, the celebrated chief of Taupo Lake in the interior; whither I intended to direct my steps after leaving Kawhia. The following is an exact copy and translation of the letter:—

Copy of a Letter from TE WHERO WHERO to old HEUHEU, at Te Rapa, Taupo Lake.

Whata Whata, Akatopa 4, 1844.

E te Heuheu tena ko koe. E tai kia pai tou atawai ki ti pakeha e haere atu na ki a koe. Na tou ingoa i kawea atu, he kai tuhi tuhi ahua ia, naku hoki na Potatau tenai pakeha. E tai kia atawai koe ki tenei pakeha. Kei he koe ki taku pukapuka, he pakeha tauhou no Ingarangi.

Naku,

Na te hoa,

POTATAU.

Ki a te HEUHEU.

(Translation.)

Whata Whata, October 4, 1844.

Friend Heuheu,—Health to you! Let your hospitality be very great to this foreigner who is going to see you. Your name has carried him away. He is a writer of images; he belongs to me—to Potatau. Be kind to this European. Take heed you do not despise my book. He is a strange foreigner from England.

By me.

Your friend,

POTATAU.

TO HEUHEU.

Translation of a Letter from TE WHERO WHERO to the QUEEN,
written after the death of Governor Hobson:—

Mother,—How farest thou? Great is our love to you, who are residing in your country. My subject is a governor for us, and for

the foreigners of this island. Let him be a good man ; look out for a kind person—a man of judgment. Let not a troubler come here ; let not a boy come, or one puffed up with pride. We, the Maories, shall be afraid. Let him be as good as this governor who has just died.

Mother Victoria, let your instructions to the foreigner be good ; let him be kind ; let him not come here to kill us, seeing that we are a peaceable people. Formerly we were a bad people—a murdering people—a killing people. Now we are sitting peaceably : we have left off the evil. It was you who (appointed) this line of conduct ; therefore it is pleasing (to us). This is all I have to say.

From me,

TE WHERO WHERO.

Leaving Whata Whata, we proceeded along the river Waipa to Kowai, a romantic-looking place, where we landed. After cooking some food, we took leave of the canoe, and bidding farewell to our agreeable companions, with Wirihona and his family, we again resumed our old pedestrian mode of travelling, and struck off to the right across the country—through fern and forest, forest and fern, hills and valleys, swamps and rivers—towards Waingaroa harbour, on the west coast of the island. Our chief and his wife appeared quite sorry that we were going to leave them: the latter shook hands with us several times, accompanying each shake with a low prolonged squeal, which we endeavoured to imitate again in return.

Our road during the remainder of the day lay through a succession of flooded fern land, swamps, and dripping forests,—ofttimes we were compelled

to wade for a hundred yards together, and many of the swamps required us to exercise all our ingenuity, to enable us to cross them without disappearing entirely in the middle. The close damp forests, through the intricate mazes of which we wound our way over slippery roots, ankle-deep in mud, were almost overpowering from the fragrance of the delicious *horopito*, mingled with the gases that arose from the quantity of decaying vegetable matter.

The *fuschia* is indigenous to the forests of New Zealand as well as to those of Chili and Patagonia, and the woods through which we travelled were everywhere adorned with an undergrowth of beautiful fuschias, now in full bloom. This shrub, in its uncultivated state, bears two distinct sets of flowers—one green and purple, the other purple and red; and the pollen on the anthers of the green blossoms is of the most brilliant cobalt blue colour. So exuberant is vegetable life in these New Zealand forests, that it is difficult to find a space, however small, even upon the trunks of the trees, which is not the receptacle of some plant or lichen. Upon one species of fern I observed that the seeds had already germinated and taken root whilst still upon the back of the leaf: hundreds of young ferns were thus springing up upon the parent plants.

Toiling up the slippery clay sides of some of the open fern hills that intersect the belts of forest, we were repaid by magnificent views of the sur-

rounding country, and the plains bordering the banks of the Waipa; blue mountains stretched away in the hazy distance, and all the variety of light and shade, storm-cloud, rainbow, and sunshine, played upon the landscape with a singular beauty of effect—and in the windless dells of the woods beneath our feet, above the starry tree ferns, stole stray lingering mists, like unwilling vapours hiding from the breeze.

In crossing a river this afternoon the current was so rapid that it took my lad off his legs, and we were immersed in the stream; we then travelled on till long after dark, seeking in vain for a suitable camping place, and at last we pitched our tent in a wet marshy hollow by a stream, on the borders of a dense forest. Some wild hogs from the forest grunted round our camp all night, and the vile mosquitoes managed to get into the tent. Having been knee-deep in rain-water nearly all day, it was not surprising that, combined with sleeping on wet blankets in a swamp, and breathing miasma all night, I should wake in the morning stiff with rheumatism, and nearly blind with cold in the eyes.

Oct. 5th.—This morning we started early, as it was our intention to reach the harbour and mission station of Waingaroa the same evening. We crossed a small ravine near a potato ground, where we met a young woman, who accosted us, with a letter in her hand, which she begged us to take to her brother, who was one of the chiefs of Waingaroa;

the letter was written with a sharp style, upon a leaf of the New Zealand flax, *Phormium tenax*; it was about two feet long, and covered with writing on both sides, the characters showing out clearly upon the dark and glossy surface of the leaf.

We passed through much open fern land, hilly, and intersected in the hollows with swamps; and crossed several streams: sometimes on flax leaves tied together, and fastened to the bushes on each bank, sometimes on a fallen tree, and at others we plunged in and waded across. We were joined by numerous natives going to Waingaroa, and soon obtained a glimpse of the many-branched harbour winding amongst the hills before us. The mountain of Kareoi (Woody Head), which forms the southern entrance to Waingaroa harbour, was the resting-place of dense clouds. We descended the hills, and kept round a branch of the harbour for some miles, wading through soft black mud. Rocks of basalt occur here and there, and lava lies scattered in blocks upon the beach: I also procured specimens of gypsum from this neighbourhood.

The first peep of the blue and hazy ocean, from the brow of one of the hills overlooking the mission station of Waingaroa, was grand and solemn. Beyond that ocean lay all I cared for on earth, and many a thought stole across its bosom: the sudden sight of that vast and watery barrier of human hopes and ties, made me feel how truly I was a wanderer in a strange land—a voluntary exile from all I love.

The sun was going down over the Pacific, brightening the western sky, as though it told of hope and joys yet to be fulfilled, and the low booming of the waves as they dashed upon the shore resounded in the calm air of evening; the day and the week had well-nigh ebbed away, and all nature seemed as though it were preparing for the holy serenity of the morrow's Sabbath.

Oct. 6th.—Late last evening we reached the hospitable roof of the Wesleyan mission station. Mr. Wallis, the missionary, was from home, but his wife received us most kindly, surrounded by a group of half a dozen fine rosy-cheeked children, who bore testimony, in their healthy and happy countenances, to the salubrity of the New Zealand climate.

The mission station stands upon the side of a hill, sheltered from the westerly winds, and overlooking a valley, along which winds one of the many branches of the harbour. The scenery around is remarkably picturesque. The house is about a mile distant from the sea-shore, against which the southern ocean beats in the winter with terrible fury. Along the black sand composing the beach, that small and delicate shell, *Spirula Australis*, lay scattered in considerable abundance.

In the afternoon I visited the chapel, where I found two classes, composed of persons of all ages, squatted on the floor, reading the Testament in the Maori language with the native teachers, and all intent on their books. They formed a strange-looking

medley : here and there the richly tattooed face of a chief, and now and then the wrinkled visage of a shrivelled old woman, varied the group. One poor decrepit soul was in mourning—I think it was for her husband ; her weeds consisted of a profusion of shreds of red cloth tied round her head, and hanging in a bunch over her forehead. Both the native teachers wore European costume ; one of them was strutting round his class, loudly vociferating to his pupils, dressed in a pair of military pantaloons and a white blouse. The other and senior teacher was a mild little man, neatly tattooed, and dressed in an entire suit of faded black cloth : he gave out a hymn, and concluded the service with a prayer.

Oct. 7th.—All day at Waingaroa taking portraits of the principal chiefs. A *korero*, or gathering of the native orators, was held at the mission station, to meet Forsaith : and the most distinguished of these individuals sat to me for their portraits. So great is the sensation created by the exercise of my art amongst these people, that during the entire day the court-yard has been crowded with natives, all anxious to have their likenesses taken, that they may go to England with those of the *Rangatiras* : upwards of thirty found their way into the room where I was engaged in painting, and the passage leading to it was crowded to excess, so that there was no getting in or out. In fact, what with Forsaith's Government business, in which they are deeply interested, together with my painting, the whole settlement is in

a state of unwonted excitement. The day is over; the chiefs have concluded their meeting, at which many energetic and eloquent speeches have been delivered; and two of the principal leaders, Wiremu Nera (William Naylor) or Awaitai, and Paratene Maioha, are sitting with me at the table, writing letters to the Governor; they made me fold their letters for them, and have given me their signatures beneath their portraits.

Oct. 8th.—The chiefs were up at their *horero* nearly the whole of last night, consulting and conversing with Forsaith; they are exceedingly desirous for Europeans to come amongst them, and have offered a large tract of land to Government for the purpose of forming a township.

I painted Paratene attired in an elegant robe of large size, ornamented with dog's hair; one of those from the southern island, and called by the natives *e parawai*. Before commencing my sketch, personal vanity overcame the grave orator, and the cannibal warrior of other days; he went into the parlour to Mrs. Wallis, and said, "Mother, let me have a glass, to see that my countenance is right:" being anxious to compose his features in a manner suitable to his own ideas of propriety, before he took his stand for so important a proceeding. Paratene is, notwithstanding numerous peculiarities, a sensible and intelligent man, and much esteemed by those Europeans to whom he is known. Paratene (Broughton) is his baptismal name; his native appellation being Te

Maioha. He is a cousin of Te Whero Whero, and one of the leading men belonging to the Ngatimahuta branch of the Waikato tribes; and he generally resides in a village, or *kaiinga*, on the northern banks of Waingarua harbour. Eccentricity is the principal feature in the character of Te Maioha; and the scrupulous attention which he invariably pays to those trifling circumstances which constitute his notions of etiquette often makes his conduct highly amusing; yet the correctness of his general conduct, his erudition, and the imperturbable gravity of his demeanour, has obtained for him deferential respect, and a marked ascendancy over many of his equals in rank,—indeed, he is regarded as a perfect oracle. By unwearied application he has obtained a smattering of arithmetic; and one of his most self-satisfactory exploits is the correct solution of some such important problem as the value of a pig of a certain weight, at a given price per pound, making the usual deduction for offal.

Te Awaitaia, baptized Wiremu Nera (William Naylor), is the principal Waingarua chief, and is a zealous friend both to the mission and to the various European settlers scattered about the harbour. He belongs to one of the subdivisions of the large Waikato tribe, called Nga ti mahanga, and resides at the foot of the mountainous cape designated on the charts as Woody Head. He is celebrated over all the island for his daring courage as a warrior, having been closely allied with Te Whero Whero,

and actively engaged in most of the sanguinary conflicts that took place between the united tribes of Waikato and the inhabitants of Taranaki. He was one of the leaders of the expedition against the Taranakians about fifteen years ago, which resulted in the total destruction of the pah Puke-rangiora. Upwards of 1800 natives were assembled in the pah, very few of whom escaped; the greater number being killed, and the residue carried captives to Waikato. He was also present at the siege of Nga motu, a pah formerly situated at one extremity of the site now occupied by the settlement of New Plymouth. The inhabitants of this pah were assisted in their defence by several Europeans, who had mounted the guns of a vessel which had been wrecked on the coast, and worked them with such deadly effect that the Waikatos were at length compelled to raise the siege. Several incidents occurred during this siege, which, while they almost elicit a smile at their absurdity, yet strikingly display the unsophisticated character of these people. During the very heat of the contest, a vessel arrived in the offing; a truce was immediately agreed upon in order to secure the advantages of trade, and the besiegers and besieged were soon seen promiscuously hurrying off to the vessel to barter their commodities and supply their wants. The besieged being in possession of a quantity of ready-dressed flax (an article much sought after at that period by the trading vessels on the coast) they exchanged it for a

plentiful supply of tobacco, an article of which the besiegers were destitute. The vessel soon departed and hostilities recommenced: but, after a few days, another truce was proposed and concluded, for the purpose of trading with each other! The Waikatos were in possession of a great many spare muskets, which they had captured at Pukerangiora, while the besieged were very deficient in arms; a brisk trade was immediately commenced, the Waikatos supplying their enemies with arms, to be turned the next day against themselves, and receiving in exchange a portion of the tobacco that had been procured from the vessel. The scene, as described by an eye-witness, must have been most ludicrous:—the Waikato thrust his musket half way through the palisades of the pah, retaining, however, a firm hold of his property until the intending purchaser from within thrust out in a similar manner the quantity of tobacco he was willing to give; neither party relinquishing his hold of the property about to change hands until he had secured a firm grasp of that offered by his adversary! So pacificating is the influence of trade even upon savages.

When Awaitaia embraced Christianity, Te Whero Whero exclaimed, "I have lost my right arm!" such was that chief's estimate of Awaitaia's prowess as a warrior. Since his profession of Christianity his character has been without a blemish, and if any native might be singled out as an individual evidencing the power of the Gospel truth he professes

to have received, Wiremu Nera is the man. His deportment and general demeanour are mild in the extreme, and his countenance, when in repose, exhibits a shade of melancholy which at once awakens a feeling of interest; and, except in moments of unusual excitement, when the kindling of his eye betrays the latent embers of a fiery spirit, there is nothing in his appearance calculated to remind the beholder of his proximity to a man whose very name was a terror to his foes. He has proved himself invariably the friend of the colonists, and since the disturbances in the north has offered his services to the Government to defend the capital with the power of his tribe.

CHAPTER II.

AOTEA—KAWHIA—AHUAHU—MOKAU—PARI PARI—
VOLCANIC REGION OF WANGANUI.

WE started from Waingaroa this morning, calling on our way at the house of the chief Te Moanaroa, or Teyene (Stephen), which is situated on the banks of one of the branches of the harbour. Here we remained for half an hour, that our lads might get some food, and the chief's wife boiled some eggs for us to carry with us on our journey. Te Moanaroa is related by marriage to the government interpreter, whose native wife I have previously alluded to. Before we entered the court-yard at the back of the house, we were almost suffocated by the violent stench of kaanga, or stinking corn, arising from a large pot over the fire in the yard, filled with a sort of gruel prepared by boiling the putrescent maize. Two slave women sat stirring it round with sticks, inhaling

with evident delight the odour that to us was indescribably disgusting. My companion, looking across the mud flats left uncovered by the tide, remarked that we should have a difficulty in crossing. "Oh, no," says Tepene, "you shall have my horses, and ride over like Rangiteras." "But you have no horses," replied Forsaith. "They are there," responded the chief, pointing to some of his men who sat near the door of the house, "and on the tops of their shoulders you shall ride across the flats."

It was a lovely and cloudless day of spring, and our road lay for eight miles through continuous forests, until we reached Te Mata; where we found extensive clearings for potato grounds, and a few Maori huts, round which were congregated about twenty natives. Here we rested, and partook of some food. The children were besmeared with *kokowai*, or red ochre and grease, to defend them from the attacks of the sand-flies (*namu*). An aged woman, reduced almost to a skeleton, was assiduously engaged in making a basket of the long leaves of the parasitical *tawara* (*Freycinctia Banksii*); and another woman appeared equally busy in preparing flax for an ornamental mat. She was forming the long strips of rolled flax leaves in the manner before described, which are worked into the cloth at intervals, and being alternately banded black and yellow, somewhat resemble the quills of a porcupine. The violent colds some of these poor people had, and the spitting of this old creature all round us as we were taking our food,

together with the lingering odours of kaanga, made it a trial for the strongest stomach.

Travelling onwards for some distance through dense forests, with occasional steep fern hills commanding exquisite scenery, we arrived at sunset on the shores of Aotea harbour; and, after wading across a succession of mud flats, in another hour we reached the mission-house of Aotea, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Smales, where we were hospitably entertained. The harbour of Aotea is remarkably picturesque, and, when the tide is up, presents a noble expanse of water; but the extensive mud flats, that are uncovered at low tide, stretch out for miles, leaving but little water to be seen. These mud flats, abound with the *cardium* (pepi), the *mya*, and several species of *turbo*, which form part of the food of the natives: the settlements and *kaingas* on the shores of this harbour being numerous.

Oct. 9th.—A clear and balmy morning. The summer birds of passage are already arriving, and a most brilliant little Cuckoo (*Chrysococcyx lucidus*), with green and golden plumage, was brought in from the garden, killed by a cat. From whence come these birds of passage? Are they from the South Sea Islands? or do they merely migrate from one part to another of New Zealand: which possesses nearly eight hundred miles of latitude?

At Aotea, old Paora Muriwenua stood to me for his portrait. He is one of the most important chiefs of this district, and has quite a patriarchal appear-

ance, which is heightened by a white and flowing beard. He is tall and thin, with a commanding aspect; but his great age frequently causes him to exhibit signs of imbecility, and his second childhood is coming on apace. The costume that he wore consisted of a *topuni* or war-mat of dog's skin, with the hair woven in alternate stripes of rufous and black, so as to resemble the skin of a tiger. Muriwenua is strongly attached to the heathen customs of his race. The following incident will show how deeply the belief in witchcraft, and the supposed influence of the *atuas*, obtain amongst those who are still heathens. The missionary was showing me some small green lizards preserved in a phial of spirits, Muriwenua and another man being in the room. We forgot at the moment that the little creatures in the phial were *atuas* or gods, according to the superstitious belief of Maori polytheism, and inadvertently showed them to the man at the table. No sooner did he perceive the *atuas*, than his Herculean frame shrank back as from a mortal wound, and his face betrayed signs of extreme horror. The old chief, on discovering the cause, cried out, "I shall die! I shall die!" and crawled away on his hands and knees; whilst the other man stood as a defence between the chief and the *atuas*, changing his position so as to form a kind of shield till Muriwenua was out of the influence of their supposed power. It was a dangerous mistake to exhibit these *atuas*, for the chief is very old, and in the course of nature cannot live long; and, if he dies

shortly, his death will certainly be ascribed to the baneful sight of the lizard-gods, and I shall be accused of *makutu*, or witchcraft.

The *katipo*, a small, black, and very venomous spider, is found upon the beach on the west coast; and the natives all say (as a girl assured us this morning) that, if a *katipo* bites you, you will most assuredly die; but if you are clever enough to catch the *katipo*, and make a fire round him, so that he perishes in the flames, you will then recover from the effects of the poisonous bite.

In the afternoon, which was brilliant, we left Aotea, and walked along the sand flats towards Kawhia; having in charge a little girl, the daughter of one of the missionaries. She travelled in an *amo*, or litter borne upon poles, which was carried alternately by the lads. Several Maori children accompanied us; and one pretty little fellow assisted me to gather shells, and the flat white sea-eggs (*Echinarachnius Zelandiæ*) which occur plentifully on the west coast.

We crossed an arm of Aotea harbour in a canoe, passed a picturesque promontory skirted with fine pohutukaua trees, and, after a couple of hours' more walking through the bush, reached the margin of Kawhia harbour, where we found Mr. Whiteley's boat moored, ready for the reception of our party. It was now sunset, and the rich orange glow of the sky above the line of the distant ocean, and the garish purple of the hills across Kawhia, rendered the scene very lovely. Our lads pulled

away merrily, singing, and tossing their heads at every stroke of the oars. The breadth of Kawhia harbour is about six or eight miles; but, it being low water, we had to pull round several sand-banks, and got aground twice, so that it was very late before we arrived at the mission-station at Ahuahu. It was a cold night, and the water so phosphorescent that our boat appeared as though it were cleaving a lake of fire. Long flights of small coast birds passed rapidly against the glowing sky, and the stars shone with unusual brilliancy. A meteor, shooting across the dim and distant ocean, seemed like a beacon, flashing for a moment to tell of kindred spirits in that far and glowing west. The lights from the mission house at Ahuahu reflected their cheerful ray in the calm water, and we received a hearty welcome beneath the hospitable roof of the worthy missionary.

During the few days we remained at Mr. Whiteley's, I was engaged in portraying the most important chiefs of the neighbourhood, together with their families; and through the kindness of that gentleman I was enabled to procure likenesses of many who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been difficult of approach.

Oct. 10th.—Whilst in the verandah at Ahuahu, several natives came up from their canoes at the water side and looked over the paling; among them was a very remarkable old chief and *tohunga* (the father of Te Pakaru, the principal chief of Kawhia), who had a large bump or wen upon his forehead, imme-

diately over his right temple, the size of a goose's egg, and which was as carefully *tattooed* as the remaining portion of his face. Being *tapu*, he refused to enter the verandah, and I took his portrait as he stood resting against the rails. He was evidently delighted at the representation of his "bump," and the natives screamed and shouted with ecstasy at seeing old Te Upehi and his bump on paper; putting their double fists against their foreheads to exaggerate his deformity.

Oct. 11th.—The natives are gathering from all quarters to be present at the great meeting or *korero* that is to take place between Forsaith and the chiefs of Kawhia, respecting the settlement of lands; amongst them are Te Pakaru or Apokia, and Te Waro; two of the leading men of the Nga ti Maniapoto and the Nga ti Apakura tribes.

Several miles up the Waiharikiki river, a stream which flows into the harbour of Ahuahu, is a *wahi tapu*, or sacred repository of the property of a deceased chief, which stands at a small heathen *kainga*. The scenery along the Waiharikiki is varied and romantic; steep banks clothed with the most luxuriant foliage rise on either side, and almost every opening discloses a *kainga maori* or native settlement: the water was strewn with the golden-coloured blossoms of the *kowai*, and the day was warm and sunny. On arriving at Te Pāhe, we landed from the boat and proceeded to the *wahi tapu*, which stood upon the side of a hill sloping

towards the river. The sacred enclosure was surrounded with a double set of palings; and within the inner row, which were painted red, were the decaying remains of the *tapued* property, elevated upon a frame-work of raised sticks; the weather-worn garments were fluttering in the wind, and the chests, muskets, and other property belonging to the deceased were arranged in front: a little canoe, with sail and paddles, was also placed there to serve as a ferry-boat for the spirit to enter in safety into the eternal abodes.* Calabashes of food and water, and a dish prepared from the pigeon, were placed for the ghost to regale itself when visiting the spot; and the heathen natives aver that at night the spirit comes and feeds from the sacred calabashes. So fearful are the natives to approach this *wahi tapu*, that they will not even come within some yards of the outer enclosure.

This afternoon the meeting of the natives with the Protector was held on the slope of a grassy hill, not far from the mission-house: three old chiefs sat (like the three wise men of old) above the speakers, against a fence; the others were scattered around in groups along the slope of the hill. Te Waro and Te Pakaru were the principal orators. During the speechifying, I painted Ohu, the *tohunga* or heathen

* There is a remarkable similarity between this idea and the mythological belief of the ancients, that the spirits of the departed were conveyed in a boat by Charon, the grim ferryman, across the river Styx.

priest of the Waiharikiki river, and the little lame old chief Rangituatea, who was wounded in the battle of Taranaki. The latter is a man of note amongst the Nga ti Maniapoto tribe, and I requested him to wear his war-mat instead of a dirty blanket all besmeared with *kokowai*, in which he was clad; but he gravely touched his *meri poonamu*, his *tiki*, and the ornament of boar's tusks about his neck, signifying that these were sufficient indications that he was a great *rangatira*.

After the meeting was concluded, the old gentleman sat down to a delicious repast of the gruel made from stinking corn; which they ate out of the iron pot in which it was cooked, dipping their fingers into the vessel and then licking them.

Forsaith's lads are enjoying a few days' rest, before proceeding onwards to Taranki. One of them is a youth of the Puketapu tribe, who was taken prisoner at Taranki by Hamana, a Waikato chief; and having recently been liberated, through the influence of Christianity, is now returning to his native district. Another of our travelling "helps" is a merry young fellow, rejoicing in the singular name of "troutete" or *trousers*, from his having appropriated to his own use a pair of those peculiarly European articles of dress, which had belonged to a deceased relation.

The arrival of Kiwi, a great chief returning from the south, caused a considerable commotion, accompanied by the usual speechifying. The women stood upon the hill, and loud and long was their *tangi* to

welcome his approach; occasionally, however, they would leave off to have a chat or a laugh, and then mechanically resume their weeping. The old sages spoke in turns: the *tohunga* looked like some priest of the furies with his gorgon locks streaming in the wind; and, as he grew excited with his speech, he stamped upon the ground and uttered deep-toned shouts, that rent the air like the roarings of some wild beast.

Oct. 13th.—The mission-house is prettily situated on a point of land jutting into the harbour of Ahuahu, which is a branch of Kawhia; a glassy sheet of water extends in front of the house, and beyond it rises the bold and rugged outline of the mountain of Perongia. To the left of the house is a steep cliff, with an abrupt descent on the other side, where the goats belonging to the mission-station generally browse; and from this elevation a fine commanding view may be obtained over the surface of Kawhia harbour, with the ocean breaking into foam beyond. The chapel stands on an elevated terrace behind the house. At the morning service, which was conducted both in the Maori and English languages, about fifteen Europeans, including the missionary's family, were present, and the number of natives congregated together could not be less than two hundred; they all sat grouped about on the floor in their customary attitudes, and nothing could exceed their attention and decorous behaviour. In the afternoon the chapel presented a lively and

interesting scene; the children were gathering for school, and it was a striking sight to observe the old chief Kiwi, who had arrived in state on the previous day, now sitting quietly in the midst of them, employed in teaching the little ones to read! The bright and sunny faces of the pupils showed the interest they took in their learning: and this delight was equally manifest in the countenance of the deeply-tattooed warrior.

Oct. 14th.—From Ahuahu my companion and myself prepared to start on separate routes; his being along the coast towards Taranaki, and mine striking at once into the very heart of the interior, through the wild region of Mokau and Wanganui to the Taupo Lakes. Forsaith, who had proved a most agreeable and intelligent companion during the journey to Ahuahu, left in Apokea's canoe, accompanied by his four lads, whilst another canoe conveyed my party in an opposite direction across the harbour. My travelling companions now consisted of my two natives, E Pera, who was a Nga Pui from the Bay of Islands, and E Rhia, a mission lad of Waipa, belonging to the Ngati Apakura tribe; we were also joined by a couple of natives proceeding homewards to Wakatumutumu. Our departure caused quite a commotion in this peaceful little settlement of Ahuahu, and as our canoes diverged in their different directions, farewell shouts rent the air from the groups on shore, which were loudly responded to by the departing travellers.

Landing at the head of one of the branches of Ahuahu harbour, we came to a European cottage, with a settler's clearing; we then struck at once into the bush up very steep hills. The *ponga*, one of the species of tree-fern, is very beautiful at this season of the year; putting forth a double coronet of fresh curls, which gradually expand into leaves. The crimson fuschia and several other elegant flowering shrubs also adorn the bush. From the hills we obtained a succession of fine views of Kawhia and the surrounding country, with the southern ocean behind. At four miles we halted at a plantation of Cape gooseberry plants, where we found a few old slave women and some children; the latter stripped the plants of all the remaining fruit, as a present for the *pakeha* (stranger), whilst my natives regaled themselves with stinking maize, a calabash of which the old women had (fortunately for all but me) just prepared as we arrived.

All day we travelled onwards through a dark and gloomy forest without a single break; and the narrow track lay up and down steep gullies and over fallen trees. A peculiar odour arises from the decaying vegetable matter, which at times is almost overpowering.

In this forest I saw the *hinau*-tree growing, from which the natives prepare the black dye; and of its seeds, when compressed, the unwholesome-looking cakes are made to which the children are so partial. The fuschia and the *horopito* were also abundant;

and several of the large shelving *fungi*, growing from the trunks of the trees, near the roots, are so broad and strong as to form capital seats. At night these moist woods are peculiarly luminous; the decaying vegetable matters sparkling like stars in every direction, producing an effect of singular beauty. We frequently observed among the branches a small green parroquet (*Trichoglossus aurifrons*), which was so tame as scarcely to move at our approach.

About sunset, an opening in the forest showed us the Marakopo river, which we crossed; and passing through a patch of fern-land, arrived at Piri-piri. A remarkable appearance is here produced by the white limestone rocks, cropping out on the edge of a hill in cubiform masses above the fern. Immediately above this brow are a number of straggling huts, which are occupied by a community of Jesuit natives, who style themselves *pikopo*, in contradistinction to the *mihonari* people.

At the time of our arrival at the settlement, all the inhabitants of the *kainga* were congregated in an open court on the brow of the hill, partaking of their evening meal. Almost before we had entered the court, we were most violently assailed by upwards of twenty fierce dogs, and had I not instantly seized a stick and defended myself, I should, in all probability, have come off badly; the natives threw their potato kits and sticks at the dogs, and the confusion and din were universal.

We halted for some time in a court-yard appro-

priated to strangers, where we found a cook-house and a dormitory. As no food is allowed to be prepared in a dwelling or sleeping house, cooking-sheds are built expressly for the purpose; they are usually composed of stakes, or the trunks of the arborescent fern, placed upright in the ground, a little apart from one another, so as to admit a current of air to carry off the smoke, and covered with a roof of *tohi-tohi*, or *nikau* palm leaves. Seated on some fern in the verandah of this cooking hut, I ate my supper; the natives regarding me with almost the same sort of wonder that they would some strange animal.

Presently the bell tolled for vespers; the “Ave Marias” of these poor people sounded very differently from the rich and melodious chants I have heard in Sicily and Brazil, yet, in their soft and simple language, the effect was pleasing, as their voices, chanting the evening hymn, sounded at a distance, through the dull and dewy night. I took up my quarters on a heap of dry fern, and was just dropping off to sleep when my lad Rihia commenced his devotions aloud, which lasted without intermission for at least an hour.

Oct. 15th.—A thick fog ushered in the day, and after travelling for some hours through dew-drenched forests, we reached a deep ravine, where the road descends winding into the glen. On a mossy bank on one side of this ravine the natives showed me the foot-prints (according to their tradition) of Whatu-maui, a giant of former days, who, on arriving at

this spot, instead of taking the trouble to descend into the ravine, jumped across it, a distance of at least 160 feet : these foot-prints are two hollows in the rock, each about twenty inches in length. We next passed over steep fern-hills, and through a tract of country completely devastated by fire—all black as a cinder—and crossed the small river of Wahuatakawau, where there is a pretty waterfall over blue limestone-rock. At the next stream, Pera told me there were plenty of snakes, and whilst I was looking out to avoid them, my guides were suddenly in the water, divested of their garments, busily searching for eels, which were the *snakes* alluded to by Pera. From the summit of a ridge of steep fern hills, rendered very slippery from the night's rain, we obtained a view of Pirimokau mountain, celebrated in the journey from Kawhia to Taranaki, as being a most difficult and dangerous pass—where the native women are obliged to be let down and drawn up with ropes, whilst the men venture along a ledge of rock overhanging a giddy precipice, beneath which the ocean lashes in whirlpools of boiling surf. Beyond us we could trace the course of the Marakopo, winding between hills clothed with endless and gloomy forests. Upon the margin of the small streams and moist swampy watercourses, there peeps up from the ground a little white flower with a faint jessamine-like perfume : nothing but the blossom appears above ground, and that is quite close to the earth.

The forests in this unfrequented part of the coun-

try are almost impenetrable. Many of the hill-sides were so clothed with roots intertwining one with another as to form a series of steps, down which we forced our way ; the liands (*smilax*) continually catching us like ropes round our bodies.

Late in the afternoon, we struck out of the path, when on the side of a lofty ridge covered with dense forests to gain a steep buttress of limestone rock that covered the summit of the mountain. We were now somewhere about two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and after pushing through the brushwood and matted liands, we reached the summit of the naked rock, which commanded a most extensive and magnificent view across the region of Taupo, with the volcano of Tongariro and the still loftier Ruapahu rearing their snow-clad summits at a distance of at least eighty miles. The intervening scenery consisted of range beyond range of hills in every variety of form, with the pale and shadowy mass of these vast mountains, relieved by a clearly defined outline against the blue of heaven. It was a glorious sight to look around, from that rocky pinnacle, upon the grandeur and the majesty of nature. The Tongariro was pouring forth volumes of steam, which rolled down the mountain's side ; and a cloudy mist passed over the Ruapahu whilst we gazed upon its broad and eternal snows. Descending this steep range, a few miles farther brought us to the *kainga* of Warikaokao, consisting of a few decent huts within a square enclosure. The shades of evening were grow-

ing longer; and as we had had a fatiguing journey, we halted here for the night, instead of proceeding onwards to Mania.

Oct. 16th.—Last night I lay in a very windy cook-house, and got no sleep, though extremely tired. At daybreak we started for Mania, a distance of eight miles, where we breakfasted on potatoes and kumeras. There I painted the chief Ngohi and his principal wife. This lady had once been handsome, and even in her declining years she still bore traces of her former charms. She was under a *tapu*; and, whilst in this state, was not permitted to touch any article of food with her hands. A female slave brought water in a calabash, which she poured out into her filthy hand, applying it to the lady's mouth, who drank eagerly from the hand of the slave; for, had she touched the calabash herself, it would have become *tapu*, and could not again have been used for ordinary purposes. The boy who had accompanied us from Ahuahu was a son of Ngohi, and remained here. Instead of saluting his parents and friends, he sat down in silence upon a fallen stump. The journey had been undertaken solely for the purpose of fetching a domestic fowl from Kawhi, and the newly arrived bird underwent a long nursing from the younger branches of Ngohi's family, before the poor hungry thing was liberated. There were several pet pigs at this settlement; at almost every plantation, indeed, they are to be found: they will run for miles after their mistresses, and, being very

small as well as very tame, they are nursed for hours, as lap-dogs are amongst a more refined community. Extensive maize and potato grounds occur in the neighbourhood of Mania, and an ancient carved house stands not far from the *kainga*.

On leaving this place we were joined by Ngohi's eldest son who was proceeding to Whakatumutumu along with our former companions from Ahuahu. We crossed the river Mokau, here about ten yards in breadth, and passed along a valley shut in on one side by a vast wall of perpendicular rocks. In this wild valley was a deep toned echo; and young Ngohi's cries and shouts reverberated again and again as we went by. Here, too, a river, which falls into the Waikato, bursts out suddenly from the limestone rock, forming a thundering cascade, which flows in a deep stream along the valley. At 4 P.M. we reached the native settlement of Whakatumutumu, situated amongst romantic hills covered with fern.

The scenery here somewhat resembles that of the Highlands of Scotland, in the bold outline of the hills and the barren rocks jutting up in huge and picturesque masses. In this secluded spot, buried, as it were, from all intercourse with the surrounding world, dwell a missionary and his wife, named Miller, who most kindly welcomed me to their humble abode. The cottage stands on an elevated and rocky steep, overlooking an extensive country, with the river Mokau flowing beneath, and the native village occupying a hill to the right: from the

summit of a lofty rock behind the cottage, Mount Egmont, or Taranaki, is clearly discernible when the atmosphere is unclouded. On the top of a neighbouring hill is a small *wahi tapu*, surrounded by railings, where the bones of about a dozen chiefs, taken from a cavern, were buried some few years since by the Tohunga. Here I painted the chief Te Ngaporutu and his wife: he was formerly a distinguished warrior belonging to the Ngatimaniapoto tribe, but has lately embraced Christianity: and his wife, who belongs to Wanganui, was bought by him for thirty pigs. This chief had several wives previously to his becoming a convert; but he put away all, excepting only Rihe, whom he retained as his partner in life. The cast-off wives are all anxiously waiting for Rihe to die; each one hoping that she may be the successful candidate for the next wife.

Near Whakatumutumu, on the Mokau, there resides a European, or *Pakeha Maori*, who has become almost more savage than the natives themselves: he is partially tattooed, and clothes himself in a mat or blanket; he has at least six wives, and adopts all the habits and manners of the Maori people.

Te Ariki (lord), who was the most celebrated chief of all Mokau, died two months since at Pari-pari, a native settlement and *pah* one day's journey from Whakatumutumu; he was unconverted, and even during his last illness he was carried on to the field of battle. After his death a great contest ensued, respecting the disposal of his body, between the

Papist natives and those who still adhere to their heathen customs; the latter argued that he had died a heathen, and ought therefore to be buried in a secret cave, according to the heathen form for the greatest chiefs. The contest resulted in a scuffle for the body, and, after it had been placed in a box or coffin by the Jesuits, Taonui, the chief next in importance to the deceased, tore the body from the coffin, and, in his rage, threw it across the *pah*: it was eventually carried off by the heathens, and placed in a secret cave. About a mile from this place the body of another chief is hidden in a hollow tree in the forest.

Ekō, the celebrated witch of Waikato, is the wife of a chief not far from Mokau: she performed some actions which were considered by the natives as attesting her powers of witchcraft, and ever since she exercises, by her arts of sorcery, unbounded sway over the minds of the superstitious inhabitants: to such an extent is her power exerted, that many natives die under the influence of fear. Not long since she told one of her victims that she had taken out his heart; and he actually died, out of a belief that his heart was gone.

Oct. 17th.—Early this morning we took leave of the missionary and his wife. Their isolation from the civilized world may be inferred from the fact that Mrs Miller has not seen a European female since she has resided at Whakatūmūtumu: nor does she expect to do so without undertaking the long

and tedious journey through the forest to Ahuahu, which she must accomplish on foot. We proceeded to Pari-pari, a distance of about eighteen miles. On arriving at the small *pah* of Whakatumutumu we heard a long *tangi*: and, on entering the stile, found the natives all crying and lamenting over the body of an old woman, which was wrapped in a blanket, and laid out beneath the verandah of a small *wari pune* or sleeping-house. The corpse looked bloodless and sallow, and the surrounding women were beating their breasts and cutting themselves with shells, howling all the time most dismally.

About four miles beyond Whakatumutumu we reached the falls of Mokau, an exceedingly romantic spot, where that river dashes down a perpendicular wall of rock, from a height of about sixty feet, in one broad sheet of water. The rocky steps on each side of the chasm are clothed with evergreens, amongst which the graceful *rimu* pine stands pre-eminent; high broken rocks, resembling castles, fortresses, and towers, rise on the opposite side of the glen; and the surrounding hills are wild and covered with fern. During the day we passed many swamps, and followed the winding course of the river Mokau along valleys surrounded by strange, desolate-looking hills, with rocks of micaceous schist cropping out. In various parts of the river, native weirs for catching eels are frequent; these the natives keep up with great care, as they also do their eel-pahs, for the reception of these fish. The importance and value

of the eel-pahs is frequently a subject of dispute amongst the chiefs. At the summit of a steep hill we met a party of slave girls travelling towards Whakatutumumu, heavily laden with baskets containing cakes of stinking maize; they were accompanied by a pretty-looking young woman, the daughter of one of the chiefs at Pari-pari, gaily attired in a string-mat, with a bunch of myrtle leaves in her ear. The grace and gentle bashfulness of this *rangatira* damsel were in strong contrast with the coarse and rude appearance of the half-clad slaves who were her fellow-travellers.

The day was hot and the hills steep; we passed along a desolate and swampy valley, where there grew many fine dragon-trees (*tī*); and after fording the Waipa across drift timber, at a place where that river was not more than a dozen or twenty yards broad, we reached Pari-pari about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Pari-pari means, literally, "broken ground; and the whole country in the neighbourhood is a succession of hills and gullies.

At Pari-pari there lives an European, named Lewis, who has married the daughter of Taonui, the principal chief of the district, and successor to Tariki. Under the auspices and protection of his father-in-law, Lewis enjoys his Robinson Crusoe-like life in perfect security. He has a hut of his own construction, together with a garden, and a flock of seventy goats, besides pigs, fowls, and other small domestic animals. During my stay for a few days at Pari-pari

I experienced every hospitality from Lewis, who took infinite trouble and pleasure in pointing out to me all the antiquities and remains of *pahs* and ornamental architecture in the neighbourhood. It was an unexpected treat to sup upon brown bread and milk: the former made by my host from the produce of his last year's crop. The concluding dish at supper would appear less inviting to a European appetite, for it consisted of a quantity of fine plump grubs, nicely browned before the fire; and repulsive as such an article of food might at first appear, they are not only agreeable in flavour, but resemble in taste the most delicious cream. Taonui's daughter had procured them from the decayed timber of the *rimu* pine in the adjoining forest.

At a small *pah* not far distant from the abode of his *pakeha* Lewis, Taonui, the chief, has his residence. He is one of the most powerful and superstitious of the old heathen chiefs, and is scrupulously attached to the religion of the Tohunga; around his neck he usually wears a small flute, constructed out of the leg bone of Pomare, a northern enemy of his tribe, and upon this instrument he frequently plays with peculiar satisfaction. He has also in his possession the original suit of armour that was given by King George IV. of England to the Bay of Islands chief Shongi (E Hongi), when that warrior visited England.

The subsequent history of this armour is somewhat curious: it passed from the Nga Puis to Tetori, and from Tetori to Te Whero Whero at the Wai-

kato feast, and came into Taonui's hands under the following circumstances. On the death of a favourite daughter, Te Whero Whero made a song, the substance of which was that he would take off the scalps of all the chiefs except Ngawaka, and fling them into his daughter's grave to revenge her untimely death. The words of this song highly insulted the various individuals against whom it was directed: more especially as it was a great curse for the hair of a chief, which is sacred, to be thus treated with contempt. But the only chief who dared to resent this insult, from so great a man as Te Whero Whero, was Taonui: who demanded a *taua*, or gift, as recompense for the affront, and received the armour of E Hongi in compensation. I made a drawing of the armour, which was old and rusty: it is of steel, inlaid with brass; and, although never worn by the possessors in battle—for it would sadly impede their movements—it is regarded with a sort of superstitious veneration by the natives, who look upon it as something extraordinary.

About half a mile from the present native settlement stands the ruined *pah* of Pari-pari, which contains, in a state of almost perfect preservation, two of the finest carved and painted Maori houses still existing in New Zealand. This *pah* was erected on the memorable occasion of the Taranaki war, when the Mokau warriors set out on their expedition to that fated district: where the inhabitants of the principal *pahs* were either slaughtered and eaten, or

taken as slaves, by the conquering party. In this manner the beautiful district of Taranaki was almost depopulated, and human bones whitened many of the battle-fields. At the present moment, many of the former slaves and their children, are returning to occupy the land of their forefathers, having been liberated from their bondage through the combined influences of Christianity and civilization. Within a small railing, in one corner of the verandah of the largest house, is a *wahi tapu*, where the head of Te Kawaw (fowl), with his feathers, *hani*, and mat, were deposited. Te Kawaw was a great warrior, and very swift of foot, which obtained for him the appellation of "bird," or "fowl:" he was killed during one of the engagements of the Taranaki war, close to the *pah* of the besieged; and his people, not being able to remove the body, cut off his head, which they deposited within the sacred inclosure at Pari-pari. The head has since been removed by the Tohunga, but the mat and other articles still remain, though in a very decayed state. For several days I was constantly exploring the ruins of this once magnificent *pah*: rich fragments of carved work, of the most elaborate character, lie scattered on the ground, concealed by the tangled masses of vegetation that have long since grown over them; and I had to cut down a large and spreading *pura-pura* bush, that almost concealed the verandah of one of the most exquisitely ornamented houses, before I could make my drawing. With a view to perpetuate the singular

and beautiful architectural remains of these people, I made carefully finished drawings on the spot of all those most worthy of record, and thus rescued from certain and speedy oblivion the works of art of a race of men who are undergoing a most rapid and extraordinary change.

At the period of my visit, I found Taonui and Ngawaka his ally preparing to go to Taupo to join Te Heuheu in an expedition to fight the Ngatiruanui people, who reside on the shores of Cook's Straits between Wanganui and Taranaki. I was anxious to take the portrait of Taonui, and eventually succeeded, after some trouble, in obtaining a good likeness of him, as he sat upon the roof of his house, abusing the queen, and using all manner of provoking language. He was angry because I had painted one of his slaves—"That ugly slave of mine," exclaimed the haughty chief, "before me, the lord of all Mokau!" At length he became pacified, and I successively painted his whole family as they sat in the verandah of his carved dwelling-house. His eldest son wore over his blanket a small black mat, made from the fibrous bark of a tree, and dyed with *hinau*. It was the only one of the kind I remember to have seen in the country.

Oct. 18th.—All day sketching at Pari-pari. I took the portraits of the widow and child of the late Tariki before mentioned. The widow was a middle-aged woman, dreadfully disfigured by the cuts and gashes which she inflicts upon herself with a pepi-

shell whenever she cries ; and she wore a crown or garland of large green leaves upon her head as the emblem of mourning. Since the death of her husband, which took place about eight months since, she has been *tapu*, and not allowed either to feed herself or to change her garments ; which are all in rags. She is either fed out of the hands of another native, or she eats like a dog by putting her mouth to the ground. The period of her mourning and the force of the *tapu* are to continue for four months longer, when the unhappy widow will be released from her trammels, and permitted to re-enter the marriage state.

I have nowhere seen the law of *tapu* more rigidly adhered to than amongst these wild inhabitants of Mokau. Even poor Lewis himself is a sufferer from this cause : to-day he wanted to kill a pig, that we might make merry, and have some provision to carry along with us on our journey towards Taupo ; but the unfortunate pig in question having unwittingly trespassed upon some sacred ground, it had become *tapu*, and neither Lewis nor any one else dared to touch the sacred porker. Not long since, Taonui laid a *tapu* upon the road through the forest from hence to Taranaki, so that no one could travel that way without incurring the anger of the chief and the wrath of the invisible *atuas*. Taonui has just undergone the solemn ceremony of having his locks cropped ; this duty was intrusted to his wife alone, and she is thereby rendered *tapu* for the period

of one week—the penalty for touching the sacred hair of a chief: the hair itself was carefully buried, that it might not come into contact with any object connected with food.

An instance occurred near this place of a suicide of a most determined character: a man deliberately throttled himself with his hands, whilst lying in a sleeping house, beneath his blanket.

On the 19th we started for Waipa; but hearing at Pukemarpou, a small *pah* upon a hill about two miles from Pari-pari, that the chief Wirihona, our fellow-traveller on the Waikato, was absent from Waipa, with Mr. Buttle, the missionary, I resolved not to proceed further in that direction, but to take the road to Taupo, by the way of the Wanganui.

In the mean time I visited and explored some limestone caves that are situated in the side of a lofty hill, about a couple of miles further on. The rain fell in torrents; but we carried fire-sticks with us, and made torches at the mouth of the cavern, from the light and inflammable bark of a tree. A large fuschia grew at the opening of the cavern, which was evidently an occasional place of shelter with the natives. The entrance to the largest cave is a spacious arch in the side of a perpendicular wall of limestone rock. For about sixty feet the cave runs inwards, forming one grand and lofty antechamber, hung with stupendous masses of stalactite: the stalagmitic encrustations on the floor assuming the forms of huge mushrooms;

tables, and pillars, and frequently joining with the stalactites from above, producing columns of a picturesque appearance. At the inner extremity of this vaulted chamber is a steep descent, nearly dark, at the bottom of which a rapid subterranean stream flows across the cave; and beyond this river the cavern was supposed by the natives to terminate.

The tide being much lower than ordinary, I succeeded in crossing, by the light of a bonfire that my natives had kindled at the entrance of the cave. I was bent on exploring this subterranean fissure to its full extent, thinking it probable that other chambers and galleries existed beyond the river; and without waiting for the torches, I managed to climb up the almost perpendicular side opposite, and reached the entrance of a gallery about twenty feet above the river, and just large enough to admit four persons crawling in on their hands and knees. I entered, but had not proceeded far, when the smoke setting into the cavern, enveloped me in total darkness; and, almost in a state of suffocation, I was compelled to feel my way back as I best could, and scramble for my life, towards the mouth of the cavern. As soon as the smoke had cleared away, we lighted our torches, and leaving the timid natives at the entrance, Lewis and myself pursued our way into the cave, crossing the river, and regaining the opening that led to the gallery I had before reached.

After crawling along a corridor of sparkling stalactites for about thirty feet, forcing our bodies between

huge pillars of stone, we suddenly entered a spacious chamber of indescribable loveliness: it appeared as though gnomes and fairies had been at work to adorn this magic hall. The roof, hung with stalactites of the most exquisite and pearly whiteness, was supported by columns of yellow and transparent spar, that gave it the resemblance of a natural temple; and the crystalline walls and floor were covered with a sort of fluoric bloom of the most delicate hue and texture. Ours were the first human eyes that beheld this resplendent saloon hid in the bowels of the earth: it was evident that no one had ever entered this fairy abode, for our footsteps destroyed the bloom on the floor, and not the slightest mark of intrusion was anywhere discernible. We felt it to be almost an act of desecration to intrude on this secret and glorious chamber, whose chaste splendour shone forth in the unsullied purity of its pristine beauty. The scene seemed to realize Coleridge's poetic description, in his "Kubla Khan," of "that sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice"—

"Where Alph the sacred river ran
'Neath caverns measureless by man,
Down to a sunless sea."

After we had fully explored this cavern to its further extremity, we retraced our steps back to the open air, and to the sunshine that had succeeded to the morning's rain. The natives have a tradition

that whoever enters this cavern, and brings away any portion of the stalactite, however small, is certain of being drowned; and it is a singular coincidence that two Europeans, who in passing entered the outer chamber and broke off pieces of the stalactite, were afterwards drowned: one of these was a missionary who was upset in a canoe at the mouth of the river Thames in Houraki Gulf.

In the forests near Poukemarpou we regaled ourselves on our return with the sweet and fleshy bractæ of the *tawara* (*Freycinetia Banksii*), which are now in season. The taste of the lower portion of these bractæ, when fully ripe, is somewhat like that of a rich and juicy pear, with an aromatic flavour resembling vanilla. The plant yielding this vegetable luxury is parasitical; climbing in clusters of long narrow leaves to the summits of the lofty forest trees.

Oct. 20th.—Again at Pari-pari, where I received a letter from the chief Wirihona, the purport of which was that he regretted not being able to accompany me to Taupo, but that if I returned to Waipa he would let me have his canoe to go down the Waikato.

Oct. 21st.—This morning I started with only my two lads for Taupo: our road lay for the first eight miles along the same path we had travelled from Whakatumutumu; we then struck off to the left, fording the river Mokau twice; and many swamps had to be crossed, during our passage through an

open fern country, the valleys of which were clothed with a coarse wiry grass, called by the natives *wiwi*. In the woods beyond *Pari-pari* we encountered a number of wild hogs, that roam at large through the forests of *Mokau*: at periodical intervals the natives go out to hunt these animals, with dogs trained for the purpose; and they not unfrequently receive dangerous wounds from the infuriated boars. It was formerly the custom for the chiefs to wear the tusks of the boars they had killed, strung round their necks as trophies.

The country now began to assume a volcanic character: small lumps of cellular pumice were thickly scattered over the ground in every direction, and the soil appeared formed from the decomposition of light volcanic ashes. On the margin of the swamps, a small white violet, slightly scented, grew in the utmost profusion; the New Zealand daisy and the little aromatic white bell which I have before alluded to, were also abundant amongst the moss and fern.

We reached *Pouketouto* towards the evening: a small *kainga*, the residence of an inferior chief with his family and a few slaves, occupies the side of a hill. I took up my night's quarters in an open cook-house, where my lads prepared me some food; but several filthy slave women came in and cooked a mess of gruel of stinking corn, the odour of which almost drove me from the premises. It was a bitter nig the wind blew terrifically; and in so exposed

a situation it was difficult to obtain the repose that we needed.

The sun sank in a stormy sky, and a solitary *kaka* now and then whirring homewards, passed over the *kainga*, uttering its shrill cry. The fires in the warm-houses were lighted; and when heated like ovens and full of smoke, the natives as usual crept into these dens, and stopping every orifice, shut themselves up until morning.

The few natives residing in this district are either Papists or Pagans. The women are tattooed considerably on their breasts and shoulders, with cross-lines; and some wear human teeth round their necks.

Oct. 2nd.—We started very early, taking on with us a supply of potatoes: as there are no more native settlements for a distance of forty miles along the desolate and dreary region we had now to traverse. Near the *pah* leading from Pouketouto, I observed a miniature *pah*, constructed by the boys, who amuse themselves by building tiny fortifications, and emulate the courage and skill of their sires in the sport of besieging and defending them. The mounds were made by heaps of earth, and the fence-work constructed of upright sticks, displaying the characteristic ingenuity of the Maori children.

The scenery was wild, and not unlike that of some portions of Dartmoor; whilst the rain falling heavily nearly all day, added to the dreary aspect. Some of the swamps we crossed were strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The river Mokau

here runs through a valley, bordered on each side by precipitous chasms of rock ; and the steeps are covered with fern. Wild ducks were numerous along the river, unmolested in these waste solitudes. At one bend of the stream, where it breaks into foam over masses of rock, we observed an eel-pah, whither the natives occasionally resort for the purpose of taking these fish in their *kupengas* or nets. The swamps were all thickly studded with white violets ; and the country continued to present a wild and rocky aspect until we once more arrived upon the borders of the forest. Here we halted to cook some potatoes ; my lads having brought materials for procuring fire after the native manner. Their method is this : a piece of hard-pointed wood is rubbed very briskly along a groove in another piece of wood of a flattened shape, but less hard than the former ; the friction soon produces a fine dust from the groove, which kindles and acts as a tinder ; when it smokes, this is carefully collected and put into a parcel of dry fern, or a wisp of grass ; and upon being blown gently, the whole bursts into a blaze.

After toiling, wet through, up and down an intricate mountain forest for some miles, we suddenly came in sight of a most remarkable region, from the brow of a steep hill, where the forest abruptly terminated upon open fern. Beneath us was stretched out, for miles in extent, a plain entirely destitute of trees, broken with deep ravines and chasms, and

scattered over with an infinite multitude of abrupt little hills, like Alps in miniature. Some of these hills rose into tapering cones, resembling craters; others presented the appearance of castles, and steep ridges crowned with masses of rock: the whole scene, backed by distant ranges of mountains, had the aspect of having once been the seat of intense volcanic action. Through this singular region the river Wanganui wound its serpentine course, along a bed of white sand and pumice: it is here about twenty yards in breadth, and so tortuous are the windings of the stream, that during the day we crossed and recrossed it nine times. The entire country is covered with lumps of pumice, and the rocks appear of igneous origin; the rounded hillocks presenting cliffs consisting of tufaceous lava, or of lapilli of pumice and sand cemented by volcanic ashes. Dark clouds hung in sullen masses over these broken peaks, and the scene might be truly called the Valley of Desolation: almost the only vegetable production consisted of a coarse wiry grass, with here and there occasional tufts of low fern. Toiling on till after sunset, we arrived at the opposite side of the extensive valley that we had contemplated from the verge of the forest; and, to our infinite delight, we found a camping place, where there was a roof or shed of *tohi tohi* grass, that had been erected by native travellers, on the edge of a chasm of pumice, and close to the margin of the swiftly flowing Wanganui. Here we took up our quarters for

the night; we kindled a blazing fire in front of the shed, dried all our wet clothes, roasted our potatoes in the glowing embers, and ate them with a satisfaction and relish to which the sons of luxury are indeed strangers: in short, we passed the night comfortably in this romantic and secluded glen.

CHAPTER III.

TUHUA—TONGARIRO—RUAPAHU—TAUPO LAKE—THE
CHIEF TE HEUHEU—BOILING PONDS AND SPRINGS
—TE RAPA—WAITAHANUI—ROTO-AIRE LAKE AND
MOTUPOI PAH.

Oct. 23rd.— Off at sunrise. The morning was clear, though the fern and forests were dripping like a shower-bath, and we were wet through before we were out of the first wood; but as the sun obtained power the moisture vanished, and the day was fine and warm. The scenery continued of a very similar character to that through which we had travelled on the previous day. Strangely broken pumice-hills rose on every side; the Wanganui winding its course through a narrow valley, with occasional cliffs of white sand and loose pumice, through which the river has gradually formed a deep basin or channel, presenting here and there regularly terraced sides and platforms, that can only have been produced

by the gradual subsiding of the waters. The upper soil is a rich black vegetable mould, covering beds of pumice, which again rest upon basaltic rock. Our road still lay through *wiwi* and fern for about ten miles farther along the valley of the Wanganui, crossing incessant chasms, rent as if by earthquakes. The romantic appearance of the scenery is heightened by occasional cascades, dashing down abrupt precipices of rock that rise on each side of the valley.

We at length reached the settlement of Tuhua; and, as the lads were very tired, we gladly rested there until the next day. This place is famous for its potatoes, which are grown in the sandy pumice soil; and extensive potato-grounds occur all through this district. A fine range of wooded heights rises from the Wanganui, but the surrounding hills are chiefly clothed with fern. The first intimation of our approach to the vicinity of an inhabited district, after the solitary region we had passed, was the sight of a young slave woman, attended by her dog, busily engaged in gathering flax on the borders of a small stream. Her only garment was a coarse brown mat, extending from her waist to her knees, and her limbs were anointed with *kokowai*, or red ochre, to keep off the attacks of the sand-flies. Astonished and delighted at the sight of a *pakeha*, the girl led us to the village, where she lit a fire in a cook-house, and bounced about with great alacrity to provide us with a meal, laughing and chattering in high spirits. The cry of *te pakeha* (the stranger) soon resounded through the

woods, and the natives dropped in one by one from their potato grounds, to have a look at the newly-arrived visitors. In a very short time the courtyard of the village was thronged with natives, who were exceedingly kind and hospitable to us; and no more work was done on the potato grounds that day. Tired as I was, I was led a chase of three miles through the woods, by about a dozen young urchins, who insisted on taking me to a spot from whence I could obtain a view of the Ruapahu, crowned with its sparkling glaciers and perpetual snows. The chief goodnaturedly killed a little pig for me; and soon afterwards E Pera, one of my lads, came to know if he might not suggest that another ought to be killed for him, as he too was a visitor at the settlement.

The evening passed pleasantly amongst these interesting and primitive people. In the glorious sunshine of the evening, that mellowed the tints of the surrounding forest, and glowed upon the pearly sides of the lofty Ruapahu, all nature looked beautiful and happy. Several natives were sitting upon a raised platform, engaged with their favourite game of draughts, while others crowded round me in an ecstasy of delight at the contents of my portfolio. The *tamarikis* (children) set to work endeavouring to delineate each other, and one boy drew my likeness upon his thigh, with a piece of charcoal. When the stars came out, my little bright-eyed companions, who had been my willing guides to see the Ruapahu,

gathered round me in the clear moonlight, pointing to the various heavenly bodies, telling me their Maori names, and asking what the *pakeha* called them; repeating over and over again what I told them, in the gentle accent of their own soft language.

The people are all Christianized, although no missionary has yet been amongst them; they have been instructed entirely by a native teacher, who calls himself Mr. Maunsell. I attended their evening worship, or *karakia*, until driven out of the building by the smoke; an enormous fire was kindled in the centre of a *tohi-tohi* house that constituted the chapel, the sides of which were blackened from their contiguity to the fire; and in this place about thirty natives were assembled, who went through their prayers with great apparent devotion.

Oct. 24th—We left Tuhua, and on taking leave of our hospitable chief, I gave him five figs of negro-head tobacco (worth about three pence) which he considered as handsome payment for the pig besides other food and accommodation afforded to myself and my guides.

Our first ten miles lay over grassy hills and along valleys clothed with fern and *wiwi*, continually intersected by yawning chasms of pumice; and the volcano of Tongariro rose full before us, but only the lower portion of its snow-streaked sides were visible beneath the clouds. About a dozen of the young people from Tuhua accompanied us on our way as far as Tereringa; where I found the Taupo chief, Rawide, or Te Rangiarawaha. Tereringa con-

sists of a few native houses, built on the summit of a steep hill of pumice overhanging a tributary of the Wanganui. A Taupo native met us, and, flourishing his tomahawk over his head, ran back to his companions, crying out that the *pakeha* was come; the cry was taken up by those on the hill, and shouts of *te pakeha* re-echoed through the valley. I took the portrait of Rawide, though for some time he ran and danced about so vigorously—brandishing his old primitive wooden *meri-meri*, ornamented with bunches of *kaka* feathers—that I feared the attempt would be useless.

We left our young companions playing draughts in one of the houses at Tereringa, and crossing a river called Teringamutu, ascended a cliff of pumice nearly one hundred feet in height; we then entered a precipitous glen, and climbed two steep mountain ranges clothed with dense forest. At another small *kainga* we delivered a letter from Taonui, the chief of Mokau, desiring one of his relatives to provide us with a guide from this place across the country to Taupo Lake. Led by our new guide we struck over some fern hills into the most awful and almost impenetrable forest and jungle we had yet encountered. Supple jacks, fallen trees, and masses of decayed vegetable matter, impeded our progress; and to surmount these obstructions we were obliged to creep on our hands and knees through tangled brakes, jump over trunks of trees, slide down precipitous banks of slippery roots, and endure all manner of horrors and abominations. On, and on, and on, we toiled—

wading, creeping, jumping, sliding, and scrambling—till sunset, when we reached a few deserted huts in an old potato-clearing upon the slope of a hill amidst the forest, beside a stream of water embowered with beautiful fuschias in full blossom. The lads as well as myself, were dreadfully fatigued, but hunger was imperative; I set to work, and with a little of Lewis's coarse flour, that we had brought from Pari pari, and some of the pork we obtained at Tuhua, I achieved a tolerable pie, the baking of which we watched by turns as it was placed in the hot embers.

Oct. 25th.—Our toils to-day commenced by having to climb the face of a very steep mountain, just above the potato-ground where we had passed the night. Loose and sharp stones rendered it a difficult undertaking; for so nearly inclining to the perpendicular was this lofty ridge, that we were constantly slipping back again with the loose fragments of rock. On gaining the summit, we were enveloped in a thick mist, so that we could not distinguish any objects around us; and, after travelling along this ridge, the sharp cold air of which bespoke its great elevation, we struck quite suddenly into a dense forest. Its extent may be guessed from the fact that we proceeded through it for eight weary hours without finding a single opening, and during this time we had frequently to cut or force our way through the tangled overgrowth of vegetation. In these primeval and all but impenetrable forests, the birds are so tame that, on resting and imitating their various notes,

we frequently brought round us a flight of little songsters, that approached without the slightest manifestation of fear. Amongst the smaller varieties, I observed the white-headed manakin, a black and yellow fly-catcher, and an extremely diminutive wren. At intervals, in the silent and gloomy forest, one passes an old shed constructed of bark, or the leaves of the *nikau*-palm, where the remains of fires bespeak the resting-place of native travellers.

At length, after three days' journey, we emerged from the almost interminable forest, and entered upon a grassy tract of open volcanic land, strewn everywhere with lumps of pumice. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the open country; and the bright sunshine and fresh air gladdened us, after the dull twilight and damp and stagnant atmosphere of the woodland solitudes. Magnificently did Tongariro and the Ruapahu, with their snow-streaked sides, burst upon our sight, as we looked over the open country beyond us. The summits of these vast mountains were enveloped in clouds; the steam rolling in volumes from the crater of Tongariro is condensed by the cold of that exalted region, forming a canopy of vapour that, in calm weather, conceals the head of the sacred mountain: for, by the New Zealanders, it is considered as strictly *tapu*.

We crossed a boisterous river on a native bridge of tea-tree boughs, swung by flax from the opposite trees. The river foamed along a deep chasm or glen of pumice, and, just above the swinging bridge,

descended in a grand cataract of a horse-shoe form, thundering over masses of rock and fallen trees. The dark, wild, and deep stream rushing below looked awful from the frail bridge, which rocked like a cradle over the abyss.

In a romantic valley, surrounded by steep and barren hills, we passed a deserted settlement and several potato grounds. Some of the wooden houses were covered with a multitude of rude charcoal drawings of men on horseback, of a really humorous character, and very droll: some were represented standing upon their heads, and all were beating the horses, which appeared very unwilling to go.

From the hills we now came in view of the long-wished-for Taupo lake: a lovely and cheering sight; open fern-clad hills and heathery knolls were spread around, with the evening sun shining over them and lighting up the white cliffs on the opposite shores of the azure lake. At the eastern extremity of the lake rose the lofty mountain of Tauhara; and a pumice islet added to its beauty.

At sunset we reached a small fortified *pah*, on the summit of a hill overlooking the lake. There were but few natives residing in it, to whom the sight of a *pakeha* was indeed astonishing; and after the salutation of welcome, they commenced a *tangi* at my guides and myself. The man who entertained us uttered a faint sound in his throat, like that of a person crying at a distance, and continued to look



mournfully on the ground. The welcome of the women was voluble and loud: they howled dismally, and their tears fell fast for some time. Another female soon arrived, who, squatting on the ground, commenced a *tangi* with her friends, so loud and doleful—now muttering, and anon howling like a hyæna—that it made one feel quite dismal: there she sat, yelling horribly, to my great annoyance; but Maori etiquette compelled me to look grave and not disturb her. There seemed to be no end to this woman's wailings of welcome: the night was cold, and she still continued to sit by the fire prolonging her lugubrious and discordant strains. Sometimes she would pitch a higher key, going upwards with a scream, shaking her voice, and muttering between every howl; then it would be a squall with variations, like "housetop cats on moonlight nights." Then, blowing her nose with her fingers, she made some remarks to the woman next her, and recommenced howling in the most systematic way. Once again she became furious; then, during an interval, she spoke about the *pakeha*, joined in a hearty laugh with the rest; and at last, after one long-continued howl, all was silent: to my great relief.

Oct. 26th.—Left Tihiwihwi early, and reached the shores of the lake by a steep descent amongst beautiful evergreen shrubs. Below lay a settlement of the Taupo natives: some were busy at work in their little corn and kumera beds, whilst others were cooking food. Their maze plantations were exceedingly neat, and the



light pumice soil was turned up into little heaps very carefully where their *taro* was planted. Every thing here was in the primitive style, and the scene appeared lovely—the calm, blue lake ; the mountains rising on all sides, mirrored in its bosom ; the rocky steeps clad with evergreens to the water's edge, their blossoms giving forth the delicious odours of spring ; and the petals of the yellow kowai strewn so thickly on the surface of the lake, as to make it appear in many places like a golden plain. The cry of “ Te Pakeha ” resounded along the hills, whilst from eighty to one hundred natives met us, and conducted us to the front of the chief's house, a sort of square ; here we sat down in silence, and the women burst forth into a loud *tangi* : many stood wringing their hands and bending their bodies to the ground in the Eastern style, whilst from all around tears flowed profusely ; and such *apparent* agony of grief was manifested, that it seemed almost impossible to believe that it was only the performance of an every-day custom amongst the New Zealanders.

Hiwikau, brother to Te Heuheu the celebrated warrior-chief of Taupo, accompanied us in a canoe to the kainga, or settlement of the great chief himself. The natives began to assemble in numbers ; all sitting on the ground in a semi-circle : to sit in the presence of a stranger or a superior is considered as a mark of respect. Te Heuheu was superintending his people, who were at work in the potato grounds ; but he at last arrived, and saluted me by pressing noses. After sitting down again in silence for some time, I de-

livered to him a letter of introduction, which I had brought from Te Whero Whero, the principal chief of Waikato.

Te Heuheu is a fine old man ; he stands nearly seven feet high and is very corpulent. His hair is silvery white, and his people compare it to the snowy head of the sacred Tongariro ; there being no object, except this *tapu* mountain, of equal sanctity to permit of its being mentioned in connection with the head of their chief. At the present time, Te Heuheu has eight wives living ; but only his favourite one is permitted to eat with him, and then out of separate vessels. He is frequently known by other names—Mananui and Tukino.

After Te Heuheu had heard the contents of the letter, which was read to him by one of his grandchildren, he immediately ordered a large pig to be killed for us ; in the mean time I was fed, much against my inclination, with potted pigeons, boiled down in their own fat and kept in a gourd until perfectly rancid ; for no salt is used in preparing them : this is a delicacy reserved for visitors and state occasions.

At this settlement of Te Heuheu's, which is called Te Rapa, I was astonished at finding a European and a countryman : he was a sailor, who had taken up his abode with the natives, and resided here under the protection of the great chief. Our surprise and delight at meeting was mutual : on my part, I had thus unexpectedly found a guide and an

interpreter in the wildest part of the interior; and the poor sailor was overjoyed at again seeing one of his own northern race. Newman, for that was his name, appropriated his *raupo* hut for my accommodation, and made himself of great use to me during my stay at Taupo. Singularly enough, I discovered that this man had served as a sailor on board a vessel belonging to my father, which was employed in the West India trade, and that he was acquainted with several individuals whose names were familiar to me.

Great preparations are making for the "fight" from Paripari, which is expected here daily: three thousand baskets of potatoes and *kumeras* have been brought down from the plantations; pigs are ready; and the natives are busily engaged in preparing their fire-arms and other weapons. Nga Whaka and Taonui are both looked for, with a body of several hundred men.

The Taupo people are a fine and good-looking race. They are wild, and subject to their old heathen customs, and hence afford better specimens of the primitive New Zealanders than those dwelling on the coast, whose character has been sadly changed by contact with traders and land-jobbers. The contamination of European intercourse has not yet reached these distant tribes of the interior.

Te Heuheu's son possesses a handsomely ornamented house at one extremity of the *kainga*. He is a stout lad of seventeen, and has no less than six wives betrothed to him, amongst the damsels of the

tribe. He has taken the name of Tamiti, out of compliment to Nene, or Tamiti Waka, the chief of Hokianga, to whom he has been on a visit. Amongst other presents, Nene gave him a horse, saddled, which was sent by sea to Tauranga in a small vessel belonging to Pomare, and conveyed overland with considerable difficulty, by a body of natives, to its destination at the Lake of Taupo. The extraordinary excitement produced by the arrival of so large and singular an animal, called into play the imitative faculties of the young Maories, and gave rise to numberless charcoal drawings of men on horseback, that cover nearly every flat board within the settlement. Young Tamiti may now be seen on horseback, riding swiftly along the shores of the lake, his only garment consisting of a regatta shirt, that flutters loose in the breeze.

During my stay at Taupo, I frequently experienced considerable trouble when sketching, from the prevalence of the *tapu*; so many objects being regarded as sacred: anything relating to food, if represented with the same pencil that depicted the head of the sacred chief, or put into the same portfolio with it, is considered a sad and fearful sacrilege. The whole of my sketches narrowly escaped being committed to the flames, through the indignation of Ko Tariu; and they were only rescued by the influence of my friend, the chief Te Heuheu. I was obliged in future to make drawings of the *patukas*, *tapu* buildings, &c., by stealth. Even the Tongariro

itself I was forbidden to represent, under pain of "utu," or payment; but I afterwards accomplished it with the assistance of one of my guides, who was a Christianized native. Notwithstanding the strict adherence of Te Heuheu to these absurd and heathen customs, I received every hospitality and protection from his hands; and the scrupulous integrity of this powerful chief showed itself, in an amusing instance, whilst I was at Te Rapa. On returning one evening with Newman to the *kainga*, there was an unusual commotion amongst the natives; and, on inquiry, we found that an old woman had informed the chief that some of the young folks had been eating the sugar belonging to the *pakeha*; I having left a small canister at Newman's hut, containing about half a pound. In order to settle this important question, Te Heuheu summoned every boy and girl of Te Rapa within the court-yard of his dwelling; and not being able to discover the supposed thief, he beat them all round in succession.

Oct. 27th.—I visited the boiling springs which issue from the side of a steep mountain above Te Rapa. There are nearly one hundred of them; they burst out, bubbling up from little orifices in the ground, which are not more than a few inches in diameter, and the steam rushes out in clouds with considerable force: the hill-side is covered with them, and a river of hot water runs down into the lake. The soil around is a red and white clay, strongly impregnated with sulphur and hydrogen gas: pyrites

also occur. Several women were busy cooking baskets of potatoes over some of the smaller orifices; leaves and fern were laid over the holes, upon which the food was placed: I tasted some of the potatoes, and they were capitally done.

Oct. 28th.—About two miles from this place, on the edge of a great swampy flat, I met with a number of boiling ponds; some of them of very large dimensions. We forded a river flowing swiftly towards the lake, which is fed by the snows melting in the valleys of the Tongariro. In many places in the bed of this river, the water boils up from the subterranean springs beneath, suddenly changing the temperature of the stream, to the imminent risk of the individual who may be crossing. Along whole tracts of ground I heard the water boiling violently beneath the crust over which I was treading. It is very dangerous travelling, for if the crust should break, scalding to death must ensue. I am told that the Roturua natives, who build their houses over the hot springs in that district, for the sake of constant warmth at night, frequently meet with fatal accidents of this kind: it has happened that when a party have been dancing on the floor, the crust has given way, and the convivial assembly have been suddenly swallowed up in the boiling cauldron beneath. Some of the ponds are ninety feet in circumference, filled with transparent pale blue boiling water, sending up columns of steam. Channels of boiling water run along the ground in every direc-

tion, and the surface of this calcareous flat around the margin of the boiling ponds is covered with beautiful encrustations of lime and alum, in some parts forming flat saucer-like figures. Husks of maize, moss, and branches of vegetable substances were encrusted in the same manner. I also observed small deep holes or wells here and there amongst the grass and rushes, from two inches to as many feet in diameter, filled with boiling mud, that rises up in large bubbles, as thick as hasty puddding: these mud pits send up a strong sulphurous smell. Although the ponds boiled violently, I noticed small flies walking swiftly, or rather running, on their surface. The steam that rises from these boiling springs is visible at a distance of many miles, appearing like the jets from a number of steam-engines.

During my stay at Taupo, I painted Te Heuheu and his brother, Hiwikau. Te Heuheu sat with the utmost gravity; as the idea of his portrait going to England along with that of Te Whero-whereo and the other *rangatiras*, flattered his consequence and filled him with pride. Now I have secured the portrait of this great man, I have access to all the chiefs of Taupo, and the candidates for sitters are increasingly numerous and importunate. Being under the protection of Te Heuheu, he has *tapued* the hut in which I am staying, together with all my things; so that no one can meddle with them, and they are as safe as if they were in the Bank. Te Heuheu is generous and hospitable: whatever he gives is freely

bestowed ; and he does not, like many of the chiefs, ask for tobacco or payment in return,—he prides himself upon his rank and dignity, and is glad of an opportunity to display his hospitality to strangers. The greenstone ornaments belonging to the old chief are remarkably fine : his *meri poonamu* is one of the largest I have seen, and is formed of semi-pellucid jade.

Hiwikau, the younger brother of Te Heuheu, resides in an ornamented house, painted red, at the extremity of the settlement of Te Rapa, close to the beautiful fall of Ko Waihi, where that stream dashes down the cliffs into the lake. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the spot : the foaming waters descend from the adjoining heights with a never-ceasing music—which, however, is unregarded by the dwellers hard by, for they are accustomed to it—and against the rich foliage of evergreens and tree-ferns the bright red dwellings, in savage heathen style, stand out in harmonious contrast ; then, turning towards the lake, the eye rests with unwearied delight upon its broad surface—now deeply blue as the overhanging vault of heaven, anon dark and troubled, and broken into white restless foam, by the sudden squalls that sweep down from the adjoining mountains, and expend their fury upon the lake they cradle — while, far beyond, loom in the distance, hazy and dense outlines of mountain ranges, whose altitude is marked by the streaks of snow upon their summits ; the intervening country across the lake

being ploughed up into strange disorder by volcanic fires, and clothed with russet fern, on which the sunbeams play, revealing tints of endless variety and loveliness. Here, amidst all this wealth of Nature's choicest scenery, dwell Hiwikau and his wife: yet they gaze as though they saw it not, utterly regardless of the beauty lavished around them.

The houses here are coloured with bright red clay from the adjoining hot springs; and many of the storehouses for food are adorned with feathers and grotesque carved work. In the canoes I have also observed several of the paddles elaborately ornamented with arabesque designs in black and white, produced by charring the wood: Te Heuheu's son has been ornamenting some for me in a similar manner.

A large swampy flat, of several miles in extent, intersected by rivers, borders on this end of Taupo Lake; and is backed by high mountains, on which, even at this season of the year, traces of snow still remain. Tongariro and the Ruapahu are hid from Te Rapa by the mountain of the boiling springs. In fine weather, many canoes are out upon the lake fishing; and the fish they obtain, although small, are extremely delicious. They have a clever method of taking them: between two canoes is fastened a net into which they drive the shoals of small fish, by means of a pole about twenty feet long, having at the end tufts of *raupo* or grass, which they wave along the surface of the water.

Many of the Taupo natives are Catholics: a French priest came here some time ago, and, with the aid of beads and crosses, and occasional presents of a little "weed," he succeeded in making numerous proselytes to the faith of Rome.

Upon the beach of the lake, near Te Rapa, there is a charming natural hot bath, in which the natives, especially the young folks, luxuriate daily. Sunset is the favourite time for bathing; and I have frequently seen, of an evening, at least twenty persons squatting together in the water, with only their heads above the surface. Boiling springs burst out of the ground, close to a large circular basin in the volcanic rock, which, by the assistance of a little art, has been rendered a capacious bath: the boiling stream is conducted into this reservoir gradually, and the temperature of the water is kept up or decreased by stopping out the boiling stream with stones, through which it trickles slowly, whilst the main body runs steaming into the lake. The medicinal properties of these hot mineral springs preserve the natives in a healthy state, and render their skins beautifully smooth and clear: indeed, some of the finest people in the island are to be observed about Taupo; and the beauty and symmetry of the limbs of many of the youth, would render them admirable studies for the sculptor.

The Maori or native swing is an amusement amongst the Taupo people which is obsolete upon the coast. A pole, generally the trunk of a *kaiatea*

pine, is erected in the centre of an open space adjoining the village; flax ropes are suspended from the top, and, holding on to these, the natives swing themselves round and round, in a similar manner to that which is practised in gymnasia and at country fairs in Europe. The boys here also amuse themselves with throwing short spears, made of the stems of fern bound round at the extremity: these they throw with admirable precision at any given object, emulating each other in the nicety of their aim.

Oct. 28th.—This morning the volcano of Tongariro has been growling, and violent blasts have swept down from the lofty regions around, whitening the now dark and leaden-looking lake with countless surges; torrents of rain accompanied the gusts of wind, and the low rumbling sound from the volcano gave tokens of internal action, the crater sending forth volumes of steam. The sunbeams occasionally piercing through the storm clouds produced the most splendid rainbows imaginable, and the tempestuous sky presented a succession of grand and magnificent pictures.

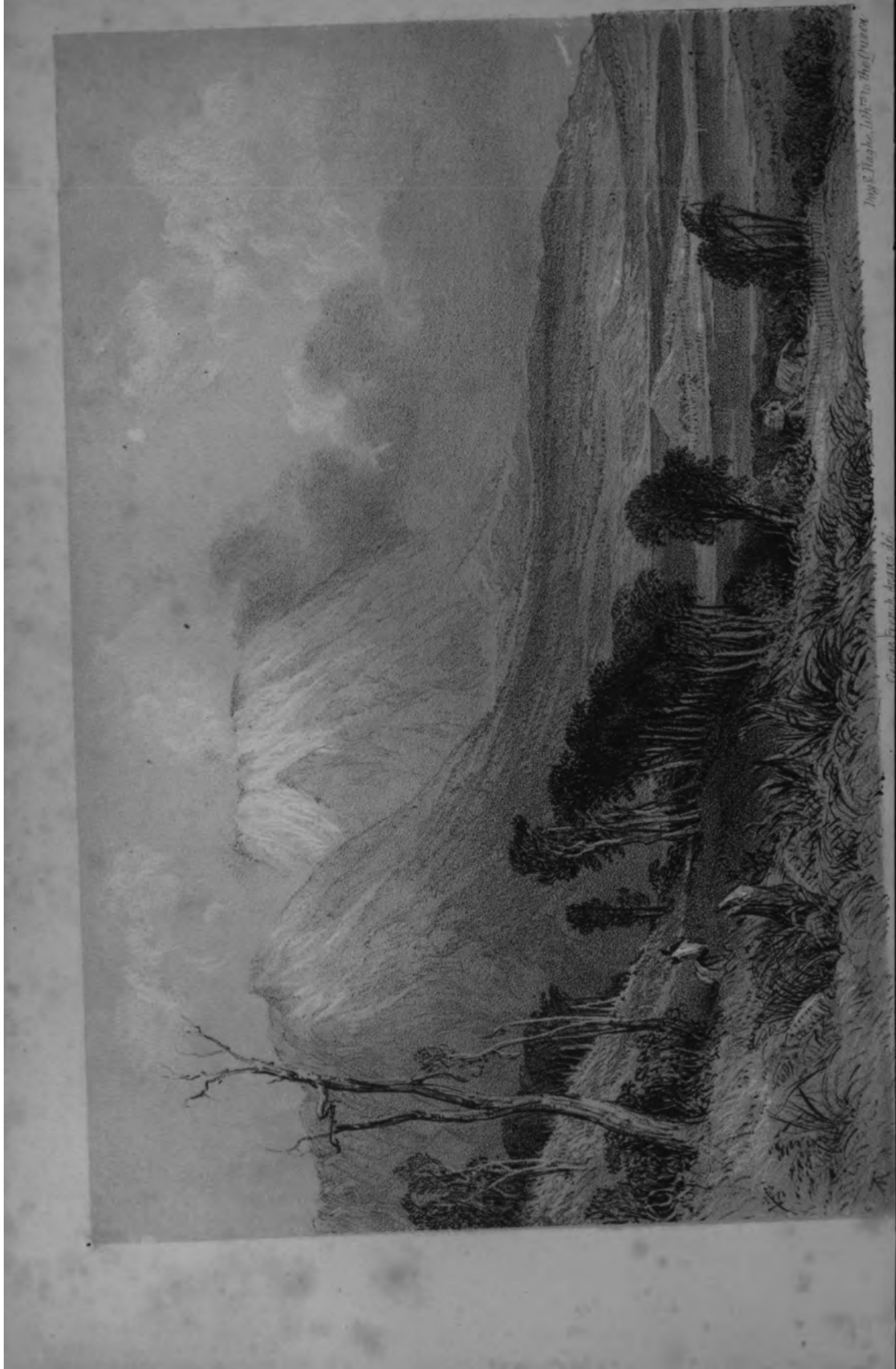
Oct. 29th.—To-day I determined to start for Tongariro. I had in vain attempted to persuade Te Heuheu to let me have a canoe to cross the lake to Mototiere: as he said there was considerable danger in crossing whilst the weather remained so unsettled. The volcano of Tongariro is under a strict *tapu* from Te Heuheu, and no one is allowed to attempt the ascent.

I offered the chief everything that I possessed, in the shape of blankets and sundry other articles, but to no purpose : Tongariro was *tapu*, and that *tapu*, like the law of the Medes and Persians, must not be broken. I left Te Rapa accompanied only by my lad Rihia ; E Pera, having lamed himself, awaited our return at Taupo Lake. We had Te Heuheu's permission to visit the *pah* of Motupoi, which stretches out into the lake of Roto-aire, at the base of the stupendous volcano ; but he would not permit Newman to accompany us, and gave me the strictest injunction not even to look at the sacred mountain. Bidding a temporary adieu to the suspicious old chief, I started with Rihia : had it not been that I wanted to obtain the portrait of Mungakahu, the chief of Roto-aire, I should not have been permitted to go at all ; so fearful was Te Heuheu that I should make improper use of my pencil in delineating the forbidden mountain.

Wading nearly middle-deep through the swamps of Tukanu flat, leaving the boiling ponds on our left, we ascended the hills from which we obtained commanding and extensive views of Taupo Lake and the surrounding scenery. Our path afterwards lay through a dense forest, but on arriving at the brow of a hill about twelve miles from Te Rapa, we caught a glimpse of Tongariro through the branches of the trees before us. On gaining the open country the scene was grand and imposing. The lower crater of the volcano rose before us in all its majesty, the snow

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Top of Hughes, looking to the Plaza

San Francisco, California

extending about one-third of the way down its steep sides, while at its base the lake of Rotoaire lay gleaming like sapphire: the pah of Motupoi crowning a neck of land that juts out and rises like an island from the bosom of the deep lake, whose tranquil surface reflected every object with the distinctness of a mirror. Towards the afternoon the scene changed; a strong wind sprang up, and the lake looked dark and chill: only that portion of it exposed to the breeze being dashed in white foam upon the pumice shore. Squalls of rain and mist, attracted by the mountain, swept along its sides, whilst beyond, the sun was smiling upon the distant fern-clad hills. Arriving at a native house on the borders of the lake, where about thirty individuals were congregated together, I left Rihia and stole away unseen to make my sketch of the mountain. We then crossed the lake in a canoe, and landed at the pah of Motupoi, where we passed the night. This pah is strongly fortified, and at the time of my visit the natives were busy in completing and repairing the fortifications; the fact being (though it was kept a secret) that they were expecting a sudden attack from the Waikatos in retaliation for an old offence which had lately been brought into notice. Mungakahu, the chief of this pah, is a *pikopo*, or Roman Catholic; several of his people have also embraced Popery, and at sunset they performed their vespers in front of the chief's house.

The view of Tongariro from this spot was mag-

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nificent, as it appeared lit up with all the resplendent tints of evening: the glow of the setting sun fell with a roseate warmth on the steep slopes of the mountain; and after the orb sunk below the horizon, leaving the deep valleys veiled in gray and purple twilight, its glory gilded the snow-streaked crater, and tinged with ruby and orange the volumes of vapour that rolled up from that vast cauldron. It was indeed a majestic scene: sublime in its grandeur; and I wished there had been other than savages to have gazed with me upon its glories.

The crater of Tongariro is an immense truncated cone, giving vent, like an enormous safety-valve, to the steam and vapours that proceed from the boiling waters in its subterranean depths. Several other mountains are grouped with the stupendous peak of Tongariro, forming one grand mass or cluster; and the snow extends for a considerable distance down their sides. Near the termination of the snow, there are boiling springs, which send up volumes of steam: forests clothe the lower sides for some miles, and fern hills commence the ascent. It is only at intervals that any considerable quantity of steam issues from the crater: when I first saw the mountain from across the lake there was no appearance of any vapour, but after sunset it rose in continuous masses. Owing to the situation of Roto-aire being so close under the mountain, the grand cone of snow, which is visible from a distance, and also the Ruapahu, are hid by the lower crater.

The night was extremely cold and clear; and in the morning the ground was covered with a white frost. The altitude even of the lake of Roto-aire cannot be much less than two thousand feet above the level of the sea; and the cold brought by the wind from the neighbouring snow-fields and glaciers, renders the climate here much more rigorous than on the coast, where it is tempered by the softening influence of the ocean.

My lad Rihia, who belongs to the Wesleyans, sang and prayed out of his book, by himself, aloud. I supped with the chief upon potatoes and a few little spotted minnows, which had been caught in the lake. My only remaining supplies are—about a tablespoonful of salt, which I highly prize, and a couple of ounces of tea! No flour, sugar, bread, butter, or any of the comforts of civilized life. Yet I am quite contented and happy; though by no means insensible to such privations: on returning to civilization I shall probably appreciate and enjoy those luxuries more than many who never experienced the want of them.

The night being exceedingly cold, I slept in the *ware pune*, or “close house:” after a fire had been lighted inside, and the little den heated to at least 90° of Fahrenheit, I entered it and lay down upon my blanket; by-and-by, the natives came crawling in, until the place was crammed full, and then the door and window were closely fastened by wooden shutters: the atmosphere was suffocating, and the

oppression was so great, that one scarcely dared to move. After passing the night in this "black hole," we came out dripping with perspiration into the keen frosty air, and saw the sunrise gilding the vapour that had settled during the night in fleecy clouds above the summit of Tongariro.

Oct. 30th.—I painted Mungakahu and his wife ; and then, taking leave of the natives, who were preparing to start for the opposite forests to procure timber for their fortifications, we crossed the lake, and proceeded on our way back towards Taupo. As soon as I was out of the way of the natives, I sent Rihia onwards, that he might not see me, and made another sketch of the mountain of Tongariro. This done, I shouted in vain for Rihia, and at length found him some distance onwards, fast asleep upon a log.

Although the morning at Roto-aire had proved so sharp and cold, the day was warm and sunny amongst the sheltered glens and belts of forest land through which we passed on our return to Taupo. About six miles before we arrived at the lake, we visited the remains of an extensive pah, where several huge wooden images still continued to be in a good state of preservation : some of the stiles in this neighbourhood, which connected the plantations for potatoes and kumeras, were also rudely carved, so as to represent grotesque figures. After recrossing the swamps at Tukanu, and passing the boiling ponds, we arrived late in the afternoon at Te Rapa ; where we found

Newman busily engaged in cooking the remainder of the pig, in a native oven in the ground between hot stones.

Oct. 31st.—To-day Newman accompanied me in a canoe to visit Waitahanui, the old pah of Te Heuheu, which is situated on the borders of the extensive swamps at the extremity of the lake, about six miles across from Te Rapa, the present settlement. This ancient pah is now in ruins, it having been deserted some years ago by the present inhabitants of Te Rapa, on the adoption of their new religion: no longer fearing the attacks of the Waikatos, who have mostly embraced Christianity, these people removed from Waitahanui—once the stronghold of barbarism, and the scene of numberless cannibal feasts—to the scattered settlement of Te Rapa, along the margin of the lake.

Waitahanui pah stands on a neck of low swampy land, jutting into the lake; and a broad deep river, forming a delta, called the Tongariro, and by some the Waikato (as that river runs out again at the other end of Taupo lake), empties itself near the pah. The long façade of the pah presents an imposing appearance when viewed from the lake; a line of fortifications, composed of upright poles and stakes, extending for at least half a mile in a direction parallel to the water. On the top of many of the posts are carved figures, much larger than life, of men in the act of defiance, in the most savage and indecent postures, having enormous protruding

tongues ; and, like all the Maori carvings, these images or *wakapokokos* are coloured with *kokowai* or red ochre. The entire *pah* is now in ruins, and has been made *tapu* by Te Heuheu since its desertion. Here, then, all was forbidden ground ; but with the assistance of Newman I eluded the suspicions of our natives, and rambled all day amongst the decaying memorials of the past, making drawings of the most striking and peculiar objects within the *pah*. The cook-houses, where the father of Te Heuheu had his original establishment, remained in a perfect state ; the only entrances to these buildings were a series of circular apertures, in and out of which the slaves engaged in preparing the food were obliged to crawl. Near to the cook-houses there stood a carved *patuka*, which was the receptacle for the sacred food of the chief ; and nothing could exceed the richness of the elaborate carving that adorned this storehouse. I made a careful drawing of it, as the frail material was falling to decay. Ruined houses, many of them once beautifully ornamented and richly carved ; numerous *wahi tapu* and other heathen remains, with images and carved posts, occur in various portions of this extensive *pah* ; but in other places the hand of time has so effectually destroyed the buildings as to leave them but an unintelligible mass of ruins. The situation of this *pah* is admirably adapted for the security of its inmates ; it commands the lake on the one side, and the other fronts the extensive marshes of Tukanu,

where a strong palisade and a deep moat afford protection against any sudden attack. Water is conveyed into the pah through a sluice or canal, for the supply of the besieged in times of war. There was an air of solitude and gloomy desolation about the whole pah, that was heightened by the scream of the plover and the tern as they uttered their mournful cry through the deserted courts. I rambled over the scenes of many savage deeds: ovens, where human flesh had been cooked in heaps, still remained, with the stones used for heating them lying scattered around, blackened by fire; and here and there a dry skull lay bleaching in the sun and wind—a grim memorial of the past. The house where Te Heuheu was born is still in good preservation, and is ornamented with red, black, and white colouring. The temple of his heathen worship is a neat edifice, and the planks of the roof are elaborately adorned with red and white angular designs.

The beach, fronting the lake, is all pumice; and thousands of gulls, tern, and wild ducks, occupy a small island in the lake, not far from the pah, at the embouchure of the river Tongariro.

Amidst the ruins of Waitahanui, I had enriched my portfolio with several sketches of the architectural remains of a people whose ancient arts and customs are rapidly becoming obsolete; and as I brought away by stealth the only memorials of the once powerful stronghold of Taupo, I had to observe the utmost caution to hide them from the eyes of

Te Heuheu, who would instantly have destroyed all my sketches had he discovered them.

Returning to Te Rapa, with keen appetites for supper, we found on our arrival at the hut, that all our food—about twenty pounds of roast pork, cooked in the native oven yesterday, together with a cake of dried fish and some cold potatoes—had been entirely devoured; nothing remaining but the bare and gnawed bones lying about on the floor of the hut, which was covered with grease: a number of half-starved dogs had scraped a hole in the side of the hut, which was built of reeds, and had there held a banquet during our absence; several of them rushing out as we entered. Fortunately we met a canoe returned from fishing on the lake, that had brought home a quantity of small fish; which, with some *kumeras* supplied to us by Te Heuheu, somewhat consoled us for the loss of our pork.

CHAPTER IV.

TUTUKAMAUNA—VOLCANIC WILDERNESS—OTAWHAO
 THE CHURCH MISSIONARY STATION—REV. J. MORGAN
 —RAROERA PAH—NGAHURUHURU—BLIND SOLOMON
 —WAIPA—RETURN DOWN THE WAIKATO TO AUCK-
 LAND.

Nov. 1st.—TO-DAY I made preparations to start from Te Rapa. The lads, especially E Pera, were very tiresome: they had grown lazy by their stay at the *kainga* of Te Heuheu, and had been so well treated that they wished to remain longer. Furthermore, E Pera had found favour in the sight of one of the damsels of Taupo, and was unwilling to part from her bewitching influence. They kept me waiting several hours, saying, "Te Heuheu had desired them not to start until their bellies were full, that they might have strength for the journey;" and as Pera grew saucy, I was at length obliged to drive them to the canal with my *toko toko*, or stick, when, seeing

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me determined, they slowly and sulkily took their seats. They had not paddled far, however, before good-humour returned, and they were singing and shouting as merrily as ever. Before I took leave of Te Heuheu, he made me "kai kai," or eat with him, which I was to understand as a mark of especial favour. One of the Taupo natives accompanied us to the settlement, which we were to reach this evening.

On landing at the spot where the path led towards Omurua, we struck through an open country clothed with fern and wiry grass; isolated hills, with occasional ravines of pumice, and several extensive swamps, presented themselves during the day.

The dogs belonging to the native who was our fellow-traveller to Omurua, put up a wild bush-dog, which was exceedingly fierce, and attacked them furiously; but, on our running up, it escaped into the adjoining thickets. It was covered with long bushy hair, and in appearance greatly resembled a jackall.

Striking into a belt of forest, we came out, after seven or eight hours' hard walking, into a potato-ground, where a number of natives were at work, digging between the felled *kai-katea*-trees with their wooden spades or digging implements, which are called *ko*. These were the people of Omurua, a small settlement, consisting of a few huts, situated upon a neighbouring eminence, and fenced in with high palisades. No sooner had we made our appear-

ance in the distance, than the cry of "*te pakeha*" resounded through the woods; the women screaming out, "*Haere mai te pakeha,*" at the highest pitch of their voices, until the whole settlement was in an uproar. On arriving at the cooking sheds, we sat down, and the women all left their work to prepare us some food. They first offered me some gruel, which looked black and filthy; and doubtless was so, being made of putrid potatoes, rotted under water for some weeks. This they gave to my lads, together with some cakes of the same nauseous materials, which were baked in the ashes, and quite black. The women now prepared the oven, and cooked the evening meal for the whole settlement. It consisted of potatoes and sow-thistles, steamed by means of heated stones, in the following manner:—A number of large stones had already been made hot upon a large wood-fire. A deep hole was then dug in the earth, resembling a little well, and the heated stones placed in it; the bottom and sides being thickly lined with fresh fern leaves out of the adjoining wood. The potatoes were poured in out of the baskets, and over them was strewn a layer of sow-thistles; a woman then poured water out of a calabash over the oven, from whence the steam rose in clouds; more fresh fern leaves were laid over the top, and the whole was finally closed over with a mass of chickweed and earth. When the time arrived for the opening of the oven, the contents were distributed to the surrounding multitude, who were all anxiously

waiting for their frugal meal. A girl was engaged in making neat round baskets, to contain the food when ready, from the long leaves of the *tawara*, or *Frey-cinetia Banksii*, a parasite in the woods. It is astonishing with what rapidity the women plait these baskets: fresh ones are required for every meal, there being so many superstitions connected with food amongst the New Zealanders.

Nov. 2nd.—After passing a cold and wretched night in a windy shed they called their “ware karakia,” or chapel, which was inhabited by immense fleas, whose size did not render them less nimble or ravenous, we started in the rain and wind, through a dismal and desolate country, composed of broken hills, ravines, and rocky masses of pumice, intersected by swamps.

Amongst the wiry grass, or *wiwi*, of these volcanic districts, two very beautiful species of moss occur in considerable abundance: the one is a cup-moss, with brilliant scarlet sealing-wax-like tips and edges; the other resembles bushes of white coral. Larks (*Alauda Novæ Selandiæ*) are abundant here, and amongst the grass I captured a new species of butterfly, belonging to the genus *polyommatus*; the latter has since been described and figured from my specimens by my friend Edward Doubleday, Esq., of the British Museum.

We crossed a foaming cataract by jumping across a chasm of rocks, which was our only means of passing a broad and swiftly-flowing river: it was a dreadful

leap, and had either of us slipped we should have been dashed to pieces in the raging cauldron of rock-beaten surf below. A flower, which I have observed in no other locality, somewhat like the Christmas primrose, grew on the banks of this river. Large tracts of fern in this dreary region have been devastated by fire, and add a further gloominess to the scene.

We stopped to dine on potatoes at a small new settlement, where the natives were building a couple of *ware punis*, or "warm houses," and several plantations appeared in the vicinity. The people here were exceedingly troublesome about the *tapu*, and E Pera was as bad as any of them: they were angry because my portfolio was placed under the cooking shed to preserve it from the rain, for E Pera had told them that it contained the head of Te Heuheu, and as it is sacrilege for him to enter a place appropriated to food, it is equally sacrilege for his portrait to be placed under similar circumstances. At length I grew vexed, and told them I would put Te Heuheu's picture into the fire if there was any more ado; at this E Pera was dreadfully shocked, and talked of writing a flax letter, to be sent off immediately, informing the great chief of my wickedness. My hands are *tapu*, because they represented the sacred head; and I am continually subject to some absurd arrogance from this peculiar rite. Occasionally, however, I turn the *tapu* to my own advantage; and when the natives tease me to

show them the paintings, I reply that they are all "tapu tapu."

Leaving the new settlement, we travelled on and on, amid soaking rain, till the shades of evening fell around us, when we were glad to find ourselves at a small *kainga*, consisting of a few huts, enclosed, upon the summit of a steep hill. Looking back from hence, over the waste country we had traversed, it appeared all broken into rocky eminences, stretching away towards Taupo and Roturua. This place is called Tutukamauna; and the inhabitants being Christians belonging to the Waipa mission, there is a "*ware karakia*" or "house of worship" here; though at this time it was unfinished. In this house I had to sleep in my wet clothes, and next morning was seized with a violent influenza.

Nov. 3rd.—This day was Sunday, and I was compelled to remain in this exposed place on the top of the hill, suffering greatly and quite ill from want of proper food; my supplies having been long ago exhausted, and it being the Sabbath, the natives would not stir even to make me a fire: they were all too much engaged with their devotions. Ill and miserable as I was, I was obliged to wander about in the wind and rain, and gather wood for myself to kindle a fire; for it was intensely cold, the wind blowing a gale from the southward. Towards evening the weather cleared off, and the sky presented one unclouded expanse of blue, though the wind continued as high as before. From this eminence

the grand cone of Tongariro was visible to me for the first time, with a cloud of steam issuing from it, far above the crater seen from the base of the mountain at Roto-aire lake.

Nov. 4th.—A splendid sunrise ushered in a cloudless day. There was ice, this morning, as thick as a half-crown, on the loose stones of pumice that bordered the stream at the foot of the hill of Tutukamauna. The chief (Pilate) and his wife accompanied us for several miles along the road; as they were going to a potato ground in that direction: the woman was heavily laden with the implements required for agriculture. All day we travelled through a grassy, but wild-looking country: pumice was everywhere thickly scattered about, and the whole region was exceedingly desolate. The views of the Ruapahu and Tongariro from this point were magnificent: the broad, unsullied snows of the former stood out like a pearly cloud against the blue sky; the high snowy ranges of the Ruatahina mountains stretched away towards the south, and the scene was one of vastness and solitary grandeur. To our left we passed a wooded range, with a remarkable mountain, having on one side a rocky peak jutting out abruptly in the form of a huge cone. We crossed a natural bridge of rock, over a narrow and fearfully deep chasm, at the bottom of which a hidden stream foamed beneath reeds and brushwood: the surrounding scenery was rocky and wild. Halting at a temporary shed near a swamp, to cook some potatoes which we

had brought with us, the lads set fire to the grass; and the wind, which was blowing strongly from the south-west, caused the flames to spread with such rapidity that the hut was set on fire, and in a few minutes presented nothing but a heap of ashes: we had barely time to rush in and rescue our bundles, and, above all, my precious "*puka puka*," or portfolio. An hour before sunset we arrived at the banks of the Mungakino, a river about fifty feet broad. Lower down, the waters are imprisoned, as it were, between perpendicular walls of rock, through which they foam and rave dreadfully along the fathomless abyss, hurrying with impetuous fury towards a succession of cataracts; and across this chasm, that yawned black and terrible in the fading daylight, there had been suspended a swinging bridge tied together with flax leaves. We dared not trust ourselves upon this frail support, it being so rotten that on E Pera testing it, it immediately gave way; and, having no other alternative, we were compelled to swim across at the broad part of the river, just above the falls: the current was rapid, but we crossed in safety, and all our clothes and packages were got over dry; the lads swimming with them upon their heads. As night advanced, we pushed onwards with redoubled speed, through a dreary region of pumice hills, and reached the Wai-papa, a winding stream between pumice banks, along which grew numerous dragon-trees and brush-wood of tea-tree: here we found an old shed, and,

setting to work, speedily built it up with reeds, so as to form a tolerable shelter for the night.

Nov. 5th.—The sun rose red over the hills that skirted the Waipapa, and we started early. The lads set fire to the hut, that no one else might avail themselves of its shelter: this is a custom in New Zealand, arising from the law of *tapu*. The rain began to fall before we set off on our day's march; a heavy leaden-looking sky closed in, and it poured in torrents until the evening. We had awful travelling this day: fearful ascents and descents of steep precipices of pumice and lava, and narrow slippery paths, frequently on the giddy verge of a cliff overhanging some dark and troubled stream. Dense mists were hanging over thousands of broken hills, that looked most truly desolate; and volcanic rocks, high and jagged, rose in abrupt masses, resembling ruined castles crowning these gloomy heights. This volcanic wilderness corresponds with the one near Tuhua, that extends for about sixty miles round Tongariro; which is the limit of the pumice region or belt surrounding that stupendous volcano. About ten miles from Waipapa we descended a very long and steep precipice down a mountain's side; at the bottom of which ran a river, rushing between high masses of rock, and descending in a cascade of about sixty feet in height. This mountain torrent was crossed by means of a swinging bridge. The scenery here was peculiarly romantic; yet it was a wild and dreary spot: there was not a living thing—

not the twitter of a bird, nor even the hum of an insect—to break the spell of solitude: we heard only the torrent's ceaseless roar, dashing down into that dark, deep glen, and echoed back by the grey rocks that imprison it.

About three o'clock we suddenly left this volcanic wilderness, and once more entered upon a tract of forest. Still the rain came down in a complete deluge, and the woods were dripping like a shower-bath; we managed, however, to light a fire, and cook some potatoes, in the hollow of a spreading *rimu* tree. Like moving sops, we travelled on and on—alternately creeping through tangled liands and climbing over fallen trees—until late in the afternoon; when, to our joy, we reached a small potato-ground, where there were a few native huts. Here we passed the night in a very smoky cook-house, where we dried all our clothes; wrapping ourselves *pro tem.* in native mats. The house was full of inquisitive natives and smoke; and, at the door, numberless little dogs were waiting to steal in unobserved: as fast as they came in, however, they were thrown out by the natives very coolly, either by their heads or tails.

Nov. 6th.—The weather having cleared off, we started early this morning for Otawhao; which we hoped to reach before night—a distance of upwards of thirty miles. We passed an old pah, our road skirting the base of the celebrated mountain of Maungataritari, and halted to dine at a few huts

near a potato-ground, on a hill opposite, in which the natives were at work. We shouted to them, but they would not come; until we said that we were starving, when three old hags came down and cooked us some potatoes. Here, as usual, there was a tame *kaka* upon a fern post.

We passed the ruins of several ancient strongholds, on the summits of rocky hills, where great cannibal feasts had formerly been held by the Waikatos, when they fought and destroyed the hill tribes of Maungataritari.

We met a party of natives travelling towards the interior. They told us that a woman, a relation of the chief Ngawaka, had been shot by another chief for bewitching his son; who was sick, and who died, after she had attempted to cure him by her magic art: having no shot, he had loaded his gun with a stick, and firing it off, pierced her to the heart. As the woman is nearly related to Ngawaka, it is generally supposed that a great *toua* will be demanded as a compensation for her death.

Travelling on, in sight of the mountains of Kokepouke and Perongia on the Waipa, we entered the fine district that extends towards that beautiful river, and passed through many native settlements; the remarkably neat and extensive plantations connected with them showing the prosperity and industry of the people belonging to this fertile district.

It was several hours after sunset before we reached the church missionary station of Otawhao, where I

was most hospitably received by the Rev. J. Morgan and his excellent wife. Nothing could exceed the kindness I experienced whilst staying under their roof; and during the few days I passed at Otawhao my natives recruited their strength, resting with their friends at one of the neighbouring pahs.

Nov. 7th.—The mission premises of Otawhao are very comfortable, and there is an appearance of peace and happiness amidst the native population around, that speaks well for the worthy missionary's labours. Whilst attending to their spiritual interests, Mr. Morgan has not neglected the temporal amelioration of those about him: the sick are cared and provided for, and medicine is administered to those that need it; whilst Mrs. Morgan, who is called "mother," both by young and old, is unceasing in her kindness and attention to the women and children: her aid and advice are continually sought for.

A steady course of persevering industry for a series of years has enabled Mr. Morgan to have around him all the little comforts of life; so that, after undergoing toils and dangers of the most fearful description, and living for a long period at the mercy of two belligerent and cannibal tribes, he is now enabled to dwell at peace, enjoying the fruits of his labours, and witnessing the beneficent effects of Christianity amongst a people who, only eight years ago, held their banquets of human flesh at the door of the missionary's hut, and shook the severed

and bloody heads and limbs of their enemies in the very face of his terrified wife!

A small river running into the Waipa flows at the bottom of the garden; behind the mission house is an orchard containing fine peach and apple trees, and a small farmyard extends on one side. On the opposite bank is a native pah of considerable extent. Another native pah is situated upon an eminence beyond the station, and about two hundred yards from the mission house stands the native chapel, a large and interesting structure.

On the formation of this mission station, nine years ago, there was not a single Christian native in the vicinity, and after the expiration of the first year the station was removed to a distance of 150 miles; but five years ago it was again re-formed at Otawhao, and in a few months about two hundred natives were gathered into a congregation. They built a chapel, which was blown down during a gale of wind; they then completed the present commodious place of worship, which will comfortably contain upwards of one thousand natives: it measures 86 feet by 42. The ridge pole, a single tree-stem, 86 feet in length, was dragged by the natives from the woods, a distance of three miles; and all the other timber was likewise conveyed by them from a similar distance. The rafters are all detached, and most of the woodwork is fastened together with flax; the sides are beautifully worked with fern stalks, tied together in cross-stitch with *aka*, a species of wild climber, which gives to it

a rich and finished appearance. The entire design originated with the natives, who formed this spacious building without rule or scale, and with no other tools than their adzes, a few chisels, and a couple of saws. After the erection of the framework, the season was so far advanced, that, fearing they should not be able to complete it in time, the Otawhao people requested a party of one hundred Maungataritari natives to assist them in its completion; to whom they gave the entire sum that had been paid them by the Missionary Society, amounting in value to about 23*l.* sterling; they also killed a couple of hundred pigs, that their friends might live well during the time devoted to their assistance. The windows, which are of a gothic shape, and thirteen in number, were fetched from Tauranga on the coast—a distance of seventy-five miles from Otawhao—by fourteen men; who carried them on their backs, over mountains and through forests, without any payment whatever. The whole tribe, amounting to about 600 or 700 natives, are now nearly all Christianized.

Infanticide formerly prevailed to a fearful extent: children were generally destroyed on the second or third day after birth; but if it happened that the infant was suffered to live longer than three days, it was rarely killed: the mother having in that time become attached to her offspring. Weakly or deformed children, however, were in all cases put to death, being considered unfit for flight in war. One woman at Matamata confessed to having put to

death six of her children in succession, "that she might be strong to run away from the fight!" And another woman, now living with Mrs. Morgan, destroyed all her children up to the period of her embracing Christianity: she would not even look at them for fear she should love them! Rangitatau, a girl of Roturua, who for some time lived at the mission-station of Otawhao, married and had a female child. One cold night, when on a visit to Taramakitaki, a great chief, she borrowed a garment from him to wrap herself in: during the night, the insects annoyed her so much that, according to the native custom, she caught and ate them. Next day, the infant was taken ill; this she attributed to her having eaten the sacred insects upon the *tapu* garment of the chief, for which the "atuas" were angry, and had punished her by afflicting her child with disease. The child grew worse, and she thereupon strangled it, thinking it was bewitched. She afterwards took a puppy and brought it up by suckling it at her breast, assigning as the reason for this, "*that it might be strong to catch pigs!*"—and she boasted to Mrs. Morgan that there was no dog like it, and that no pig, however ferocious, was able to contend with it! She had a second child, which she reared; and with it, at the other breast, she suckled a second pup: but the dog deprived the infant of its nutriment. Mrs. Morgan one day accidentally discovered this; and finding that the poor infant was reduced to a little skeleton, she made it a flannel

dress, and succeeded in persuading the mother to abandon the pup. This woman has since embraced Christianity, and has reared no more little dogs; yet her subsequent children have all pined and died!

It is not more than eight years ago since Mrs. Chapman, the wife of the missionary at Roturua, had her infant scholars taken away from her by their parents to partake of cannibal feasts; and when she attempted to prevent it they told her "that human flesh was sweeter than pork."

It is customary for the oldest boy and girl of a family to eat the sacred food offered to the dead, at the raising and scraping of the bones of a deceased parent from the *wahi tapu*. This is done in order to remove the *tapu*; to which the person who raised the bones is subjected by so doing, as he is not allowed to partake of food until the *tapu* is taken off. When the girl has eaten, the *tapu* is removed; but, should the girl happen to be dead, they then put food into a calabash, and placing it within the enclosure of the *wahi tapu*, say, addressing her by name,— "Here is your food." This is supposed to answer the same end. Should there be no daughter, the nearest relative of the deceased supplies her place in the removal of the *tapu*.

About four miles from Otawhao are the ruins of Raroera, formerly one of the finest paha in this part of New Zealand. Much good carving, and many elaborately ornamented houses, still remain. These, however, are gradually rotting away and fall-

ing to the ground, amidst the damp and decay of this deserted enclosure. In many places the rank vegetation had so completely overgrown some of these fallen vestiges of Maori art, that I was compelled to clear it away in order to examine them. I spent whole days in exploring this ruined pah, and making drawings of a few of the most remarkable buildings and other works that have not yet yielded to the all-subduing hand of time. At Raroera stands the finest carved monument in New Zealand—a *papatupapakau*, or mausoleum, erected by Te Whero Whero to his favourite daughter. It was on the death of this girl that Te Whero Whero cursed the surrounding chiefs, and was compelled to give Tariki of Pari Pari the armour that Hongi brought from England as a present from George IV. This extraordinary monument was entirely carved by one individual, a lame man, named Parinui; and, what is still more extraordinary, his only tool was the head of an old bayonet. The tomb is about twelve feet high, in the form of a box, with a projecting roof, supported by grotesque figures. The carving is exceedingly rich; the eyes of the figures are formed of *pawa*, or pearlshells (*haliotis*), and the feathers of the *kaka* and the albatross are used for decorating the seams of the wood-work. Parinui is a celebrated carver and practiser of the art of tattooing: hence he is also a *tohunga*, or priest. The natives, on seeing my drawing of the *papatupapakau*, were utterly astonished, and fetched Parinui himself, who said, I was “*ka nui tohunga*”—“a great priest!”

One of the most interesting individuals at the mission station of Otawhao is Horomona Marahau, or "Blind Solomon," who has for some years acted very efficiently as a native catechist and teacher in connection with the Church Missionary Society. The account of the early life and exploits of this once celebrated warrior, and his subsequent change to Christianity, as narrated to me from his own lips and translated by Mr. Morgan, affords a fair example of the troubled life of many of the New Zealand chiefs. From a boy, Horomona accompanied his father on all his fighting expeditions. At the taking of a pah at Waingaroa, he saw great numbers captured as slaves; he then went to Hanga, where many were slain and eaten; and at the taking of the great pah at Maungataritari forty men were killed, besides women and children, and all eaten. At a second fight at Maungataritari, whither Horomona accompanied his father, sixty men were killed and eaten. After this, an attack was made by the Nga ti Raukawa tribe upon the pah in which Horomona resided; the assailants retreated, and were pursued by Horomona and his party, but the Nga ti Raukawas rallied again, turned back upon their pursuers, and slew upwards of one hundred of them, Horomona himself narrowly escaping. At Kawhia fight, sixty were killed and eaten. At Mokau, Horomona's party were beaten off and two hundred of them killed: here the chief met with another hair-breadth escape. Returning to Mokau, Horomona succeeded in taking the pah,

when two hundred were killed and eaten, and numbers of women and children taken as slaves. During the engagement Horomona took the principal chief prisoner, but finding that on a former occasion his own brother had been saved by this chief, Horomona, as an act of gratitude, led his captive to the mountains, to enable him to get clear of his enemies, and then let him go. The next expedition of Horomona was to Poverty Bay, where two hundred men were killed and eaten, or taken as slaves. He then went to Kapiti, and from thence to Wanganui; the inhabitants of both paha flying at his approach. After this, Taranaki became the seat of war, great numbers being continually killed on both sides, and cannibal feasts held almost daily. At Waitara, Horomona and his tribe were attacked by Rauparaha's party, and ten of their number killed; they then fled to Poukirangiora, where they were surrounded by Rauparaha and his followers, and remained besieged for several months. When at length their supplies of food were completely exhausted, they contrived to send out a spy by night, who passed through the enemy's encampment, and reached the mountains in safety; travelling along the forest ranges until he reached the Waikato district, where he gave information of the condition of the besieged. Te Whero Whero and Waharoa of Matamata, the father of Tarapipipi the present chief of that place, went to their rescue with a large party; they were, however, all beaten off by Rauparaha, and twenty of their number killed;

but the Waikatos again rallied, renewed the attack, rescued their friends, beat back Rauparaha, and returned home in triumph. After this, the Nga Puis from the Bay of Islands, headed by the famous E Hongi (Shongi), who had just then returned from England with fire-arms and gunpowder, came down upon them like a host, and made an attack upon the great Waikato pah called Matuketuke; the Waikatos had only native weapons with which to beat off their enemies, and with so unequal an advantage the Nga Puis took the pah in a few minutes. Horomona and Te Whero Whero were amongst the captured inmates. At this dreadful carnage two thousand were slain; feasts were held upon the dead bodies on the spot where they lay, and all manner of savage and dreadful rites were held in unrestrained licentiousness to commemorate this great victory of the Nga Puis. The bones of the two thousand still lie whitening on the plains, and the ovens remain in which the flesh of the slaughtered was cooked for their horrible banquets. So numerous were the slaves taken during this attack, that the Nga Puis killed many of them on their road to the Bay of Islands, merely to get them out of the way. The escape of Horomona from the general slaughter was almost miraculous: he fled to the mountains, and after the retreat of their northern enemies, his tribe once more collected together and marched to Poverty Bay, where the pah was taken by them, and six hundred were killed, and eaten after the fight was over. Not long sub-

sequent to the attack on the inhabitants of Poverty Bay, Horomona became blind at Otawhao, where he first met with the missionaries; at Matamata he heard the Rev. H. Williams preach, and at length became a convert to Christianity. For the last four years Horomona has been a native teacher under the Rev. J. Morgan; and may be seen every Sabbath-day with his class, instructing them in the truths of the Scriptures with an earnestness and energy truly admirable. He is now about to start on a journey of ninety miles to preach Christianity to a tribe that have not yet received it. The memory of Horomona is quite wonderful: he knows the whole of the church service by heart, and repeats hymns and many long chapters verbatim: at a late examination in the catechism, Horomona was the only individual who knew every word correctly.

Not far from the mission-house, is the old and ruined pah of Otawhao, where one solitary building continues in a state of tolerable preservation. It is called Maketu House, and is one of the finest remains of Maori ornamental architecture still extant; and the number of savage figures which are carved in wood around the roof, impart to it a grotesque and heathen aspect. This house was erected by Puata, in commemoration of the taking of Maketu on the east coast, by the people of his tribe; and the carved figures are intended to represent the various warriors who fell in battle, or were engaged in the fight: all having their tongues pro-

truding as a mark of the extreme defiance with which they regard their enemies. Puata was the principal chief, and the greatest warrior of his tribe, and was most active and influential in carrying on the Roturua war; and until his last illness he had not only rejected Christianity, but treated it with contempt. During his illness, however, Puata was visited by Mr. Morgan, who, after considerable difficulty, persuaded him to take medicine, instead of trusting to the sorcery and charms of the heathen Tohungas; and so wrought upon the mind of the heathen chief, that at last he embraced that religion he had once despised: he had a school established within the pah, and as he lay sick he was accustomed to call his people round him, and hold morning and evening prayers. In this state he lingered several months, when he was removed to Whatawhata: his last words to his people were, "Receive the word of God, and hold fast on Jesus Christ." Amidst the decaying ruins of the pah of Otawahao I found the *pahu* or war-bell, an instrument now fallen into disuse, and regarded as obsolete; it was only sounded when an enemy was expected. It is an oblong piece of wood, about six feet long, with a groove in the centre; and being slung by ropes of flax, was struck with a heavy piece of wood, by a man who sat on an elevated scaffold, crying out at every stroke the watchword of alarm.* It was only during the night that the *pahu* was sounded,

* See vignette, title-page.

for the purpose of informing the enemy that the inmates of the pah were awake, and also to let the people of the pah know that the sentinel is on the look out. Its sound is a most melancholy one; the dull heavy strokes breaking with a solemn monotony on the stillness of the night: tolling, as it were, the death-knell of many to be slain on the morrow. The tolling of the war-bell, and the horrid yells of the "*poukana*," or war-dance, were often the only sounds that met the ears of the missionary at Matamata for weeks together; now the Matamata congregation amounts to upwards of four hundred, and the nightly sound of the war-bell is exchanged for the songs of their *karakia*, or evening worship.

Only ten years ago those missionaries, who are now dwelling in peace and safety, were oft-times compelled to witness slaughter and bloodshed, even in their own dwellings. During the Roturua war, their wives and children were frequently hid in swamps for successive days and nights, afraid even to kindle a fire until after dark, lest the curl of smoke should betray their retreat to the enemy's tribe. At the plunder of the mission station by the wild Roturuans, Mr. Morgan, with his wife and their infant child, had to bury a change of clothes in the garden by night, that they might not be left utterly destitute.

Besides the war-bell, a war-horn or pah-trumpet was occasionally used by the people in this part of New Zealand. It was styled *putara putara*, and was

a tube usually about seven feet long, hollowed out of hard wood, and widened towards the end whence the sound issued, by means of several pieces of wood fastened together with flax, like the staves of a cask : towards the mouth-piece it was carved with a grotesque figure. This trumpet was placed over the fence-work of the pah, and during periods of alarm was blown by the inhabitants : its loud roaring sound was heard at a distance of several miles on a calm night.

Most of the Otawhao natives are now at Whata Whata on the Waipa, planting *kumeras* for the great *hui hui*, or feast, to be given by old Te Whero Whero during the next season. Those who remain behind are employed in gathering *tawaras*, which are now abundant in the woods ; the *tawara*, as before mentioned, being the fleshy bractæ of the *Freycinetia Banksii*.

At Ngahuruhuru, a native settlement about four miles from Otawhao, I painted Kahawai, the principal chief, and also Hongi Hongi, the celebrated Taranaki warrior ; who, at the capture of one of the pahas near Mount Egmont, took sixty slaves, and drove them before him with his greenstone *meri*, like a flock of sheep, for a distance of 180 miles. Some of the natives in this neighbourhood have come the distance of several miles to see my portrait of Te Heuheu at Taupo. Those natives who are still heathen are generally styled " devils " by the Christianized people ; and they themselves adhere to the

appellation. Hongi Hongi, after shaking his head in answer to my inquiry as to whether he was a "mihonari" or a "pikopo" (Catholic), confessed with evident delight that he was a "devil."

Sunday, Nov. 10th.—This morning I accompanied Mr. Morgan to Ngahuruhuru, where he has a neat chapel about half the size of the one at Otawhao. Nearly one hundred natives had already assembled for the morning service, amongst whom were Kahawai and Te Waro. Hongi Hongi was there also, but he came more out of curiosity than otherwise. Blind Solomon accompanied us from Otawhao, led by a native lad with a stick; Solomon taking hold of one end of it.

I witnessed the funeral of a native child which took place after the service at Ngahuruhuru: one of the little inclosures surrounding the Christian graves was on one side broken away, and a shallow grave, not more than two feet deep, had been dug to receive the corpse. Presently the funeral procession came winding up from the *kainga*; the corpse being followed by about thirty natives, the friends and relations of the child, who walked one by one, wrapped in their mats and blankets; the mourners distinguished by white feathers or clematis, which they wore in their hair. The coffin, carried upon the shoulder of one of the native teachers, was composed of two canoe-shaped pieces of wood, neatly covered with red cotton handkerchiefs nailed over it: red being the colour of mourning amongst the New

Zealanders. Two of the nearest relatives of the child climbed the inner rail of the grave, and lowered the coffin into the grave by means of flax leaves tied together. A portion of an old canoe being placed over the coffin, the earth was shovelled in; and, after the missionary had read a short service, Blind Solomon pronounced an oration over the grave, around which several hundred natives were assembled. This address, every sentence of which was translated to me by Mr. Morgan as it was uttered, was one of the finest and most impassioned bursts of eloquence I ever heard.

The chapel at Ngahuruhuru is prettily situated; a grove of peach trees stands on one side, and a plantation of gigantic flax partly surrounds it. Much of the land in this neighbourhood is under cultivation, and the inhabitants appear in a prosperous and thriving condition.

Nov. 11th.—This afternoon I started for the Waipa river, a distance of twelve miles, with Mr. Morgan's horse and his good-natured lad Ringi-ringi. At four miles we met Mr. Ashwell from Pepepe, who was coming to Otawahao to procure medicine for his dying child: he had travelled nearly sixty miles. I persuaded him to mount Mr. Morgan's horse to Otawahao, and proceeded on foot towards the Waipa, with my two lads, and also two natives who had a canoe waiting for me at a small settlement on the banks of the river. We paused, as we passed the plains of Matuketuke, under the shadow of the

mountain of Perongia. The bones of the two thousand slain lay whitening there in the sweet sunshine of the afternoon; and it was difficult to believe that so calm and lovely a spot had once been the scene of so dire a tragedy.

My lads were talking about the past, as we sat on the hill-side overlooking this field of blood: one of them was a Nga Pui of Hongi's tribe, the other belonged to the family of the slaughtered Waikatos; and the ancestors of both had engaged in mortal conflict at Matuketuke. The elder, E Pera, told me that he remembered well, when a little boy at the Bay of Islands, his father returning from the fight, and the troops of slaves that accompanied the arrival of the conquerors.

At sunset we reached the banks of the deep, still Waipa, and passed the night at a small *kainga* on the brow of a high bank overlooking the river; the smooth stream flowing gently onward, at the rate of about four miles an hour.

Nov. 12th.—We started early in a small *kopupa* or river canoe, and were all day pulling and gliding down the stream. At two o'clock we reached Whatawhata, where about a thousand natives, with Te Whero Whero, were assembled at the plantations. Here we landed, in order that I might paint Mokerau, the chief of Otawhao, to whom I had a letter from Mr. Morgan, explaining my errand. Mokerau came down from the potato-ground along with two other chiefs, and it was not until after a grave

debate had been held that the chief expressed himself willing to have his portrait taken ; he then motioned to me with his hand in the most majestic manner, to remain until he returned with his war-mat and *meri* from one of the adjoining houses.

After the sitting was over, Mokerau expressed a wish to join me at my dinner, and we sat down together, having but one plate and pannikin between us. He relished the tea very much, and did ample justice to a cold fowl supplied me by the kindness of Mrs. Morgan ; and appeared to enjoy the repast greatly.

Being pressed for time, I was unable to paint the two other chiefs named in Mr. Morgan's note ; and one of them—a fine fellow, and a near relation of Te Whero Whero—stood upon the high bank of the river, as our canoe pushed off, shaking his tomahawk at me, and upbraiding me for not taking his portrait as well as that of Mokerau.

Mokerau is the principal chief of Otawhao, and has for some years been a convert to Christianity. Last winter he went, accompanied only by Awaitaia or William Naylor of Waingaroa, into the midst of his enemies at Roturua ; with whom he had waged a deadly war for nine years, which had not then been concluded. The object of this bold and singular mission was to produce a good feeling and conclude the war ; and it had its desired effect ; for the two chiefs were well received, and a great feast held in honour of their visit. Mokerau had been

present at all the principal battles ; and when he got up to speak, he begged the chiefs to conclude the war, and proposed that a bond of union should be entered into between the two tribes. The friends of Mokerau and Awaitaia feared that their chiefs would be killed and eaten ; instead of which they returned home much pleased with their visit ; and since that period the Roturua war has been at an end.

We left Whatawhata and proceeded down the river towards Pepepe on the Waikato, which place we reached some hours after sunset. The night was bitterly cold and the wind and rain were unusually violent, whilst the thunder reverberating amongst the distant hills, and the repeated flashes of lightning that illumined for a moment the dark objects along the banks of the river, combined to render our evening journey a dreary one ; the lights of the mission-house were therefore welcomed by us all with peculiar gratification.

Nov. 13th.—From Pepepe I proceeded in a canoe to Tuakau, about sixty miles further down the Waikato ; and joining a Christian chief called “ Moses,” who was starting for Waikato heads, with his wife, little son, and two females—the one a *rangatira*, and the other a slave-girl—we all embarked together at Kaitote. We had not proceeded far down the river before we fell in with Te Paki and his wife, whose portraits I had taken some weeks previously ; they saluted us, and put some kumeras on board for the *pakeha*. The golden

blossoms of the *kowai* were over, but the green leaves had made their appearance, and the drooping foliage was very graceful and lovely. The flax (*Phormium tenax*) was full of long blown spikes bursting into bloom; the dragon trees, which were filled with *tuis*, had put forth clusters of white blossoms, that emitted a charming fragrance; and the *tohi-tohi* grass appeared exceedingly beautiful, adorning, in the utmost profusion, both sides of the river with its feathery and cream-coloured plumes. We had showers and occasional thunder during the day. The long reaches of the Waikato were so rough, that we had to creep along close to the banks with our heavily-laden canoe; and as we glided down the stream by moonlight, beneath the overhanging shadows of the dense forests that clothe its banks, the perfume of spring blossoms filled the air, and the low cry of the goatsucker sounded from beneath the adjoining underwood.

By the side of the river my lads descried a dead pig, which they procured and carried on in the canoe; and when we landed, at sunset, to cook some food on the margin of a wood, E Pera cleaned and singed it, and cooked it whole over a large wood fire.

The evening meal of my fellow-travellers consisted of a large crock-ful of hot putrid corn-gruel; the slave-girl ate alone after the others had finished; and at a distance from these savoury odours I was regaling myself with a green gooseberry-pie, supplied me by the "good mother" at Otawhao.

On and on we went, till long after the last streaks of the parting day had faded from the west. The young moon was bright, and wild clouds hurried along the sky. It was twelve months this day since poor Wilson was drowned; the Pleiades shone bright as on that night, and clouds as black and portentous scoured the sky—bringing to memory those fitting masses that cast their shadows over the South Atlantic, and caught the cold silvery moonlight upon their edges as they hastened past.

Before daybreak we reached Tuakau, at which place "Moses" had, on leaving Pepepe, promised to land me. From this spot a path leads through the woods to Waitemata, whither we were to proceed on foot next day. We groped about under the dark forest for a considerable time, before we could find a *nikau* shed, which we were in quest of, upon the banks of the river; at last we heard the squeaking of pigs, and proceeding in the direction of the sound, discovered a long shed open on two sides. This was the customary resort for native travellers who pass the night at Tuakau, where there is no settlement; and at this midnight hour the many sleepers who had taken up their night's quarters beneath the shed, did not anticipate being disturbed. On our approach we found it full of wild hogs, which E Pera soon put to flight by rushing in amongst them with a blazing fire-brand; they scampered off in all directions, and we had literally

to empty the pigsty, before we could obtain a night's lodging.

Imagining we were now in full possession of the hut we had thus taken by storm, we kindled a blazing fire and made ourselves remarkably comfortable, when, on suddenly looking round to the corner where I had spread my blanket, I saw, filling my intended place, a large pig, that had entered through a hole in the reeds of the shed. Although we finally prevented the *porcas* from again taking up their repose with us, yet they remained all night about the hut in a restless body, grunting, squeaking, and making a terrible confusion.

Nov. 14th.—We crossed to Tuakau, where we left “Moses” and his canoe. The rain fell all the morning, and we travelled through continuous forests, gathering the luscious *tawaras*, with which we regaled ourselves pretty freely. Towards evening the sun came out and gilded the rich tints of the forests as we approached Tuimata, the *kainga* of the chief Haimona, where we passed the night.

Nov. 15th.—We started early; the hope of reaching Auckland this night lent a fresh impetus to our steps, and we travelled on at a brisk rate towards Papakoura, where we fully anticipated procuring a meal of potatoes. On our arrival we discovered that there was not a single native at the settlement: it had been deserted in consequence of the famine caused by the extravagance of the late feast, the

present crops not yet being ready. At our friend Captain Smale's we were sufficiently fortunate to obtain a little bread and milk. The first Europeans we saw were two splitters, working for Captain Smale; they asked me if I had been shipwrecked at Manakao: my bare feet probably leading them to this conjecture, and when I told them that I had been through the interior and living with the natives, they shrugged up their shoulders, and could not understand how it was that I had not been eaten up by what they called "merciless cannibals."

An hour after sundown we reached Auckland, having travelled on foot thirty-five miles during the day. Here I once more exchanged savage for civilized life, and met with every hospitality and comfort from my numerous friends, to whom I narrated my adventures in the "bush."

The next day my lads left me—E Pera to go on to the Bay of Islands, and Rihia to return to the peaceful valley of the Waipa. The payment which I made each of them consisted of a couple of large blankets, a regatta shirt, and a pair of trousers, with which they were highly delighted and perfectly satisfied.

A few days after my arrival at Auckland, a brigantine, bound for Sydney in New South Wales, cast anchor in the harbour of Waitemata. I had been rambling with some friends amongst the adjoining hills, enjoying the sweet scent of the spring blossoms, and gazing with admiration over the broad gulf,

studded with islands that lay in purple repose upon its waters, bathed in the soft and mellow sunlight of a spring evening in the South Pacific. 'As we watched the little vessel furl her sails, I welcomed her arrival with delight ; hoping in a few days to be again on the waters, homeward bound to Australia, with the vessel's course directed towards the setting sun.

CHAPTER V.

THE ISLAND OF KAWAU AND ITS MINES—THE BAY OF ISLANDS—HONI HEKI—KORORARIKA—VOYAGE TO NEW SOUTH WALES—A “BRICKFIELDER”—ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY—VOYAGE TO ADELAIDE—FLINDER'S ISLAND—RETURN TO SYDNEY—PORTLAND BAY—PORT PHILIP HEADS.

I LEFT Auckland towards the close of November, embarking one evening on board the brigantine *Coolangatta*, a little vessel of only 88 tons. The next morning found us at anchor off the small island of Kawau; where we were detained several days in order to load the vessel with copper ore: the produce of the mines recently discovered there.

Kawau is a steep, rocky island, twenty-five miles in circumference; distant about thirty miles from Auckland, and about four from the mainland at Matakana. It is one of the numerous islands that stud the gulf of Hauraki. Opposite to where the vessel lay, was the copper-mine, consisting of several lateral borings, or excavations, in the rocky sides of a steep hill,

through which runs a broad vein of ore. About twenty miners were at work, breaking up the ore and filling small bags ready for loading the vessel. For eight days we lay at anchor in this open roadstead; during which time the weather was so squally and unsettled that the boats were frequently unable to land.

Kawau belongs to the Scottish Loan Company; and it is anticipated that a profitable speculation will be made of the ores, with which the island abounds. Silver has been met with in several places as well as copper. Although considerably richer than the Cornish ores, this island has yielded nothing to compare in quality with the South Australian ores, or even with some procured on the Great Barrier Island.

Kawau, like most of the surrounding islands, is totally unfit for agricultural or grazing purposes, being of a poor soil, without an acre of level land: the entire island is broken into an infinitude of steep hills and gullies, which are in many places clothed with dense forest or brush. The coast is rocky, and indented with many picturesque and sheltered bays, that terminate in sandy beaches. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of some of these fairy-like bays: the water, sheltered on all sides by the steep hills, is clear and blue, and so transparent that the fish may be seen sporting in thousands through the cool element; and the dark overhanging trees, that spread their shade over the banks, are

there mirrored in the glassy pools beneath. At the head of these bays there is generally a stream gushing out from between the hills, its borders luxuriant to excess with the rank growth of flax and *tohi-tohi* grass, and embowered with every variety of rich evergreen foliage. The mangrove fringes the margin of these sunny inlets; and splendid *pohukatoa*-trees, that at this season become covered with a sheet of deep crimson blossom, spread like rugged oaks from the shore. The yellow *kowai*, too, during the early spring, scatters its golden blossoms in gay profusion over the water's bosom. On the tortuous and decaying branches of some old *pohukatoa*-tree, along the margin of the more sheltered bays, sit thousands of shags and cormorants, watching their finny prey in the clear shallows beneath; and their social nests occupy the most unapproachable and overhanging branches: as many as twenty being frequently built in the same tree. The wild pigeon and the *tui* abound here; the latter now revelling amongst the blossoms of the *pohukatoa*-trees, and extracting, with its long and slender tongue, the honey contained within the crimson clusters. The hum of bees is all around; and their low dreamy murmurings, as they wander from flower to flower, is a pleasant sound, in accordance with the glad sunshine of a southern spring.

During the eight days we lay at Kawau, my two fellow-passengers and myself lived on shore, amusing ourselves with shooting, fishing, and eating oys-

ters. The entire coast is surrounded with rocks, which are uncovered at low water, and afford multitudes of the *ostrea cristata*, or coxcomb oyster. These afforded us a never-failing supply of food; and the ingenuity required to open them with an iron nail added considerably to their relish: for hours and hours we might have been seen busily employed in gathering oysters; indeed our time appeared wholly devoted to procuring our own sustenance on this island: where, however, we preferred passing the interval employed by the miners in lading the vessel, to remaining on board the brigantine.

Dec. 1st.—The morning was passed in rambling through the woods, shooting wild pigeons; and in the afternoon we crossed in a whale-boat to the mainland, at a place called Matakana, where there was a sandy beach, with two or three huts belonging to sawyers' families.

Up a small ravine in the dense forest, we came to a saw-pit, close to which were growing some magnificent *cowdie* pines; one of which had been felled, and was affording employment for the sawyers, who were cutting it into planks for exportation. At the foot of these trees are to be found masses of gum, which exudes from their trunks; large quantities of this substance are also to be met with beneath the ground, in many spots on which the *cowdie*-trees formerly grew, but which are now clothed only with fern or peat.

The *cowdie* gum is a clear resin, having a very

strong aromatic flavour. It is chewed by the northern natives; and the greatest compliment an old Maori woman can pay to a guest, is to offer him the well-masticated quid of *cowdie* gum which she takes from her own mouth.

Dec. 3rd.—On the opposite side of the island to where the brigantine lay, was a hut belonging to the superintendent of the mine; here we had been invited to take up our quarters, and it was intimated that the “hut-keeper” would provide for our temporal necessities. No provisions appearing—with the exception of a morsel of salt junk, which was flung out of the window in disgust by one of my comrades—we held a council, and set to work in good earnest to supply ourselves with food. Owen went out fishing in a little dingy, Bicknell gathered oysters and shot *tuis*, whilst I rummaged the garden; and, to the infinite joy of my companions, I had a dish of green peas, with three other sorts of vegetables, besides salad, to add to the general stock. Although the salmon were unwilling to be caught, my companions brought in a couple of pigeons and some *tuis*; and we milked a cow that was grazing amongst the fern. We had now nothing to do but to cook our hard earned dinner. The “hut-keeper” had procured some grog, and we found him dancing about as tipsy as possible; so, after shutting him up in an adjoining shed, we made friends with a Maori woman, who resides on this side of the island, to cook our repast. She was an obliging soul, but had no knowledge

whatever of European cookery: she cut the pigeons in half, fried the lettuces, and put the milk into the tea-pot with the tea.

On the 6th we decamped precipitately from the hut, and, crossing the island, sought refuge at the mine. Here we were little better off; for the miners having completed the loading of the vessel, were mostly drunk, and kept up a dreadful noise all night.

Dec. 7th.—Went on board the vessel. It blew a strong gale; we could not get up the anchors, and were on a lee shore. After narrowly escaping a wreck, at sunset we beat round to the adjoining bay, and the wind moderating, we set sail next morning for the Bay of Islands.

Dec. 9th.—We were becalmed off the “Poor Knights:” several remarkable looking rocks that jut up from the sea, about a dozen miles distant from the main-land.

Dec. 10th.—Off Cape Breand. In the afternoon we cast anchor opposite Kororarika beach, in the Bay of Islands. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery surrounding this harbour: the view from the flag-staff was enchanting. The waters of the bay, indenting the rugged land, formed capes, promontories, and headlands innumerable; the distant hills appeared scattered over with cowdie forest; the blue ocean broke beyond, against the tall, dark rocks that flank the entrance to this sheltered harbour; and around, beneath a bright evening sky,

appeared the vivid evergreen foliage, the tree-fern glens, and here and there a lofty pohukatoa, stretching out towards the sea its aged limbs, crowned with masses of crimson bloom. It was a gay, glad scene.

At this period, Heki had once cut down the flag-staff, which was re-erected; and beneath the hill the settlement of Kororarika, or Russell, as it was sometimes called, smiled in peace and apparent serenity. Not long afterwards the attack of Heki took place, which was attended by the total destruction of the settlement.

But few vessels lay at anchor in the bay; for the days of its prosperity were already gone. The Maori pahs on Kororarika beach are ruined and deserted, and even the grog shops along shore are doing but a slender business; owing to the whaling vessels, that formerly resorted to the Bay of Islands for refreshments, now finding the Navigator's Group, and many other places, more desirable for that purpose. On the opposite shores of the bay, Pahia, the head-quarters of the Church Mission in New Zealand, is seen like a little oasis, nestled at the foot of high fern hills. It appears a lovely spot: there are about a dozen neat dwellings, almost embowered in green, and surrounded by gardens, in which the banana and the loquat thrive beneath the mild climate of this portion of the island. Further to the right is the dwelling of Mr. Busby, late Government resident: this is the prettiest place about

the bay, and is situated near the mouth of the Waitangi River (Weeping of the Waters), where there are fine horse-shoe falls.

At Kororarika, no just estimate can be formed of the native character by a person visiting New Zealand. Here he sees it in its worst form: long contact with the lower classes of Europeans, and the influx of whalers, that constantly resort to the bay, have rendered the Nga Puis one of the worst and most troublesome tribes in the island. Pomare, the principal chief of the Nga Puis, is, unlike the natives generally, a reckless and drunken character; and his pah is the resort of all manner of bad characters, presenting scenes of low debauch.

John Heki, who has lately rendered himself so conspicuous as the leader of the late war against the British in conjunction with Kowiti, has no claims to chieftainship excepting his personal tact and courage; and until the late insurrection but little was known of him. When a youth of seventeen, he was mission lad to Archdeacon Williams, at Pahia; and, after leaving his employ, he achieved several daring exploits. On one occasion, a woman belonging to his tribe having been ill-used by another chief, Heki deliberately walked after and tomahawked him, bringing back the offender's head in his hand. Eventually, Heki became E Hongi's fighting man, and, during E Hongi's decline, conducted his fighting expeditions. Having married E Hongi's daughter, Heki succeeded to that chief's pah; and has ever

since been regarded by his people as a leader of daring courage and skill.

The following anecdote, showing the insanity of the passion for retributive vengeance that actuates the feelings of the New Zealander on certain occasions, may be interesting in connection with the family of the celebrated Heki:—The wife of E Hongi had a little slave-girl to attend upon her, towards whom she evinced a strong attachment; the little creature was interesting and good-tempered, and her mistress was apparently so fond of her, that she was spared the experience of the misery of slavery: she was only a favourite. Hongi returned from one of his successful expeditions of war, but had left a son upon the field of battle, and the lamentation was great. The petted slave child laid her head upon the lap of her mistress, and poured out her share of the general sorrow. But the spirit of vengeance—of insane retribution—came over the heart of the bereaved mother; and she carried the child to the water, and cruelly suffocated her in satisfaction of her selfish sorrow. Hongi afterwards went to war again, and his wife accompanied him, but after travelling three or four days, the poor creature was disabled by sickness from proceeding; when, according to native custom, she was abandoned to the protection of a patuka, or little shed built upon poles: food being left on the chance of her recovery. It is supposed that the wind blew down the frail structure, and that she perished. On

the return of her husband, he found that native dogs had stripped the bones of his wife, which he found whitened upon the spot: and thus the punishment of a second Jezebel fell upon her. However we may judge that these practices have quenched a genuine humanity in the heart of the native, there is yet a noble nature for benevolence, humanity, and forbearance, to appeal to,—and are we not all erring creatures alike?

That very many of the chiefs were opposed to Heki is evident from the public expression of their feelings by several of them, in addressing letters to Captain Fitzroy, the then Governor of New Zealand; and it is probable that, had it not been for their opposition, Heki would at once have marched to the capital at Auckland, and would perhaps have demolished it before a sufficient force could be obtained for its protection. The following letter from Paikea, one of the chiefs of the Nga ti Whatua tribe, to the Governor at Auckland, is expressive of much friendly feeling:—

Kaipara, March 21, 1845.

Friend the Governor,—Saluting you; great is my regard for you. This is my sentiment to you. I return hence, and shall not come to see you (now) on account of letters which have reached Auckland about Heki. His message has also reached us, to ascertain whether he and his evil may come this way. There are some secret designs for his wishing to come by the Waiora; but should he make this the path of war (let him remember), I have not had satisfaction for my dead, slain by him. Should he urge his way hither, I shall rise against him, to fight with John Heki. This is the reason why I said he should not come this way. You must think of me; I have no

confidence in him (Heki); therefore I said, let him go by the Bay of Islands, the path of evil; but should he come this way, I shall certainly rise. Do not consider that my sentiments are like those of John Heki. No! my sentiments are like those of my own people, Ngatiwhatua, and are with you, O Governor! Te Tawa, Te Ara, and Ngatipaoa. My considerations are these: these are to be your parents, to protect you. This is all—the ending of these sentiments.

Friend the Governor,—I wish you to give me a flag, as a badge or sign: let it be a Jack. If you answer this, write and let me know your mind. Do it quickly. This is all. Would it not be well for you to have this printed in the newspapers?—From me,

Your affectionate friend,

PAIKEA.

Kororarika is the head-quarters of the Jesuit mission. A conspicuous, ill-planned building which stands on the rise of a hill behind the flat occupied by the town, is the Catholic chapel of the Bishop Pompalier. Although the zealous Jesuits even pay their followers for attending upon their services, yet, with few exceptions, the Maories are not so easily to be gained over in religious matters, and they readily detect the mummery of the *pikopos*.

Until the customs duties were levied here, numbers of American whalers put into the bay for water and refreshments, and in return for the pigs and potatoes supplied them by the natives, they gave muskets and tobacco; hence the Nga Puis long possessed more fire-arms than any other of the New Zealand tribes. An old wreck, once converted into a floating grog-shop, now lies reversed upon the shore at high-water mark.

On the evening of the 12th, we weighed anchor,

and set sail for New South Wales. At the north entrance to the bay, the spot was pointed out where the first missionaries to New Zealand landed twenty-five years ago: here they had to fortify themselves upon the summit of a small hill, to protect their property, and even at times their lives, from the savage inhabitants.

Dec. 25th.—Another Christmas-day at sea. Early this morning, Lord Howe's Islands were in sight, with the Pyramid Rock, bearing north-west, about twenty miles distant from us; these islands are very high, and the Pyramid exceedingly precipitous. A Captain Poole and his family reside on the largest of the two islands; they possess a store of general articles and an excellent garden, with the produce of which, whalers touching there are supplied, giving oil in return. The climate of these islands is delicious, being said to resemble Madeira. A comet was visible this evening, bearing south-west by west.

Dec. 28th.—For three preceding days, we have had hot winds from the north. The sirrocco continued until sunset, when the sky assumed a strange and lurid aspect; smoky-looking clouds rose rapidly from the southward, and a dirty scud came flying very quickly from the south and west. The sun went down in a heavy bank, flashing dull rose-coloured rays from the blue and leaden mass that obscured the western horizon. Then there was a lull; the foaming crests of the northern waves gradually sank into repose, and a dead and breathless calm followed.

The gray hour of twilight was rendered far more gloomy by the sky all round to the south and west becoming intensely black ; the clouds rising like a wall, slowly and gradually, until they reached our vessel, now becalmed on the sullen bosom of the ocean, enveloped us in an almost Egyptian darkness. The awful stillness and gloom, portending a tempest, was rendered more fearful by the sudden oppressive heat that came over us, like the breath of an oven. The sails that flapped in the calm were quickly stowed, and the men, just discernible as black masses in the rigging, were busily engaged in preparing the vessel for conflict with the approaching storm.

After waiting for about ten minutes in breathless anxiety, the fury of the tempest burst upon us. It came sudden as thought, rushing up from the south, black and awful, with a noise like the blast of a trumpet ; and, laying the vessel over on her side, the wind whistled through the cordage till every mast shook, and every strong rope trembled. The violence of the wind on the water, meeting the northerly swell, sent the foam drifting along like sand ; and the dead silence of the preceding moment was followed by a loud and deafening noise, that grew more terrible as the tempest waxed stronger. The sudden rushing of the storm—the sweeping foam—the roaring of the wind, howling and moaning through the rigging—the broad flashes of lightning that lit the gloom, followed by hoarse peals of thunder, audible even above the voice of the elements, and the big

drops of rain—the tears of the tempest,—all combined to render the scene truly grand and terrific. These hurricanes, which occur periodically on this part of the New South Wales coast, are termed "Brickfielders," and are occasioned by the air being greatly heated by the northerly winds that blow from the tropic, rising and causing a vacuum, into which the cold south wind then rushes in with great violence. The fury of the storm generally abates after the first two hours; and it seldom lasts more than six or eight.

The vessel was "hove-to" until four o'clock the next morning, when she was put under short sail, the wind having greatly moderated, though the sea continued to run mountains high. Awful—sublime as is a tempest, it inspires one with a wild and fearful joy: the terrible majesty of the combined rage of the elements is apparently augmented by the excitement and sense of danger. How insignificant man appears in such a scene! Even the ocean-cradled albatross, whose home is on the lone mid sea, on that night buffeted in vain with the strife of the waters; and the blue Sabbath dawn, as it awoke, saw the white pinions of the noble bird floating lifelessly on the subsiding waves. At 10 P.M. the tempest was at its height; the seas, gemmed with pale fires, rolled up from the south in mountains of foam. Most happily, not a sea struck us, and our little vessel rode out the storm nobly. One breach of such a sea would have buried us in foam.

Lightning flashed all round the horizon; and about 9 P.M. a large and very brilliant meteor passed swiftly along the sky from the westward, leaving a train of sparks surrounded by a black nimbus like a wreath of curling smoke. We saw it burst, falling into a shower of blazing stars. The comet was also visible at intervals during the storm.

Sunday, Dec. 29th.—A bright and lovely morning, —fit emblem of the day of rest. There was a heavy swell, with drifts of scum-like matter on the edge of the waves, that told of last night's tumult. With the exception of loss of bulwarks, and having our decks swept by the sea, no injury was sustained by the vessel. "Land a-head!" was the cry at 4 P.M.; and from the "cross-trees" the coast of New South Wales was visible,—a long line of pale blue, just indenting the western horizon,—a welcome sight to all on board. By sunset it had become very distinct; and before 10, Sydney light was descried—to our infinite joy.

Dec. 30th.—We cast anchor in Sydney cove; and on landing, found that the storm of the 28th was the leading topic of conversation. The meteor that we had observed was also seen in Sydney, where it had caused great astonishment, from its unusual size and brilliancy.

On the afternoon of New Year's Day, I embarked on board the *Emma* brig for Adelaide. As my stay in Sydney on this occasion was limited to a couple of days, I shall reserve my remarks on New South

Wales for a future chapter: the result of a more lengthened visit to that country at a subsequent period.

After encountering violent weather from the westward for eight days, we beat under the lee of Kent's group in Bass's Straits; and, the gale increasing, we ran for Great or Flinders' Island, to seek anchorage on its leeward shore. The "Sisters," lying off the northern extremity of Flinders's Island, are two rocky isles, very similar in appearance, scattered with scrub and casuarina trees; and between the islands is a passage about two miles across, which is very dangerous, being full of sunken reefs. We ran till we were fairly under the lee of Flinders' Island. A singularly broken ridge of land, presenting peaks and mountains of the most picturesque forms, stretches through the island; and a low sandy shore faces the eastward, off which we sought shelter. The lead-line was heaved rapidly, yet we narrowly escaped being cast away upon a sand-bank about two miles from the shore, which was not laid down in the chart: the man heaving the lead cried "seventeen;" at the next heave, "and a half ten;" then, suddenly, the cry of "and a half four!" startled the seamen's ears: in another ship's length the sandy bottom was seen, and just beyond the surf broke upon a sand-bank! The vessel was put about with all possible speed, and she just shaved the edge of the sand-bank; we stood out to sea again, and rode out the gale under very short canvass. To the east-

ward of Flinders' Island is a small rock called Babel Island, so named by Flinders, from the confused cries of innumerable multitudes of sea-fowl, of various species, that rose in myriads upon being disturbed.

Next day we came to an anchor about two miles from the shore, the wind having moderated considerably. Here the "Sisters" bore south-west, distant one mile; and the "Patriarchs,"—three high mountain peaks or hummocks in the interior of Flinders' Island,—were visible beyond the low land of the coast.

Upon this island dwell the miserable relics of the aboriginal inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, amounting to about a dozen or twenty families: here they were banished by the Government, to prevent their interfering with the settlers. Although they are daily supplied with rations, and have the range of the island entirely to themselves, their numbers are fast decreasing; and in all probability, ere long, the former natives of Tasmania will be an extinct and a forgotten race.

Whilst the vessel lay at anchor, we landed upon the island, in a little sandy cove, sheltered by masses of red granite rock; the only spot we could discover which was free from the violent surf that dashed against the shore, and broke over the rocky promontory to our right. Whilst Captain Fox and the doctor ascended the hills through thick bushy scrub, making enormous bonfires by lighting the dry bushes,

I amused myself by gathering shells along the sea-shore : our boat's crew commenced setting the scrub on fire to the southward, and presently we saw our fires answered by a dense column of smoke rising inland about six miles distant. Remains of native encampments were scattered along the shore, and some bore the appearance of having been very recently occupied by the blacks. We put up a wallaby or two, which were the only quadrupeds we observed upon the island : there were black swans upon a lagoon that ran parallel to the shore for about a mile and a half, and large flocks of redbills and shags were sitting on the rocks. The herbage here partakes of the same character as most of the Australian islands ; the she-oak or casuarina being most abundant upon the hills. The lagoon before mentioned, which from the cross-trees of the vessel appeared like a harbour, had a sea-mouth perhaps eighty or one hundred feet in breadth, out of which the tide was setting at the rate of eight knots an hour, and meeting the surf-rollers, caused a tumultuous sea at the entrance, resembling the sea-mouth of the Murray, but on a smaller scale. Enormous limpets (patella) covered the granite rocks above low water.

By the time our party had re-assembled to launch the whale-boat for our return to the brig, we found the tide had receded so far from the cove, that the passage through which we had entered, and the only spot free from the surf-rollers, was now white with breakers like the rest of the shore. Seizing the

moment of time between the rollers, we turned the boat's head to it, and dashing through, got beyond the surf before the next rollers set in. During the night the wind shifted to the eastward, and we again set sail with a fair wind; the surge breaking as we rolled along, with that crisp, hollow sound that whispers we are nearing the desired haven.

From the 14th to the 20th of January, we had to bear up against a violent gale, "dead on end," the wind veering from W.N.W. to W.S.W., with a tremendous sea running. On the 21st, the wind chopped round to the opposite quarter; the same night we sighted Kangaroo Island, and next morning at daybreak we saw the red sun come up from behind Mount Lofty and gild the placid waters of St. Vincent's gulf.

In the month of July following, I again left Adelaide for Sydney, in the *Vanguard*, visiting Portland Bay and calling at Port Philip heads on the way thither.

The approach to Portland Bay, after rounding Cape Northumberland, is past the Lawrence Islands, entering the bay between them and Lady Julia Percy's Isle. The former of these islands consists of a group of rocks, which are covered with guano, and are the resort of innumerable gannets; the latter is a low flat island, on which several vessels have been lost in thick weather. We landed in the surf; which perpetually rolls into Portland Bay, from the swell of the Southern Ocean, to which it is exposed.

Several whalers lay at anchor in the bay ; and smoke from the fires over which they were "trying out" the oil, rose from the vessels.

The same white coral limestone which occurs at Mount Gambier also appears here ; and the country bears similar marks of having been raised by volcanic action from beneath the ocean. The aspect of the land greatly resembles that about Cape Northumberland ; and it is evident that the same belt of country extends in this direction. Immediately in the vicinity of the bay is a thickly wooded district, consisting of stunted eucalyptus, blackwood, and the mimosa wattle, with the cherry (*exocarpus*) and a little underwood. The soil is rich ; and at this season of the year (mid-winter) the country looked very green, and the ground was wet and swampy.

About fifteen miles distant, towards Cape Bridgewater, there are several lakes, and some caverns similar to those near Mount Gambier. All the intervening country is a succession of swamps and wooded plains.

The town of Portland is a neat place, built on a slightly rising ground from the water's edge. The population does not at present much exceed five hundred persons ; but as it is the only port to a large district, everything is pretty brisk as regards trade.

The Messrs. Henty are the principal stockholders here ; and the settlement of Portland Bay has grown up as it were around their establishments. Sub-

stantial stone houses are in the course of erection, and several new stores are being built in the town. A jetty is also nearly completed, for the facility of landing.

The natives of this district are in a miserable state ; they are still numerous, and their *miam miams*, or huts, that resemble bee-hives, are clustered on the green sward beneath the gum trees. A party of the Port Fairy tribe, who had built their huts amongst the woods in the neighbourhood of the settlement, happened to be at the bay during the period of my visit, and more attenuated or wretched-looking beings I never witnessed. It appeared unaccountable, that a race of people living a primitive life, amidst the aromatic fragrance of these woods, with their dwellings upon the green and flower-spangled turf—breathing the pure transparent air of this part of Australia, and enjoying one of the finest possible climates—should be so low in the scale of humanity as are these degraded creatures, when all around is fair and beautiful. I made several sketches of these people—miserable beings whose filth was beyond description. At one of their *miam miams*, or huts, was a man who called himself “ Mr. Cold Morning,” with a numerous family of dirty, naked, little “ Cold Mornings” about him ; one man was lying on the wet ground, stretched upon his kangaroo skin, dying of pulmonary consumption ; another poor wretch was suffering from a broken leg ; and many more were almost devoured

by disease. But the most extraordinary and revolting spectacle was the group that I have sketched below, in order to give an idea of the physical appearance of these people. It was an old woman, reduced to a mere skeleton, with an idiotic child—apparently four or five years old, but unable to stand erect—to which she was attempting to supply nourishment from her shrivelled and flaccid breast. Both



were utterly destitute of clothing; and the spectre-like form of the aged hag, as she sat in the ashes before the hut, was loathsome: one of my companions actually turned sick and vomited at the sight. On my examining the child, the old woman took it up in her bony grasp, and holding it out at arm's length, uttered a wild hysterical laugh that rang through the still woods; and then stretched out her hand for a morsel of tobacco.

The climate of Portland is cooler than that of South Australia: the thermometer, even on the

hottest days, seldom rises to 90° in the shade; and the abundance of rain that falls during the year, causes the verdure to look remarkably fresh and green.

Leaving Portland Bay, a run of two days brought us to Port Philip heads; and at the mouth of this vast harbour we encountered a strong tide running out, and a violent cross sea. We entered the harbour of Port Philip to land some passengers, and cast anchor inside the lighthouse; which is a neat stone building on the westernmost cliff, marking the entrance to the harbour. The town of Melbourne is situated at the further extremity of this extensive sheet of water, on the banks of the Yarra, and about forty miles from the sea entrance. The view from the heads towards the direction of Melbourne commands the distant prospect of Mount Macedon, with Mount Martha and Arthur's Seat to the right.

After encountering strong northerly winds for ten days, we reached Sydney on the 21st July.

CHAPTER VI.

SYDNEY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

LEAVING the rude and boisterous ocean, and entering the calm and fairy-like expanse of Sydney harbour, a sudden change of scene is presented to the voyager. The entrance to the harbour is between two perpendicular cliffs, called the North and South Head, and it appears as though the continuous wall of limestone rock that forms this iron-girt coast had been abruptly rent asunder, to open an entrance to one of the finest harbours in the world. These cliffs vary in height from one to four hundred feet, and they descend abruptly to the ocean, that foams and lashes in fury at their base; the waves rushing into the hollow caverns beneath with a sound like thunder.

On the summit of the southern cliff, or "head," as it is termed, stands a magnificent lighthouse, entirely built of the Sydney stone, which throws its friendly

ray far and wide over the bosom of the vast Pacific. Near to it are the flag-staff and signal-station ; the latter communicates with the one at the fort in Sydney, by which means every vessel entering, or even passing the heads, is immediately signaled in the city. It is said that this entrance, between the long coast-line of precipitous rocks, was discovered by a fore-top-man named Jackson, who was on the look-out with Captain Cook's expedition ; and the harbour thus found was called, in consequence, Port Jackson : this appellation it still retains, though the general name of Sydney is more commonly used at the present time.

Inconceivably beautiful is the first sight of Sydney harbour. After entering the heads, and passing the small group of rocks called "The Sow and Pigs," the harbour appears completely land-locked, and in every direction the eye rests upon sloping grounds, scattered with trees and shrubs to the water's edge. The shores are indented by numerous charming little bays, where the transparent blue waters murmur gently upon a smooth beach of sand of the most dazzling whiteness ; and these are relieved by clusters of deep rich foliage, with bold and rocky eminences jutting abruptly out from some miniature promontory. Houses, villas, and picturesque cottages are scattered about, in the most pleasing manner, around the varied shores of these enchanting little bays, peeping out of shrubberies, or from amongst gardens and cultivation. Many of these

houses are tastefully built; the Gothic and Elizabethan styles being mostly adopted. After passing Watson's Bay and Camp Cove, where the pilots and water-police are stationed, the eye of the stranger is successively attracted by "Vaucluse," once the abode of Sir Henry Hay; the beautifully situated mansion of Point Piper, with its smooth lawn, gardens, and lemon grounds; the ornamental villa residences of Elizabeth Bay, amongst which those of Mr. M'Leay and Sir Thomas Mitchell are the most prominent; and lastly, the new Government House, a splendid gothic edifice, situated on a projecting slope. Beyond, extends Sydney Cove, with the city rising terrace-like from the water, and surmounting the surrounding hills with its wealth of daily increasing stone buildings. The numerous rocky islands studding the surface of the harbour are richly clothed with evergreen foliage, and add greatly to the beauty of the scene. On rounding the fort, off Government House, a busy and animated sight suddenly opens to view. Ships of all sizes, and many nations, crowd the cove, and the quays are lined with merchantmen, receiving the varied produce of New South Wales. The *coup d'œil* is enlivening and striking: the city of Sydney, built almost entirely of the beautiful white stone that forms its foundation, presents a gay and imposing appearance, when seen beneath the pure bright sunshine of an unclouded sky. At one glance the eye takes in most of the principal structures. The churches, forts,

hospitals, and barracks are all works of great labour and magnitude, and excite the astonishment of the stranger on beholding so vast and wealthy a city at the antipodes. Fifty years ago the site of Sydney was a barren rock, that boasted only a few huts and a handful of criminals, living in continual terror from the marauding bands of savages who were the then possessors of the soil. Whatever may be the defects of the convict system, it has done all this. The criminals of Great Britain have built a city that has risen to be the metropolis of the south. On landing, the stranger is still more astonished at the wonderful progress of the place: proceeding along handsome streets, lighted with gas, having elegant houses, well-paved foot-paths, and shops equalling those of many of our first towns in England; and seeing the highways traversed by coaches, cabs, and equipages of various kinds, and thronged with gaily dressed pedestrians, and an air of bustle and business pervading the whole city, he forgets that he is in Australia, and imagines for the moment that he is suddenly transported to the mother country.

The city of Sydney is supplied with water conveyed from Botany Bay, a distance of seven miles. The streets are kept beautifully clean by the prisoners, and the utmost order and regularity pervades the place. Indeed, if it were not for occasionally meeting a chain-gang of prisoners at work on the public quays, or proceeding homewards to the barracks in the evening, one would totally forget that he were in

a penal settlement. The efficient system of police kept up in Sydney, renders it in appearance one of the most quiet and orderly cities in the world. There is a large open space, covered with grass and fenced in, called Hyde Park, at the southern end of which some elegant terraces are built. The neighbourhood of Woolloomooloo and Rushcutter's Bay is very pretty, being dotted with villas and cottages situated in blooming gardens laid out with considerable taste. But the Government gardens and domain are the most usual resort for the inhabitants; and they are well worthy of a visit: delightfully situated on the banks of a deep bay, the grounds and flower-gardens are alike enriched by the united beauties of nature and art. Nothing can be more delicious, during one of the hot days of summer, than to seek the deep shade in the sylvan recesses of these gardens, and occupy one of the numerous rustic seats that are placed about, beneath the evergreen foliage. The botanical specimens are very numerous, and have been brought from all parts of the world. Here the banana and the fan palm may be seen luxuriantly flourishing in the open air. But the most valued plants are the English primrose, the cowslip, violet, and daisy, which are shaded from the sun by screens, and treasured as carefully as the most tender exotics would be in England. These simple and homely memorials of our native land touch the heart with their eloquent silence, and the sternest soul is not insensible to their mute appeal. I remember to have

seen an individual in tears at the unexpected sight of an English primrose, which awakened the memory of home. In a secluded part of these gardens is a damp and shady place overhung by weeping willows, and beneath their shade is erected a simple obelisk of white marble, bearing the following inscription :—

“TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, THE BOTANIST.”

Amongst the various beautiful trees and flowering shrubs that ornament the Government domain, the Norfolk Island pine is the most striking and remarkable. It towers up to a great height, throwing out lateral branches, at regular intervals, of a dark and cypress-like character. It is a native of Norfolk Island, whence it derives its name, but it is now extensively planted about Sydney. The weeping willow, although generally considered to flourish best in damp situations and on the banks of rivers, here attains, even in the driest situation, a size and luxuriance of foliage almost unequalled. These trees, as also the oaks, apples, and others of European introduction, shed their leaves during the winter ; that is, the leaves fall about May, and in September the young buds again burst forth. All the indigenous trees are evergreen.

The domain is pleasantly situated near the Government gardens, and affords a delightful and fashionable pleasure-ground for the inhabitants, answering to our Hyde Park in London ; and the many stylish

equipages, such as chariots, gigs, and tandems, that may be seen driving about, together with the numerous equestrians, both male and female, render the domain a gay scene during the cool of the evening: especially when enlivened by the band of one of the regiments. A conspicuous ornament of the promenade is the statue erected to Governor Burke. During the summer months, the chirp of the *cicada* amongst the mimosa-trees, makes an incessant and almost deafening noise throughout the domain.

The climate of Sydney, although very fine, is not equal to that of South Australia. The hot winds are more felt here than in the latter colony, and less rain falls in Sydney than in Adelaide. The winter and spring are delicious; and at the period of my second visit, the bush and scrub in the neighbourhood of Sydney were gay with a profusion of native flowers of all hues, that perfumed the air with an aromatic fragrance.

One of the principal articles of export from New South Wales is wool; and after the shearing season, bullock-drays may be seen coming into town from all quarters—some of them from a distance of three hundred miles—piled up with bales, the produce of the flocks in the interior. At such seasons, Sydney is unusually gay: money is plentiful, and the harbour is full of shipping, waiting to convey the produce to England. Then, the settler and the out-squatter, who, perhaps, have lived like hermits in the bush for six or eight months past,

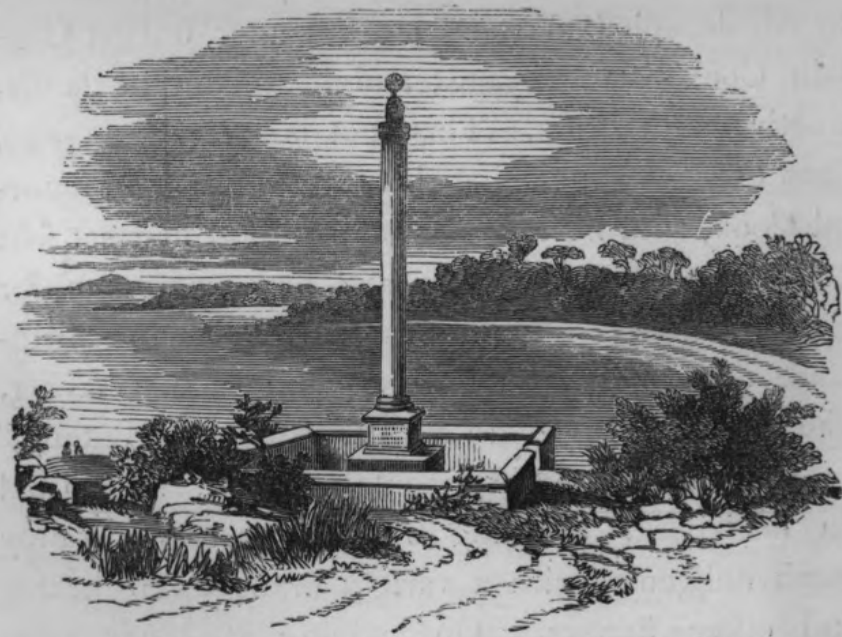
seeing only their shepherds and their flocks, and buried, as it were, in the solitude of the interior, arrive on horseback from their distant stations to receive the value for their wool; this money is frequently squandered away in a reckless manner, and when it is all gone, the improvident squatter returns to his hut in the wilds, to pursue for another year the same round of monotonous, yet independent existence.

About seven miles from Sydney, in a south-east direction, lies the celebrated Botany Bay, where the first settlement for convicts was established by the British Government in the month of January 1788. The bay, as is well known, derived its name from the number of new and singular plants found there by Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, during Captain Cook's first voyage; and it still merits its distinctive appellation. This spot is interesting, also, from the fact of its being the place where the immortal Cook, with his intrepid companions, first set foot on the shores of Australia, and took possession, for Britain, of a continent destined to be the birth-place of a mighty nation. Several friends having, like myself, resolved to spend a day at "Botany," as the "Currency"* people term it, we started on horseback, pursuing our way across a sandy scrub enlivened with a variety of beautiful heaths and other flowers. On arriving at the margin

* *Currency* is a term used to designate those born in New South Wales, who are known as Currency lads and lasses.

of the bay, the blue waters of which looked beautifully clear and pellucid, the scene somewhat resembled in its natural features the neighbouring harbour of Port Jackson, but divested of all its wealth of civilization, and busy life. Botany Bay is a lone neglected spot, remaining even now very much in the same state as it was when the great navigator first set foot upon its shores; indeed it is comparatively unknown: thousands are born, live and die in the colony without ever dreaming of going to see Botany Bay, and many are actually ignorant of its existence.

After stopping to lunch at a small solitary inn, prettily situated on the margin of the bay, we rode on for several miles through the woods to-



wards the heads, to visit the monument erected by the French to the memory of the unfortunate La

Perouse. Our ride was a charming one: a narrow road winding through woods, teeming with beauty and perfume, led us over hill and dale, to an open spot overlooking the wide expanse of the bay, where, within a small inclosure, stands the column to La Perouse. The summit is surmounted by a globe, and the sides bear the following inscription:—

A la Memoire
de
Monsieur de la Perouse
cette terre
qu'il visita en MDCCLXXXVIII.
est la dernière d'où il a fait parvenir
de ses nouvelles.

—
Erigé au nom de la France
par les soins de MM. Bougainville et Ducampier
commandant la Frégate La Thetis et la Corvette L'Esperance
en relâche au Port Jackson
En MDCCCXXV.

Near this spot is the well dug by Captain Cook, which is shaded from the sun by the overhanging branches of dark mimosa bushes. In the face of the cliff, just inside the entrance to the bay, a copper plate is let into the rock, in an almost inaccessible spot, recording the date of the landing of Captain Cook's expedition; but this, like the well, is unregarded. The rocks are covered with geraniums and wild flowers, and golden masses of blossom of the fragrant mimosa exhaled a sweet spicy perfume that rendered the balmy air delicious as we passed along; whilst brilliant parroquets, and other birds of exquisite plumage, sported through the woods. The

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lycopodium, and a small species of palm, are abundant on the margin of the bay. We returned to Sydney late in the evening, after a delightful moonlight ride through the scrub, laden with botanical specimens from the renowned bay.

Such is Botany Bay at the present time. An account of the arrival there of the first fleet of convict ships, and their subsequent removal to Sydney Cove, may be interesting, as contrasting the present with the past.

“It being determined to send the convicts to New South Wales, six transports were hired for this purpose by his Majesty’s commissioners; these were to be accompanied by three store-ships. A quantity of tools and implements of husbandry were put on board for the new establishment, and also a sufficiency of provisions for two years. The government of the colony was intrusted to Arthur Phillips, Esq., who hoisted his pendant on board the *Sirius*, a twenty-gun ship. The number of convicts sent out was 565 men and 192 women. Distributed amongst the transports and in the *Sirius*, was a body of 160 marines with their officers.

“The fleet set sail from the Mother Bank on 13th May, 1787, with a leading wind through the Needles passage. The fleet soon reached Teneriffe, where they took in provisions and water, and at the end of one week put to sea again. The passage to Rio Janiero was performed in eight weeks; the convicts were also in a very healthful state. During their stay

in this port, which was about a month, the convicts and crew were plentifully supplied with fresh meat, vegetables, and fruits, to enable them to resist the attacks of the scurvy to which they might be exposed by the length of the voyage. The fleet crossed over from one continent to the other in about five weeks, which was a run of 1,100 leagues.

“After remaining at the Cape of Good Hope for four weeks, the fleet proceeded to New South Wales, the place of its final destination, and on the 20th January, 1788, the whole fleet were safely anchored in Botany Bay; thus this long voyage was happily completed in eight months and one week, and only thirty-two persons had died since their leaving England. The Governor, who had gained a little on the rest of the fleet, employed his time in examining the bay, but not finding a satisfactory place where he might form a settlement, he set off, in company with some of the officers, in three open boats, to examine the adjacent harbours of Port Jackson and Broken Bay. The first prospect of Port Jackson was unpromising, and the natives everywhere greeted the little fleet with shouts of defiance, and “*warra, warra,*” “go away, go away,” resounded wherever they appeared.* However, they had the happiness

* “Old Queen Gooseberry,” the last of the Broken Bay tribe, tells us that she remembers her father’s account of the arrival of this fleet. On the approach of the vessels, the natives, who had never seen a ship before, imagining them to be huge sea-monsters, were so terrified that they ran into the bush, and did not stop to look back until they

to find a harbour capable of affording security for a very considerable fleet. In one of the coves of this capacious harbour, the Governor determined to fix the future seat of Government, it having been found to possess a sufficiency of water and soil. After three days, the Governor returned to Botany Bay, and gave directions for the immediate removal of the fleet to Port Jackson. Two strange sail that appeared in the offing, caused much speculation; they proved to be the two French ships under the command of M. de la Perouse, then on a voyage of discovery. These ships entered Botany Bay just at the time the English vessels were abandoning the harbour, and their commanders had barely time to exchange civilities. The spot chosen for the settlement was at the head of the cove, near a run of fresh water, which stole silently through a very thick wood, the stillness of which had then, for the first time since the creation, been interrupted by the sound of the labourer's axe."

On this very spot now stands the busy city of Sydney. How little did Cook dream, when, sixty years since, he first landed on the shores of this vast and mysterious continent, that in this short space of time it would become a populous and thriving colony, rivalling in extent and wealth many kingdoms in Europe.

Among the most interesting spots within Sydney reached a place now called Liverpool, distant about twenty miles, where they hid themselves in trees!

harbour is Camp Cove, one of the many picturesque little bays that indent the shores of Port Jackson. The water-police station occupies this cove; and here, in company with my friend Mr. Miles, who is well known as an antiquarian and a man of science, I spent many a pleasant day. We established our head-quarters at the cottage of the superintendent, which is almost concealed amidst the luxuriance of the creeping plants that surround it, and is backed by high rocks that gradually ascend towards the south head. We made short boating excursions for the purposes of sketching the charming bits of scenery that occur at every turn of the harbour, and enjoying the beauties of nature around us. Climbing to the giddy verge of the south head, from a ledge overhanging the precipice beneath, we beheld the wide expanse of the blue Pacific stretched out below and beyond till the eye was lost in the distance of the dim horizon. It was a glorious sight: I could have sat from the rising to the setting sun gazing upon that broad, boundless ocean, encircling the southern hemisphere with its mighty waters, on whose vast bosom the vessels appeared as little specks, glistening white upon the sapphire of the watery plain. I used to watch the vessels from that giddy height pass out one by one from between the cliffs that form a barrier to the ocean, tracing them with the eye till the weary gaze could follow them no farther, and speculating on the varied destinies of each little bark. At other times we would climb over the fallen rocks

at the base of the cliffs, against which the thundering surf dashes its waves into snowy foam.

In the deep water below the rocks along this part of the coast there grows a most beautiful coralline, varying in colour from the deepest scarlet to a pale rose tint, with other varieties of a brilliant yellow: the natives, by diving, brought us up a considerable quantity of very fine specimens.

It is a wild and picturesque sight to watch a party of natives spearing fish by torch-light, in the sheltered bays around Camp Cove, and in Camp Cove itself. They wade into the water until about knee deep, each man brandishing a flaming torch, made of inflammable bark; this attracts the fish, and with their four-pronged spears they strike them with wonderful dexterity. The glare of the lights upon the gently undulating surface of the water, and the dark figures moving rapidly about, in strong contrast with the torch-light, produce a lively and romantic effect.

Across the harbour is Spring Cove, where vessels lie that are under quarantine; and not far from the shore is the quarantine burial-ground, the approach to which is from a small well-sheltered bay just within the north head. The surrounding scenery is enchanting; hills environ the burial-ground, and upon their declivities are erected the hospitals, while in the hollow is a beautiful dell, with a narrow and moss-grown path leading into it, following which you reach the burial-place midway. I came upon it unexpectedly in a joyous and merry mood, but instantly

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Doyle Esq. Lith. To the Queen

George French Angas, del.

THE QUARANTINE BURIAL GROUND.

Pub^d by Smith, Elder & Co. London

felt the influence of the scene. The tombstones of spectral whiteness contrasting with the dark foliage—the gurgling of the stream through the dell, and the occasional note of the whip-bird breaking the spell of silence—the old gum tree stretching its leafless arms over those decaying beneath the soil it once had shadowed—the mellowed light of evening upon the distant land (telling of a day for ever lost)—the tranquil solitude—all combined to give an air of solemn sadness to the scene. I have seen no spot where the dead repose which is more melancholy or more exquisitely picturesque than this lonely burial-place in the wilderness, where the howling of the storm, and the muffled beat of the surge sound a requiem to the dead—those hapless dead, who voyaged so many thousand miles, hopeful and expectant, and perished at the very entrance of the looked-for harbour, there to lie

Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The most important result of our rambles around the bays and rocky promontories of Port Jackson, was the discovery of a new and remarkable feature connected with the history of the natives formerly inhabiting this portion of New South Wales. I refer to their carvings in outline, cut into the surface of flat rocks in the neighbourhood, and especially on the summits of the various promontories about the harbours of the coast. Although these carvings exist in considerable numbers, covering all the flat rocks

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upon many of the headlands overlooking the water, it is a singular fact that up to the present time they appear to have remained unobserved, and it was not until my friend Mr. Miles first noticed the rude figure of a kangaroo cut upon the surface of a flat rock near Camp Cove, that we were led to make a careful search for these singular and interesting remains of a people who are now nearly extinct. About a dozen natives of the Sydney and Broken Bay tribes were encamped amongst the bushes on the margin of a small fresh-water lake close to Camp Cove, and from amongst them we selected "Old Queen Gooseberry" (as she is generally styled by the colonists) to be our guide, promising her a reward of flour and tobacco if she would tell us what she knew about these carvings, and conduct us to all the rocks and headlands in the neighbourhood where like figures existed. At first the old woman objected, saying that such places were all *koradjee* ground, or "priests' ground," and that she must not visit them; but at length, becoming more communicative, she told us all she knew and all that she had heard her father say respecting them. She likewise consented at last to guide us to several spots near the North head, where she said the carvings existed in great numbers; as also impressions of hands upon the sides of high rocks. With some difficulty we prevailed upon the haggard old creature to venture with us into a whale-boat; so, with Queen Gooseberry for our guide, we crossed to the North head. After examining the flat rocks in every direc-

tion, we found sufficient examples of these singular outlines to confirm at once the opinion that they were executed by the aboriginal inhabitants; but at what period, is quite uncertain. From the half-obliterated state of many of them (although the lines are cut nearly an inch deep into the hard rock), and the fact that from several of them we were compelled to clear away soil and shrubs of long continued growth, it is evident that they have been executed a very long time. At first we could not bring ourselves to believe that these carvings were the work of savages; and we conjectured that the figure of the kangaroo might have been the work of some European; but when, pursuing our researches further, we found all the most out-of-the-way and least accessible headlands adorned with similar carvings, and also that the whole of the subjects represented *indigenous* objects—such as kangaroos, opossums, sharks, the *hieleman* or shield, the boomerang, and, above all, the human figure *in the attitudes of the corobory dances*—we could come to no other conclusion than that they were of native origin. Europeans would have drawn ships, and horses, and men with hats upon their heads, had they attempted such a laborious and tedious occupation.* Some of the figures of fish

* An old writer on New South Wales, about the year 1803, remarks, when referring to the natives, "They have some taste for sculpture, most of their instruments being carved with rude work, effected with pieces of broken shell; and *on the rocks* are frequently to be seen various figures of *fish, clubs, swords, animals, &c.*, not contemptibly represented."

measured twenty-five feet in length; and it is curious that the representations of the shield exactly correspond with that used by the natives of Port Stephens at the present day. These sculptured forms prove that the New Hollanders exercised the arts of design : which has been questioned; and they also serve to corroborate Captain Grey's discoveries of native delineations in caves upon the north-west coast of Australia, during his expedition of discovery.* At Lane Cove, at Port Aiken, and at Point Piper, we also met with similar carvings. Whilst on a visit at the latter place, it occurred to me that on the flat rocks at the extremity of the grounds belonging to the estate where I was staying, there might be carvings similar to those at the Heads; and on searching carefully, I found considerable numbers of them in a tolerably perfect state of preservation. Of all these I took measurements, and made careful fac-simile drawings on the spot.† These may be regarded as examples of the general character of all the sculptured outlines.

Amongst the many rambles in the neighbourhood, I was particularly fond of the north shore, to which one of the numerous little steam-boats that enliven the harbour plies every quarter of an hour. Leaving the bustle of Sydney, one is soon transported to the secluded and picturesque scenery on the opposite shore, where the pathways leading through the bush

* See Appendix, Note 2. † See Appendix, Note 1.

are gemmed with wild flowers, and the hills may be said to resemble, at this time of the year (the spring), one vast flower-garden. I never visited the north shore but I returned with some new addition to my collection of plants, so numerous are the species that spring from amongst the rocks and the sandy soil around Port Jackson.

In a spot embowered by the shade of a grove of eucalyptus, and overlooking one of the most lovely prospects in New South Wales, my friend Martens, who was draughtsman to the expedition of the *Beagle*, has chosen to locate himself and his family, and has built a snug picturesque cottage in keeping with the charming seclusion selected for its site. Below the garden is a deep dell, through which runs a gurgling stream, almost choked with the luxuriance of the flowers that surround it; amongst which the gay *warrator* rears its crimson-blossomed head, like a huge peony. Here and there the decaying and whitened branches of some aged gum-tree stretch their leafless arms against the blue sky, whilst the distant scene embraces the windings of the harbour, backed by the far off range of the Blue Mountains.

Not far from his pretty cottage, Mr. Martens has, by his own labour, erected a little church, the chaste design of which is entirely his own. The great interest he took in its completion may be inferred from the fact that, when I last saw him, he was at work sculpturing the font out of a block of white Sydney stone with his own hands.

From the numerous whalers and other vessels trading from Sydney, that visit the various groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean, it occasionally happens that some of the natives of these islands visit Sydney. The traders are glad to bring over one or two of the young people from some of the more barbarous islands, whither they trade for sandal-wood, in order to show them the wealth and power of a civilized nation, and by making them presents and treating them well, to ensure their aid and friendship on their return.

One of the most amusing and best-known characters in Sydney is "Little Jacky," the orange-merchant—a lad about twelve years of age, and a native of Lee-foo, near New Caledonia. His real name is Duono, and he was brought home by a vessel trading thither for sandal-wood. He had been two years in Sydney, spoke English perfectly, and made a good livelihood by selling oranges,—every body preferring to buy of this witty little urchin. His remarks are so droll and full of point, that I have frequently seen him set a whole company in a roar of laughter.

I also met with a boy of Khuria, one of the Kingsmill group of islands near the line, whose history is remarkable. On the 18th May 1843, the brig *Clarence* of Sydney, on a whaling voyage, fell in with a canoe at sea containing twelve men, eleven women, seven boys, and two girls, all in a state of nudity. On coming alongside they stove in their canoe, and were taken

on board in a very exhausted state, having been at sea twenty-two days, four of which they were without food or water. On the 20th, the captain, Joseph White, landed the whole of the natives on one of the islands, excepting one young man, whom he named William Clarence, and the boy referred to, who is called Joseph White. This boy was taken great notice of by one of the crew, who taught him his prayers, and actually took the trouble to cut out of sperm whalebone the alphabet, which he learned and could arrange in a correct manner. He is now in Sydney, adopted by a gentleman in the Audit Office, who is giving him an education. He is supposed to be ten years of age, can read and write uncommonly well, considering the time he has been at school, and lately obtained a prize at a public examination.

About ten or a dozen miles from Sydney is the town of Parramatta, situated on the river of the same name. Steam-boats ply daily between the two places, affording a pleasant excursion up the broad and picturesque creek known as Parramatta River; which is, in reality, one of the numerous branches of Sydney harbour, having a small stream falling into it higher up. Not far from Sydney is Cockatoo Island, the place of banishment for the more refractory prisoners, or those who have been recommitted since their transportation. This small island is entirely occupied as a prison, and every approach to it

is guarded, day and night, by sentinels: no boat is allowed to come within a certain distance of its shores. As the gay steamers pass and repass, with bands of music on board, and thronged with merry faces, it is melancholy to see the vacant, abject, hopeless gaze with which the prisoners of Cockatoo Island stare at them; the sight of liberty making them ten times more weary of their bondage. Passing Five-dock Farm, where the races are held every spring, Bedlam appears in view at a turn of the river; a large building, beautifully situated, for the reception of the lunatics of New South Wales. Farther up the river, the scenery becomes more open and pleasing: orange gardens and peach orchards diversify the banks; the former revealing their wealth of golden fruit from amongst the deep foliage of the trees, and the latter clothed with a spring mantle of pink blossom.

At Ermington the river again widens, and from thence a fine view of the distant scenery is obtained, backed by the noble ridge of the Blue Mountains. The foreground is diversified by Australian plants and trees; the eucalyptus rearing its lofty branches of evergreen foliage, with parrots of the most brilliant colours chattering in the sunshine amongst its blossoms, or extracting honey from the cones of the nectariferous *Banksiæ*. Parramatta itself is a military station, and the female convicts are chiefly quartered here. They are confined with-

in the walls of an extensive building termed the "Factory," where they are kept under a strict discipline, and engaged in washing and other feminine employments. In the neighbourhood of Parramatta are some fine gardens, and many of the better class reside in its vicinity.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

As British civilization is daily spreading over the Australian continent, so the degraded natives of the soil are fast disappearing; and, in New South Wales especially, they will, ere long, have totally disappeared. During my stay there, I made constant search and inquiry into the past history and customs of the aborigines; and, combining my own observations with those of others who have been eye-witnesses to their ceremonies, I have been enabled to preserve such records of these people as may prove interesting to ethnologists at a future day. I have already entered fully into the physical and social condition of the aboriginal inhabitants of South Australia; but there are many points of difference in the customs and ceremonies of the people of New South Wales, of sufficient interest to be treated of separately.

In personal appearance, the aborigines of New South Wales greatly resemble the inhabitants of the southern and western coasts of Australia; but they are generally taller men, with figures better proportioned; although their limbs are small, and their legs and arms very thin. Few deformities of person are to be found amongst them: inverted feet now and then occur, but round shoulders or hunchbacks are never to be observed. In the bush, the natives of New South Wales may be said to go naked: both men and women, however, bind a small fillet round the head; the men also wear a narrow band about the waist, and the women sometimes throw a strip of kangaroo skin over their shoulders. If at any time they consent to be clothed in some degree before the settlers, they are quite indifferent to anything like dress among their own people.

Both sexes use fish-oil as an unguent, which they rub into their skins in order to protect them from the effects of the air, and the stings of musquitoes and other venomous flies. The smell of the oil, together with the perspiration from their bodies, produces in hot weather an odour that is far from agreeable; and they may occasionally be seen with the entrails of fish upon their heads, frying in the burning sun until the oil runs down over their foreheads and shoulders. Their hair receives a variety of decorations, according to the notions of each individual, as to what is ornamental or becoming: the front teeth of the kangaroo, human teeth, the jaw and other bones of fish, dogs'

tails, and birds' feathers, are fastened to it by means of the gum which they obtain from the wattle and the grass-tree. The women take great pride in making their children look fine. The tribes to the southward of Botany Bay divide their hair into small parcels, each of which they mat together with gum, forming them into lengths like the thrums of a mop. The northern tribes, especially about the Clarence River, form the hair into an elongated cone ; twisting it round with a band of grass, so as to produce a towering head-dress about two feet in height.

They ornament the breast, arms, and back with large scars, or seams of cicatrized flesh ; these permanent decorations being produced by gashes made in their persons with broken pieces of the shell which they use at the end of their throwing-sticks : after the incision is made, care is taken to keep the part of the flesh asunder for a considerable time, that a bulky cicatrix may remain after the wound has healed.

Their dwellings are of the rudest and most primitive description. The inhabitants of the woods make huts of the bark of a single tree, bent in the middle, and placed on its two ends on the ground, affording shelter to only one person. Upon the sea-coast, the huts are larger, and formed of several pieces of bark put together in the form of an oven ; the entrance being on one side : these are of sufficient dimensions to hold six or eight persons. The fire is always made near the mouth of the hut, rather within it ; and the

interior, of course, is filthy and smoke-dried. Besides these huts of bark, the natives dwell in cavities in the rocks; which, in some parts of the country are numerous.* The stone of the country is generally of a soft sandy nature, and the rocks, both on the shore and inland, abound with caves, some of which are of sufficient dimensions to contain forty or fifty persons. Almost every rock has a number of caves hollowed out of it, but whether by nature or art cannot in all cases be determined. At the mouth of many of these caves a very rich soil is found, consisting of shells, entrails of fish, and other refuse of the inhabitants within, who have dwelt in these caves, no doubt, for ages past: with this soil the early settlers were accustomed to manure their gardens.

Their principal weapon is the spear, as is the case with all the New Holland tribes. There are several varieties: some are long sticks merely pointed; others have one or more barbs cut in the wood, and a few are barbed with pieces of broken oyster-shells—these are formidable instruments. The spear is mostly thrown, like a dart, by means of the throwing-stick; which is different from that used in South Australia: it is at least three feet long, having a hook at one end, and a shell at the other, fastened with gum. The spear is thrown with great force and certainty of aim: they can strike any object at a distance of seventy yards; the stick remaining in hand after the spear is discharged. The throwing-

* Appendix, Note 2.

stick serves also the purposes of a knife, when the edge of the shell is sharp; it is also used as a spade to dig up roots and grubs.

The bomerang is in use amongst them, and it is astonishing with what precision they throw this weapon; which, after taking a circuit in the air for several hundred feet, returns to the precise spot from whence it was thrown. "King Tamara," the last of the Sydney tribe, properly so called, is very expert at making these instruments, which require great nicety to form them of the exact curve requisite to insure them returning to the spot from whence they were thrown: these are called recoiling bomerangs; others, which do not rebound, are used for throwing at ducks.* I have seen bomerangs that had the extremities carved with singular lines, much resembling Persian characters. To the northwards, where the myall-tree grows, the bomerangs and several other weapons are made out of its wood, which is of a dark purplish colour, and emits a pleasant odour resembling violets.

They have several sorts of clubs, or waddies, some of them of large dimensions, and formed of exceedingly hard wood. They have also a species of triangular shield called a *tawarang*, which is about three feet long, wide in the centre, and diminishing in bulk towards the extremities; the inner side has a handle hollowed out by fire, and the outside is carved with waved lines. The *tawarang* is used during their

* Appendix, Note 3.

dances, when it is struck with a club. In battle they use the oval wooden shield called a *hieleman*.

Their tools are the *mogo*, or stone hatchet, formed of a sharpened stone fastened between two pieces of wood; a wooden mallet, and sharp fragments of shells and quartz. For polishing their throwing-sticks and the points of their lances, they use the leaves of a species of wild fig-tree, which bites upon the wood almost as keenly as the shave-grass of Europe, which is employed by our joiners. Beautiful rush-baskets are made by the women of Moreton Bay and the Clarence River.

The boys are accustomed from their earliest infancy to throwing the spear, and practising self-defence; they begin by throwing reeds at each other, and soon become very expert. Indeed the management of the spear and the shield—dexterity in throwing the various wirries and the *bomerang*—agility in either attacking or defending, and a display of the constancy with which they can endure pain, may be said to be their principal amusements. The *corrobbory* is similar, in most respects, to that practised by the other Australian tribes; occasionally, however, they dance back to back in pairs; and at other times all the performers sit down on the ground with their feet under them, and, at a particular word, they raise themselves up without any assistance from their hands.* The exercise of throwing the ball is also much practised by the young people. Like other

* See Appendix, Note 4.

savages, they are greatly inclined to indolence, and never make provision for the morrow. They always eat as long as they have anything left, and when satisfied, stretch themselves out in the sun to sleep; where they lie till hunger, or some other violent cause, calls them again into action. They have certain songs and poetical sentences which they make use of, with some attention to time and cadence; and in their little bark canoes they keep time with their paddles, responsive to the words of a song. It is a remarkable fact that all their new songs, dances, &c., come from the north to the south, which tends to prove their migration from the Asiatic Islands.

The initiatory rites into the privileges of manhood amongst the savages of New South Wales, differ considerably from those practised by the tribes inhabiting the Southern and Western portions of the Australian continent. The ceremony of *kebarrah*, or knocking out the front tooth, appears to be the most important feature of these rites; and probably supplies the place of circumcision amongst other tribes. Colonel Collins—who was eye-witness to an important ceremony of this nature, amongst the natives in the vicinity of Port Jackson, before the European settlers had driven back the aboriginal population—describes the scene with graphic minuteness.

There being several youths in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson who had not undergone this operation, the latter end of January was chosen for the performance of the ceremony; when the native tribes,

painted, and bedecked with feathers and other ornaments, and armed with clubs, spears, and throwing-sticks, assembled at the head of Farm Cove. An open space, about thirty feet in length, called Yoolang, had been cleared for the purpose; and previously to the ceremony taking place, the nights were spent in dancing. On the 2nd February, the people from Cammeray arrived; amongst whom were the Koradjee men, or priests, who were to perform the operation of knocking out the tooth. When Colonel Collins reached the spot, he found the party from the north shore armed, and standing at one end of the Yoolang; at the other end were the boys, who were to be given up to the people of Cammeray for the purpose of losing a tooth each, all accompanied by their several friends. The ceremony opened with the armed party advancing from their end of the Yoolang, with a song or shout peculiar to the occasion, clattering their shields, and raising the dust with their feet. On reaching the boys, one of their number stepped forward from the rest, and seizing a youth, returned with him to his party, who received him with a loud shout, and placed him in their midst, where he seemed defended by a grove of spears, from any attempts that might be made at rescue; in this manner the whole of the lads were taken out, to the number of fifteen. They were then seated at the upper end of the Yoolang, each holding down his head, with his hands clasped, and his legs crossed under him. The Koradjee men now commenced

their mystic rites. One of them suddenly fell upon the ground, and throwing himself into apparent agonies, at length pretended to be delivered of a bone, which was to be used in the ensuing ceremony. During his seeming agony, he was encircled by a crowd of natives, who danced and sung around him most vociferously, beating him upon the back till the bone was produced. He had no sooner risen from the ground, exhausted and bathed with sweat, than another went through the same ceremony; there being as many bones produced as there were boys to be initiated into the class of men. The boys were given to understand that these pains were suffered for their sakes, and that the more the Koradjees endured, the less pain would be felt by them.

Next morning, soon after sunrise, the Koradjees, who had slept apart by themselves, advanced with quick movements one after another towards the Yoolang, shouting as they entered it, and running round it two or three times. The boys were then brought forward, from the place where they had also passed the night alone, and after being seated again at the head of the Yoolang, the operators, about twenty in number, paraded several times round it, running upon their hands and feet, and imitating the dogs of the country: their decorations were adapted for this purpose; and the wooden sword, by being stuck in the hinder part of the girdle which they wore round the waist, so as to lay upon their backs, looked, when they were crawling

upon all fours, like the tail of the wild dog. Every time they passed the place where the boys were seated, they threw up the sand and dust upon them with their hands and feet. The design of this ceremony was understood to be, giving them power over the dogs, and endowing them with all the good qualities possessed by this animal.

The next scene was opened by a stout native carrying on his shoulders the effigy of a kangaroo, made of grass, followed by another man bearing a load of brushwood, whilst the others sang and beat time to the steps of the loaded men: the latter at length laid down their burthens at the feet of the youths. By thus presenting to them the dead kangaroo, it was indicated that the power was about to be imparted to them of killing that animal; while the brushwood represented its haunts. The performers now collected a quantity of long grass together, which they fastened to the hinder part of their girdles in the form of a tail hanging towards the ground; and thus equipped, they put themselves in motion as a herd of kangaroos: first jumping along with their knees bent, then lying down and scratching themselves, as those animals do when basking in the sun. One man beat time to them with a club upon a shield, while two others, armed, followed them all the way, pretending to steal upon them unobserved, and wound them with spears. This represented the manner in which they were to hunt the kangaroo.

Presently, each man caught up one of the boys,

and placing him upon his shoulders, carried him off in triumph for a few paces, when they all set their burthens down in a cluster together. Whilst the boys were thus standing with their attendants, one of the actors seated himself on the stump of a tree facing them, and taking another man upon his shoulders, the two men sat with their arms extended; behind these a number of men lay close to each other, with their faces to the ground, and behind these again were two other groups of men on each other's shoulders, with outstretched arms. As the boys and their attendants approached the first of these groups, the two men who composed it began to move themselves from side to side, thrusting out their tongues, and staring with all imaginable wildness. After a few minutes the two men separated, and the boys were now led over the bodies of the men lying upon the ground; who, as soon as they felt the boys upon them, began to writhe as if in agony, and to utter dreadful groans. Having passed over this living causeway, the boys were placed before the second group, and similar grimaces were performed as at the former stump; after which the whole band moved forwards. At a short distance the party halted; the boys were seated by each other, and opposite to them were drawn up in the form of a semicircle, the other party, now armed with spears and shields. Opposed to this party stood the principal Koradjee man, who held a shield in one hand and a club in the other, with which he beat time; and at

every third stroke the whole party poised and presented their spears at him, each touching the centre of his shield.

They now commenced their preparations for striking out the tooth. The first subject they selected was a boy about twelve years of age, who was placed upon the shoulders of a native, seated on the grass: the bone, which on the preceding evening had been produced with such ceremony, having been sharpened at one end, was used to lance the gum, in order to facilitate the extraction of the tooth. A throwing-stick was cut eight or ten inches from the end, and the gum being lanced the smallest end of the stick was applied as high up on the tooth as the gum would admit of, and the operator being provided with a large stone, struck the stick with it, and knocked out the tooth; the first candidate being dismissed, another was brought forward, and so on, until the operation was concluded. After the tooth was extracted, the patient was led to a distance by his friends, who closed the gum, and equipped him in the decorations of his new state: a girdle was tied round his waist, in which was thrust a wooden sword, and a bandage wound about his head, adorned with the leaves of the grass-tree. His left hand was placed over his mouth, which was to be kept shut; and the youth was on no account to speak, and for that day was not permitted to eat. The blood that issued from the lacerated gum was not wiped away, but suffered to run down the breast, and fall on the head of the man on whose

shoulder the patient sat, and whose name was added to his: this blood remained dried upon the heads of the men and the breasts of the boys for several days. The boys were now termed "Kebarrah," from *keba*, a rock or stone.*

The ceremony of Kebarrah, as practised by the tribes of the Macquarrie district, is somewhat different in its details from that of the natives to the southward. It is usually on a summer's morning at break of day, that the tribes assemble upon the Macquarrie hills, to celebrate the mysterious rites of Kebarrah. On such occasions, hostile tribes meet in peace; all animosity between them being laid aside during the performance of these ceremonies. When the *cooi* or *cowack* sounds the note of preparation, the women and children in haste make their way towards the ravines and gulleys, and there remain concealed. The tribe to which the youths belong commence the ceremony by uttering a long-drawn dismal yell, which echoes through the woods, and is answered by the surrounding tribes in rotation. After a short silence, the old men retire to hold a council among themselves, whilst the young men with their weapons bark the trees around the spot, for some way up the trunks; another yell succeeds, and then

* See John i. 42: "Thou art Simon, the son of Jonah: thou shalt be called *Cephas*, which is by interpretation *a stone*." See also Appendix, Note 5, *Keba* or *Giber*, amongst the memoranda relative to words used by the Sydney tribe, showing their affinity to other languages, and affording strong proof of the Asiatic origin of this people.

the whole of the tribes form into a ring,—the *wakui*, with its horrible whizzing sound, is heard in the distance, and enormous fires blaze around. On such occurrences there are frequently from five to six hundred natives present; their naked bodies fancifully painted with pipe-clay, and their heads profusely powdered with the down of the wild swan. An old man is stationed in a neighbouring tree, making the most furious gestures, and whirling round the *wakui*. The youths are now brought into the ring by their fathers or nearest relations, and the kebarrah song then commences, describing to the candidates, in the strongest terms, the torture they are about to undergo. The first ordeal is that of knocking out the front tooth. This is done by boring a hole in a tree, and inserting into it a small hard twig; the tooth is then brought into contact with the end, and one individual holds the candidate's head in a firm position against it, whilst another, exerting all his strength, pushes the boy's head forward; the concussion causes the tooth, with frequently a portion of the gum adhering to it, to fall out. Some men stand over him, brandishing their waddies, menacing him with instant death if he utters any complaint; while others proceed to cut his back in longitudinal stripes, and make an incision on each shoulder with sharp flints. If the victim utters the least groan, or indication of suffering, during these tortures, three yells, long and loud, uttered by the operators, proclaim the event to the

muharra or encampment. The unfortunate youth is then considered unworthy to be admitted as a warrior, or to mix with the men of his tribe; the women are summoned with a loud *cooi*, and, when they arrive, the youth is handed over to them with ignominy, as a coward; and he thenceforward becomes the companion and playmate of the children.

Should he, on the other hand, submit without shrinking, he is admitted to the rank of a huntsman and a warrior. Another ring is then formed, consisting of the aged men: the youth is placed in the centre, and the *mundie** is given to him; and the old men then use every persuasive art to induce him to return the stone to them again. If he resigns it, he is still considered unfit to be a warrior, as he can be talked over; but if he retains it, notwithstanding all their entreaties, he is received into their number. The war-song commences, and a sham fight ensues; the youth being placed in the van to show his courage and the mode of handling his weapons. This over, they all set up a loud *cooi*, as a warning for the women to return to the camp, and the tribes follow, singing the *korinda braia* as they return in procession. They then separate, to cook and eat around their various fires, and the day is concluded with feasting and dances.

* *Mundie* is a crystal, believed by the natives to be an excrement issuing from the Deity, and held sacred. It is worn concealed in the hair, tied up in a packet, and is never shown to the women, who are forbidden to look at it under pain of death.

When a child is born, it is laid upon the ground upon a piece of soft bark, on which the mother carries it about for a few days. As soon as it acquires sufficient strength, it is removed to her shoulders, where it sits with its little legs across the mother's neck; and, taught by necessity, it soon catches hold of her hair in order to prevent itself from falling. The parents early decorate their children's hair with fish-bones, kangaroo-teeth, feathers, and red ochre. At the age of a few weeks, the child receives its name, which is generally taken from some object constantly before their eyes, such as a bird, fish, or tree. Whilst still infants, the females undergo amputation of the two first joints of the little finger of the left hand. This operation is called "Malgun," and is effected by tying a hair, or some fine ligature, round the joint; the flesh soon swells, and in a few days the finger mortifies and drops off.*

Between the ages of eight and sixteen, both sexes undergo the operation termed "Ngaranung," which consists in boring the septum of the nose in order to receive a bone or reed.

Polygamy is customary amongst these tribes; and the method of obtaining their wives is extremely brutal. The man, having fixed upon a woman as his future companion, who is almost always selected from amongst another tribe, secretly comes upon her

* Mutilations of the body were probably practised by all early tribes. See Parkhurst. In Hebrew, *Malgun* is מלגן, and signifies *a cutting off in order to protection*.

in the absence of her protectors, and stupifying her with blows inflicted by a club or wooden sword upon the head, back, and shoulders, every one of which is followed by a stream of blood, he drags her away through the woods by main force. They do not consider marriage as lawful between those who are more nearly related than first cousins.

In the year 1789, the aboriginal tribes of New South Wales were visited with the smallpox, which made dreadful havoc amongst them, and swept off incredible numbers. The natives imagined that it was the infliction of an evil spirit. It was this epidemic of which the natives of South Australia speak: they say that it came down the Murray from the country far to the eastward, and almost depopulated the banks of that river for more than a thousand miles. I have myself seen two aged men from high up the Murray, beyond the great North-west bend, who were deeply marked with the effects of smallpox.

The natives usually attempt to cure disease by means of sorcery or charms. The Koradjee men or priests perform their incantations over the sick, waving boughs dipped in water, holding one in each hand; they also throw themselves into various distorted postures, applying the mouth to the affected parts, and pretending to suck out or extract the disease; at length, after much appearance of labour and pain, they will spit out a piece of bone, which they represent as the cause of the disorder. Another method of attempting to alleviate pain is practised

by the women: the patient being seated on the ground has a line passed round the head, the knot with which it is tied being fixed in the centre of the forehead; the end of the line is then taken by the operator, who frets her own lips with it until they bleed freely; the patient being led to suppose that the blood proceeds from his head, and, carrying the disease along with it upon the line, passes into the woman's mouth.

The passion of revenge, so fondly cherished by savages, has given rise to a singular custom among the natives of New South Wales. When any one of the tribe dies a natural death, it is usual to avenge the loss of the deceased by taking blood from one or other of his friends; spears are thrown on such occasions, and it now and then happens that the wounded party falls a victim to this promiscuous sort of retribution.

The natives of New South Wales are accustomed to burn their aged dead, but the young people are buried beneath small tumuli. When a corpse is to be burnt, it is laid upon a pile of dry wood and other combustibles, about three feet in height; the body being placed with the face towards the rising of the sun, with fishing apparatus, spears, &c., arranged beside it; the corpse is covered with large logs of wood by the surviving relatives, who then set fire to the pile. The next day the calcined bones and ashes of the deceased are carefully buried. Should a woman die, having a child at the breast, the living

infant is buried with her: the natives argue that as no one could be found to nurse the child, it is better for it to lie with its mother, than be left to pine to death. After any one dies their name is no more mentioned; should any individual belonging to the same tribe possess a similar name, he is required to lay it aside and adopt some new name, by which he is known during the remainder of his life.

The following account of the funeral rites of a deceased child is as described by an eye-witness. Previously to burying the corpse of the boy, a contest with clubs and spears took place, but no injury was done to the parties engaged. The body was placed in a bark canoe, cut to the proper length; a spear, a fishing-spear, and a throwing-stick, with several smaller articles, being placed beside the corpse, the women and children made great lamentations during the ceremony, and the father stood apart, a picture of silent grief. The canoe was placed on the heads of two natives, who proceeded with it slowly towards the grave; some of the attendants waving tufts of dried grass backwards and forwards under the canoe and amongst the bushes as they passed along. The grave being dug, a native strewed it with grass, and stretched himself at full length in the grave, first upon his back, and then on his side. As they were about to let down the child into the grave, they first pointed to the deceased and then to the skies, as though they had a vague idea that the spirit had ascended to another world. The body was then laid

in the grave, with the face looking towards the rising sun; and, in order that the sunshine might fall upon the spot, care was taken to cut down all shrubs around that could in any way obstruct its beams. Branches were placed over the grave, grass and boughs upon these, and the whole was crowned with a log of wood, on which a native extended himself for some minutes with his face to the sky.*

On the sea-coast, these people live principally by fishing, whilst those in the interior seek their subsistence by the chase. Their fishing lines are made from the tough stringy bark of various trees; which is beaten between two stones until it arrives at the consistency of oakum, and is then twisted into strands, and formed into ropes of different dimensions. Their hooks are sometimes formed of the talons of a bird, such as an eagle or a hawk; but the hooks most generally in use are made out of shells, by rubbing them upon a stone into the shape required. The fishing-spear is a long slender pole about twelve feet in length, armed at the extremity with four prongs bound together, each of which is barbed by a kangaroo tooth, or a piece of bone sharpened to a point. This weapon is employed for striking fish; and, in fine weather, the natives may be seen lying across their canoes, with their faces in the water, and their fishing-spears immersed ready for striking: the eyes being a little under water, they can perceive the fish distinctly. For striking turtle they

* See Appendix, Note 6—Burial.

use a sharp peg of wood, about a foot in length and barbed, which fits into a socket at the end of a staff of light wood, seven or eight feet long; the barb being attached to the staff by one end of a loose line. In striking the turtle, the peg which is fixed into the socket enters the body of the creature, and is retained there by the barb; the staff flying off, and serving as a float to trace the course of their prey in the water; they then overtake the turtle with their canoes, and hunt him ashore. The women and children fish with the line; and they carry a small fire in their canoes, which is laid upon sand raised on wet seaweed, and, when hungry, they cook their food while upon the water in this manner. The women will sit patiently for hours together, in these frail canoes of bark, exposed to the fervour of the mid-day sun, chanting their little songs, and inviting the fish beneath them to take the bait: as, without a sufficient supply of food for their tyrants, they would meet with a bad reception on their landing.

Their canoes are very rude. To the southward they are mere pieces of bark, very similar to those of the natives upon the Murray River, but tied together at the ends, and kept open by means of small bows of wood: these are paddled by two small paddles, one of which is held in each hand. Towards the north the natives have canoes of a more substantial kind, formed out of the trunks of trees, and about twelve or fourteen feet long: they are

hollowed by fire, and shaped with the *mogo*, or stone hatchet.

The tribes inhabiting the plains and forests of the interior live mostly by the chase. They ensnare small animals with a glutinous paste resembling bird-lime, formed of a root bruised together with the eggs of the large red ant. They are also expert in decoying carnivorous birds: a native will stretch himself upon a rock, as if asleep in the sun, holding a piece of fish in his hand; the bird, seeing the prey, and not observing any motion in the native, darts on the fish, and, whilst in the act of seizing it, is caught by the wily savage.

Various reports are current, amongst the natives on the coast, as to the existence of cannibal tribes in the interior; and it is a well authenticated fact, that, to the northward, portions of the bodies of the deceased are eaten by their friends, as a token of regard. At Moreton Bay a lad having died, several men gathered round the body, and removed the head and the thick outer skin, which was rolled upon a stick, and dried over a slow fire. During this horrid ceremony, the father and mother stood by, loudly weeping and lamenting; and *the thighs were then roasted and eaten by the parents!* The liver, heart, and entrails were divided amongst the warriors, who carried away portions on their spears; and the skin and bones, with the skull, were rolled up and carried about by the parents, in their grass bags or wallets.

The natives, at times, subsist on roots and berries; the honey from the banksia blossoms, and grubs from decayed wood, are also sought after by them. In order to get more easily at the roots amongst the underwood and scrub, the natives set fire to the "bush" in many places; when the fire is extinguished they dig up the roots, after roasting which they pound them between two stones, until the roots become soft enough to chew. In lighting their fires, if they have occasion to break the sticks, they snap them across the forehead, as we do across the knee. Should a whale happen to be cast ashore in some of the coves along the coast, as is sometimes the case, its carcass affords an extraordinary treat to the natives, who feast upon the blubber for many days.

Although these people do not acknowledge any Supreme Being, their belief in spirits is universal; hence their dread of moving at night, unless provided with a fire-stick or torch. Witchcraft is also general amongst them. Of a shooting star, and of thunder and lightning, they have great dread; but they imagine, that by repeating some particular words, and breathing loud, they can disarm these appearances of their supposed deadly power. Roasting fish at night they imagine will prevent a vessel from enjoying a fair wind; and if a person whistles whilst under a rock, they think that it will fall and crush him to death. They also believe that any one sleeping on the grave of a deceased person would

be freed from the dread of all future apparitions ; for that, during that awful sleep, the spirit of the deceased would visit him, seize him by the throat, and, opening him, take out his bowels, which it would afterwards replace and close up the wound ! Such as are hardy enough to go through this terrible ordeal,—encountering the darkness of the night, and the solemnity of the grave,—are thenceforth Koradjee men, or priests, and practise sorcery and incantations upon the others of their tribe.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY TO THE ILLAWARRA DISTRICT—LIVERPOOL
—CAMPBELTOWN—APEN—ILLAWARRA—DAPTO—
WOOLLONGONG.

DURING my stay in New South Wales, I visited the beautiful district of Illawarra, situated about eighty or one hundred miles to the southward of Sydney. Accompanied by a young friend, we started on horseback; and following the main road from Sydney towards Parramatta for a few miles, we then struck across to the Liverpool road. The distance of Liverpool from Sydney is about twenty miles. The country on both sides has been, and in many places still is, thickly wooded; but numerous inns and public-houses occur at intervals along the road, while the clearings in every direction, and the amount of population one sees, independently of the villages or clusters of houses here and there, all convey the idea of a thickly settled country. Liverpool itself, however, is as dull and uninviting a town as it is well possible to imagine: situated upon

a nearly level tract of country, in the centre of a poor scrubby soil, and with neither hill nor river, nor any other attractive feature to render it tolerable, this miserable inland town consists of a few streets and scattered dwellings with small gardens, and numerous public-houses for the refreshment of travellers passing to and fro from Campbeltown. On entering the town we passed a large and well-constructed building, which I understood to be an hospital.

From Liverpool the country improves towards Campbeltown, and as the soil becomes richer everything around has a more pleasing aspect; the surface of the land is here undulating, and hills rise beyond Campbeltown. The town itself consists principally of one long street, reminding one of similar market-towns in England, in which the High-street is diversified here and there with the leading inns, such as the "Golden Lion," the "Angel," or the "White Bear:" it is just so in New South Wales. The conventional ideas of the old country have been carried out to the very letter as if they had been law: no allowance is made for the wide difference of climate, and consequently of habits, between the two countries; but here, in a latitude of 34° south, we have houses destitute of verandahs or screen-work, built with great glaring windows and high roofs, as if to imbibe all the sun possible. The very taverns are such painfully exact fac-similes of those in England, that it is only after leaving the town and looking abroad upon the

landscape of eucalyptus and banksia, and inhaling the sweet scent of the wattles in blossom, that one is again sensible of really being in Australia, and not in some old town in one of the midland counties.

Between Campbeltown and Appen, a distance of ten or twelve miles, the country becomes more wooded; log huts break the dull monotony of the sombre forests, and the wattle, now covered with a sheet of yellow blossom, enlivens the scene here and there with its gay and perfumed clusters.

Appen is a little straggling village amongst gum trees, with numberless clearings all around. It is inhabited mostly by Irish, and has two opposition inns: at both of which, however, travellers, especially strangers, are compelled to pay very extravagantly for a night's accommodation. The hospitality of the "bush," which is universal in South Australia and in the more remote districts of New South Wales, is unknown so near Sydney; the place of the ever-open hut of the settler being here supplied by a series of detestable little inns, kept by a race of low and pilfering Irish.

A few miles from Appen, the country suddenly assumes a totally different aspect: leaving the rich and cultivated fields of the numerous settlers, whose lands stretch away towards the north and west, the traveller descends a deep ravine, or pass, between the hills, called "Jordan's Creek," through which a small river winds its way amidst abrupt rocks and

overhanging foliage. The scene is extremely wild and picturesque—savage-looking rocks frown from above, and the steep precipices rising on both sides of the glen are clothed with trees and brushwood, that are mirrored in the dark still water beneath. This romantic glen was once a favourite haunt of bushrangers, but now they are seldom to be met with; though we were told at Appen that two were still lurking in the neighbourhood, and had stopped a traveller only a few days since. The effective mounted police force has done much to prevent the existence of these marauding bands of runaway convicts, who formerly struck terror into the breasts of the out-settlers: the bushrangers have been thus kept down, and many of their ringleaders being taken and made examples of by summary justice, others have been deterred from a similar bandit life.

On ascending the opposite side of the ravine—which is so steep and precipitous that it was matter of some difficulty to drag up our horses over the loose and slippery rocks—we entered the scrub and stringy-bark forest, where the scenery is of a totally opposite character from that through which we had previously travelled. The soil, consisting of a light sand, is clothed with a stunted species of stringy-bark tree (eucalyptus), which has a gloomy and melancholy aspect; and beneath these trees grow an endless variety of low shrubs and plants, belonging exclusively to the poor and sandy soil of the scrub: many of these plants were in blossom, variegating the

waste with their brilliant hues. Amongst the most striking and beautiful of the wild flowers that adorn these mountain forests of New South Wales, are the "warrator" and the rock-lily. The "warrator" is a slender shrub, growing with a single upright woody stem to a height of six or seven feet; at the top of which is a magnificent blossom of a deep crimson colour, in shape and size bearing considerable resemblance to a full-blown peony. The natives occasionally wear these "warrator" flowers in their hair as ornaments. The rock-lily is a superb plant, generally growing on the edge of some rocky precipice, or crowning a lofty barrier of rock with its giant stem. The flower-stalk issues from a bunch of leaves very similar to the New Zealand flax; and when it has attained its full altitude it often measures thirty feet, and bears at its summit a crown of scarlet lilies, several feet in circumference. This singular and gorgeous flower gives a peculiar character to the scenery of some of the rocky gullies and chasms that intersect these mountain forests; and the open flats that intervene, though mostly swampy, are often covered with heath and a variety of grasses.

From the summit of the hills, as we approached the Illawarra district, we obtained beautiful and extensive views over successive ranges of stringy bark forest, backed by the Blue Mountains; which rose in the extreme distance, breaking the horizon with their bold outline. The solitude of these forests is rendered more lonely and impressive by the almost

unbroken stillness that reigns throughout their shady recesses.

The road towards Illawarra, after following along the flat-topped summits of successive ranges, takes a sudden turn, when the traveller's gaze is arrested by the unexpected sight of the vast Pacific Ocean, lying far beyond and beneath, and appearing of a deep hazy blue : its effect is truly refreshing to the sense, after emerging from the sandy forests. A little further on, the road surmounts the brow of Mount Keerah ; and from this point the scene is grand and enchanting beyond description. Here we halted, and tethering our horses upon an open plot on the side of the path, made our way through the brushwood to the edge of the mountain's brow, from which we obtained an uninterrupted view over the entire district of Illawarra. Dapto lay at our feet ; to our left the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean glittered in the afternoon's sunshine ; and beneath us the Illawarra lakes were visible, as on a map ; the distant coast-line being discernible towards Cape Howe. The vegetation that clothed the steep sides of the mountain was of a totally distinct character from anything we had hitherto witnessed : it seemed, on descending and entering Illawarra, that we had suddenly become transported into a glen of tropical vegetation ; and the scene all around us was totally new in character and aspect. We had entered upon another climate : the dry arid soil of the stringy-bark forest, with its stunted vegetation, was exchanged, as

if by magic, for a damp, humid region, sheltered from the wind by colossal barriers of rock, and presenting a prodigal luxuriance and wealth of vegetation almost inconceivable. Plants and trees were here altogether of different species from those we had before witnessed: the gigantic cabbage-palm and the *seaforthia elegans* towered to a height of fifty, and even eighty feet; the caoutchouc-tree, or India fig, reared its tortuous branches high into the air, clothed with rich draperies of curious and spreading parasites; and the graceful tree-ferns that flourish in the windless dells of the moist forests of New Zealand, are also indigenous here, enjoying a similar warm and damp atmosphere. In short, nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery, as the traveller descends the winding and difficult path leading down the mountain to the rich plains below: here and there a group of cabbage-palms shoot up in all the unrestrained luxuriance of the tropics; and in other places the herbage is so rank with creepers, ferns, and vines, as to be quite impassable. Here we gathered wild raspberries, and beheld that splendid parasite, the *elksicornia*, adorning the trunks of the forest trees.

On reaching the foot of the mountain, we again entered a settled district; one of the richest and most beautiful perhaps in New South Wales. Sheltered from the scorching northerly winds by the wall of mountain-rocks that guards this favoured region, the meadows are green and luxuriant all the year;

whilst, on the other hand, they are open to the cool breezes from the ocean ; and the surrounding mountains collect the clouds, which descend in fertilizing showers upon the valleys beneath.

Pursuing the road to Dapto, along this rich vale, we passed farms and cultivation on every side : sleek cattle were grazing in the meadows, and all looked beautiful in the glow of evening. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and the purple of evening settled over the landscape before we arrived at our destination. This was at the homestead of one of the settlers at Dapto ; and it was with considerable difficulty, after groping our horses' way through paddocks and amongst gum-trees, that we found the desired spot. A light glimmered from the loft or upper story of a barn ; from whence the barking of the dogs brought down our friend, to whom we bore a letter of introduction. After supplying our horses with corn, we ascended a steep flight of wooden stairs to partake of the hospitality of our host, in the temporary shelter which was afforded to his family by the upper loft of this capacious barn.

Although it may appear strange to speak of living in a barn, to those accustomed only to the extreme of civilization in an old country, yet the spirited and enterprising settler, who chooses to make a home for himself and a provision for his family in the wilds of Australia, must undergo privations that are unknown at home. And yet these very privations, and the rude and Crusoe-like life he has at first to lead, have

an air of romance about them that sweetens his toil; while the constant calls upon his ingenuity and skill produce an excitement that adds to his happiness. So it was with our worthy host: he was building a large and substantial dwelling-house close by, which he hoped would be ready for occupation in another month or two; and meanwhile he had converted the upper story of the barn into a very comfortable and exceedingly picturesque apartment. We sat down to an excellent meal, and after supper a neighbouring settler looked in; when we were agreeably surprised by the wife of our friend entertaining us by playing upon the harp. The apartment was a strange medley of refinement and "bush" life: in one corner was a piano with piles of elegant books; in another part of the loft were cooking utensils, with a stove, in which was a blazing fire—the smoke being led off by a funnel through a hole in the roof; whilst here and there the brush of a wild dog, or the tail of the lyre-bird, or *Mænura* pheasant, was stuck as a trophy between the rafters. We spent a most agreeable evening with our kind friends, and then descended to our night's quarters, whither our host conducted us: and very snug they were; for, climbing up a ladder in the lower portion of the barn, we reached the top of the straw, where we made ourselves a comfortable bed. All night we were serenaded by the shrill whistling of plovers feeding in the surrounding meadows; and when we awoke next morning, we found ourselves buried to our necks upright in the straw, with only our heads visible above.

From this perpendicular position we gradually exhumed ourselves, and felt truly thankful for so warm a shelter; for, on going outside, the grass was covered with a white frost.

The next day was spent in rambling about with our friend, and sketching, amidst the beautiful scenery of the surrounding neighbourhood. There is a grove of cabbage palms on the margin of a small stream close to this spot, and it was amusing to witness the dexterity with which the natives climb the branchless and smooth trunks of these trees, by means of a notched stick, and occasionally with no other assistance than a piece of wild vine or supplejack, which they draw tight round the tree.

The accompanying view is taken from a meadow just beyond the station where we were staying, and will convey some idea of the peculiar and beautiful scenery of the Illawarra country.

Bidding adieu to our friends at Dapto, we retraced the road to Woollongong, a small town on the sea-coast, near the foot of Mount Keerah. Woollongong is the port of Illawarra, and several small vessels trade constantly from thence to Sydney and back, carrying supplies and produce by sea: this is much more easy than land-carriage, as the mountains render it next to impossible to convey heavy goods by land to Sydney. The town is picturesquely situated, and has a good pier. Several islands lie at a short distance off the coast, which has obtained for this locality the name of "the Five Islands."

CHAPTER IX.

VOYAGE ROUND CAPE HORN—RIO JANEIRO—ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

Sept. 10th.—EARLY this morning the *Royal Tar* got under weigh from the anchorage off Bradley's Head, in the harbour of Port Jackson; and as she passed out from between the tall buttresses of rock on each side of the entrance to the harbour, we took a last look at the shores of New South Wales, and bore away southward and eastward over the waters of the Pacific.

Sept. 20th.—We have experienced boisterous weather during the last week: strong gales from the north-north-east, and then from south-west. The incidents have been few; and our only prospect has been a tumultuous wilderness of mountain-billows, rushing in their might up from the stormy south—"curling their monstrous heads," foam-crested—looking awful from their vast size and endless multitude. Over this howling desert of waters—this melancholy sea of storm—the albatross and the petrel flit, spirit-like:

the only living things visible beyond the wooden walls of our floating prison.

About noon to-day we got a glimpse of the coast of New Zealand, near North Cape: it was dim and distant, and only occasionally visible between the mountainous waves.

On the 27th, we passed the meridian of 180° , out of east into west longitude. We have about six thousand miles to run for Cape Horn, across the South Pacific Ocean.

Off the Chatham Islands we encountered very bad weather, and the barometer fell lower than it had hitherto done. Whilst lying-to, we lost our lee bulwarks, and the sea ran tremendously. The albatross and the ocean-birds are very hungry after a gale of wind: quite voracious, and so bold in search of food that it is very easy to catch them.

Oct. 7th.—Lat. 43° south, long. 162° west. The weather becomes colder, and the passengers stump up and down the decks all day long, backwards and forwards, like caged animals in a travelling menagerie.

The chill south wind comes wandering over the waste of waters, rough and blustering; and the giant masses of foam that are driven before its fury, tell of dark and dreary abodes round the pole, and of the ice-bound regions of the Antarctic. The bright and happy sky of Australia is exchanged for a wilderness of everlasting surges; and the dull and melancholy birds that wander restlessly over their surface, only

serve to make the scene more dreary by their shrill and dismal cry. These birds are the heralds of shipwreck, of storm, and of death: they have no fellowship with those winged creatures of light and beauty that flit to and fro in the sunshine of the forests.

The sun went down so wildly, it seemed as though he fled in anger from a scene thus waste and desolate; and the huge moaning waves caught in succession on their rising crests a lurid reflection of that departing brightness, as it glared down upon the cold grey ocean.

Oct. 17th.—Lat. 50° south, long. 134° west. During the last few days, we have had strong winds from the W.S.W. and N.W., with cold stormy weather. On deck, the thermometer stood at 45° ; yesterday we had hail-storms with wind at S.W.; and to-day the wind is W.N.W., with fog and cold drizzling rain occasionally. The days, dull and cheerless as they are, drag on until eight o'clock, and the twilight becomes really tedious.

Oct. 24th.—Lat. 55° south. A strong south-east gale, accompanied by violent squalls of hail; and, towards night, we had snow-storms. All is cold and desolate. Just before sunset, it commenced snowing heavily, and the orange glare of the stormy sunset was half hidden by the drifting snow-flakes, as they were whirled along over the waves, mingling with the sea-foam driven by the violence of the wind. The barometer to-day fell to 29.10.

Oct. 25th.—Thermometer on deck, 38° . Hail and

snow storms occasionally; but between the squalls, which are from S.S.W., there has been some cheering sunshine, and we got peeps of the sky, cold, clear, and blue. The albatross appears to have forsaken us, and has shaped its course farther north. We are now distant 1400 miles from the Horn.

Oct. 29th.—Some ice-birds were seen towards evening: they are perfectly white, and rather larger than a Cape pigeon.

Nov. 5th.—The latitude to-day at noon, $58^{\circ} 19'$ south. The air damp and raw, and the horizon, as usual in this high latitude, remarkably hazy: we have daylight till past 9 P.M. More ice-birds seen.

Nov. 6th.—To-day we passed Cape Horn, in latitude 58° south. The Cape, which is in reality a rocky island, is in lat. $55^{\circ} 58' 40''$ south, long. $67^{\circ} 12' 25''$ west.

The clouds this evening bore so strong a resemblance to land, that a little imagination might easily have converted them into the high snowy peaks of Staten Island.

The number of Cape pigeons that follow in the wake of the vessel is astonishing. They appear very hungry, and are perpetually in danger of being sucked down by the little whirlpools that eddy in the vessel's wake, whilst diving and scuffling for the morsels of food thrown overboard. My young New Zealander, Pomara, caught a great many of them with a hook and line, and sent them away again with canvass collars round their necks. "Mother Cary's

chickens" (*procellaria*) were seen for the first time during the voyage.

Nov. 14th.— Off the Falkland Islands. Large masses of kelp are constantly floating by. The day was fine and mild, and almost calm; and about 9 P.M. there was a total eclipse of the moon.

Nov. 21st.— Our course being nearly due north, we are fast entering a milder climate. The latitude to-day is 39° south. The atmosphere is still damp and misty, and a drizzling fog has for some days hung about the surface of the water. For the first time during the voyage, I observed the small "Portuguese men of war" scattered over the ruffling waves, with their little blue sails tossing buoyantly.

Nov. 22nd.— At sunset, beneath a heavy bank of cloud, the brightness of the sun burst forth for a moment with indescribable splendour; and there was a rosy brightness all around it so dazzling and so glorious, that it looked too lovely for the dark ocean and the dull heaving ship. It was but for a moment, however, and the dark ocean and the dull heaving ship harmonized once more.

Nov. 25th.— Fell in with a "Pamperro" wind, or south-west gale: lightning and heavy weather; lat. $33^{\circ} 50'$ south.

Nov. 30th.— Lat. 26° south. So extremely clear were the heavens to-day, that, at half-past one P.M., I distinctly saw the moon overhead, and a planet which I supposed to be Venus: both visible in the blazing light of a nearly vertical sun!

Dec. 2nd.—This morning we were cheered by the sight of land : the high mountains of South America were before us, in the province of Rio Janeiro. The day broke gloriously, and it was beautiful in the extreme to see the Brazilian coast with its jagged and lofty peaks, now struggling through the mists of early day.

To the voyager, weary of the endless waters, land is a joyous spectacle ; and to us it is gladdening to see the blue peaks of South America glittering in the pure sunshine, and inhale the fragrance of sweet blossoms from the shore, brought hither by the land-breeze during the night,—to watch the green and golden dolphin, flashing like a blaze of jewels through the snowy foam,—and to know that we are rapidly nearing an earthly paradise, and that the sparkling fish, radiant with beauty, and the stray birds and butterflies overhead that have wandered from the shore, are harbingers of more brightness and beauty upon the land that lies bathed in sunshine before us. Such influences as these bring with them happy and buoyant spirits. Here, too, we saw the turtle, lying like little floating islets upon the surface of the water, with their heads stretched up into the morning sunshine. Large and very singular-looking birds, with long wings and tails, soared above us ; and as we neared the land, new beauties presented themselves every moment.

Passing the island of Raza—on which stands the lighthouse and Rodondo, a lofty abrupt cone—the

Paya and Maya islands are seen to the right, scattered with cocoa-nut trees; and the Morris's isles, of tragic interest, lie still further distant. Here the grandeur of the mountains becomes very imposing: giant masses of rock—hurled, as it were, into the most wild and remarkable forms, resembling spires, cubes, and pyramids—rear their lofty summits, bare and naked, against the sky.

The entrance to the harbour of Rio Janeiro now faced us, guarded by the Sugar Loaf mountain on the left, and on the right by the conical rock above Santa Cruz. We speedily discovered houses, and forts, and flags, with crowds of shipping in the distance between the opening. On the right of the entrance stands the fort of Santa Cruz: here no vessel is allowed to pass into the harbour without hailing, and reporting "her name," "where from," "number of days out," &c. The water is deep close alongside the fort, and any vessel not bringing up, or coming within hail, is immediately fired at, without the slightest ceremony, until she obeys these orders. Farther on, situated upon an island nearly in the centre of the harbour, is the fort of Vilganhon, which we had also to hail; and being permitted to pass, we were directed to our anchorage, not far from this latter fort, and about two miles from the shore. Here we lay in company with other vessels that had put in for refreshments: ships waiting to take in or discharge cargo lie higher up the harbour, close to the city. The health and customs officers visited

us in their galleys, rowed by slaves, who rose from their seats and bent forward, at each stroke of their massive oars. A boat from the *Cyclops*, the British man-of-war steamer on the station, also came alongside.

Before we were "cleared" the sun was low in the western horizon, and just as the burning orb was sinking over the city, flashing up its broad golden beams from behind the dark mountain of La Gavia, I stepped into one of the numerous boats that plied alongside the vessel, screened with a canopy of white cotton, and pulled by negroes; and in less than half an hour, we were in the streets of the capital of the Brazilian empire. It was past sundown when we landed at the quay fronting Pharoux' hotel: the sea-breeze had died away, and the hot, still atmosphere of the city was oppressive, after a day of vertical sunshine—such sunshine! The pure, dazzling light had faded rapidly into twilight, and the burst of glory that shot up arrowy rays of gold from behind those western mountains, that gleamed purple as the amethysts they embosom, was soon exchanged for the clear moon, that hung like a silver lamp over the busy city.

It being the birth-night of Don Pedro, the young Emperor of Brazil, all the principal streets, with the chief public buildings, were blazing with lamps; the opera-house and the "teatro" were gaily illuminated, and the citizens were all abroad, enjoying the general festivity.

We took up our quarters at Pharoux' hotel, where

most of the attendants speak French. The restaurant of this extensive building has a gay and lively appearance: it is furnished in the French style, the walls being hung with enormous mirrors, and countless café tables are arranged about the spacious apartment. Here were congregated groups of officers from the British, French, and American men-of-war lying in the harbour, dining on mullet and fricassées, and growing jovial over champagne and moselle;—merchants of all nations were seeking one another at this general rendezvous, to transact business over iced claret;—young midshipmen might be seen devouring oysters and pine-apples, and hot strangers in vain endeavouring to cool themselves by sucking lumps of ice, and swallowing successive draughts of “Refresco Gazoso” to an alarming extent. The centre of the saloon was ornamented by a conical succession of circular shelves, surrounding a column that formed the centre of this enormous “dumb waiter.” The lower shelves groaned beneath rich heaps of golden luscious fruits: oranges three times as large as those we see at home, pine-apples, bananas, guavas, bread-fruits, caiju, and (more delicious than all) luxuriant bunches of green and cooling watercress. The noisy gaiety and excitement within, beneath the sparkling lamps, was answered to from without by the din and bustle of the boatmen on the moonlit shore, and by the incessant jabbering and shouting of the negroes and water-carriers that thronged the lighted streets.

We strolled down the Rua do Ouvidor—a long busy street, lined on both sides with handsome shops, brilliantly lighted, and filled with every variety of tasteful and fancy articles. These shops are mostly kept by French and Portuguese tradesmen—rarely by Brazilians, who are too proud, indolent, and improvident to engage much in business.

The Rua do Ouvidor is principally devoted to the milliners, mercers, artificial flower-makers, stationers, and confectioners, and is one of the most gay and attractive streets in Rio Janeiro. The principal street, however, leading up from the Palace Square to the gate of the famous convent of Sao Bento, is the Rua Direita; which is the widest, and contains several public buildings and churches, besides the Exchange and the Custom House. This street is the resort of merchants, ship-chandlers, and money-changers. Gold Street makes a dazzling display; presenting a long line of jewellers' shops, filled with chains, crucifixes, hearts, ear-rings, and every variety of ornaments made of gold—saints, glories, remonstrances, fonts for holy water, lamps, and apostles, for the churches, in silver, and Brazilian gems and stones in abundance, especially diamonds and topazes. But the Rua do Ouvidor pleased us beyond any of the others; though, like most of the streets in Rio Janeiro, it is narrow, and badly paved with rough stones, over which an occasional chariot, containing some fair señora or Brazilian don, rushes along, drawn by stately mules, their trappings ornamented with

silver, urged to their full speed by black postilions, to the imminent risk of any one who may happen to step an inch off the pavement. But although thus narrow and badly paved, the shops are really handsome, and the profusion of "bijouterie" arranged for sale is quite curious. We paused before the windows of the confectioner, and there saw divers conceits in sugar and paste—little Don Pedros (perfect images of the Emperor), singularly wrought out of white sugar, whole length ladies and madonnas in clear sugar-candy, and coloured busts of the same sweet material, so large and lifelike that we imagined them to be "dummies" from the peruquier opposite. But the glory of the Rua do Ouvidor are the salons of the artificial florists; which are full, not of flowers only, but of pretty girls, French and Portuguese, who sit, pale and pensive, amidst the scentless bouquets that surround them on all sides, the work of their busy and delicate fingers. In one of the principal of these salons, at a late hour at night, we observed, on looking down the long vista of nosegays formed of feathers, at least forty young girls arranged in two rows, twenty on a side, behind long counters, all busily employed. To make this tableau of beauty complete, mirrors were placed at the end of the salon, so that we beheld, to our admiration and amazement, eighty young girls, many of them mere children, all zealously and determinately creating roses, lilies, and every known species of flower, out of feathers and beetles' wings. A lynx-eyed Portuguese dame, ad-

vanced in years—evidently the mistress, duenna, or dragon of the poor little mam'selles—kept an incessant look out, up and down the counters, to see that all went on as it ought to do ; and close to the spacious portals of the salon, opening upon the street, there were stationed, like the syrens of Scylla, two of the prettiest girls, full of naïveté and wit, each at a little table, on which were arranged several of the choicest bouquets, that they might lure the passers-by into making a purchase. The girls spoke French, and were very good-looking, and the flowers were truly exquisite. Who could refrain from entering, and refuse to buy ? Not we. Mma. Va. Labbè gave us a card, which ran thus:—“ Fabrica de flores de todas as qualidades ; limpa-se e tinge-se pennas ;” and we left the Rua do Ouvidor, with its syrens and flowers.

The next morning rose like a bright dream : life, and light, and sunshine, were abroad. Before six o'clock we were upon the castle-hill—one of the steep bluff eminences that rise abruptly from amidst the city—from whence we looked down upon its myriads of red-tiled roofs, and its numerous churches and convents, as from a balcony. The dew still hung thickly on the verdant grass, and the banana had not yet waved before the refreshing sea-breeze. It was the moment of calm and silent loveliness that heralds the tropical sunrise, when Nature, refreshed by the gentle night-dews, has not yet begun to droop beneath the fervent noontide heat. And, at

this early hour, the insect world was busy: thousands of butterflies hovered over the dewy and sweet-scented bushes, gemming the windless atmosphere with their loveliness. Beyond the city, and its scattered and picturesque suburbs, the noble harbour extended like a vast mirror, sprinkled with ships of all nations; and boats, with snow-white latine sails, lay asleep upon its bosom. Mountains, islands, and the distant hazy ocean; convents, whose white walls peeped from amongst palm trees and deepest foliage; scattered cottages, embowered in rich gardens; and stately villas, terraces, and aqueducts,—all glittered in the first beams of day; and this fairy panorama was completed by the distant ranges of the Montes Orgãos, the Gavia, and the Corcovado, looming dim and shadowy amongst the clouds; with the huge Sugar-Loaf peak at the entrance of the harbour, towering above the wreath of mist that encircled its almost perpendicular sides.

At ten o'clock the thermometer stood at 92° in the shade; and it was not until after the sea-breeze set in, that the heat became tolerable. We rambled for several miles along the romantic pathway that leads towards Tijuca and the Corcovado, and follows the course of the aqueduct which conveys water to the city from the neighbouring mountains. The views, at every turn of the road, are exceedingly picturesque; commanding beautiful glimpses of the city and the harbour, with its islands, and the distant mountains beyond. The aqueduct is carried down

a gradual descent along the spurs of the hills, until it reaches the convent of Santa Teresa, overlooking part of the city ; here, a series of magnificent arches conveys the water across an extensive valley, to that portion of the city near San Francisco, where it is supplied to the inhabitants from a fountain with at least twenty brazen taps: the water is, in a similar manner, conducted to various parts of the city. Although the aqueduct is covered in with stonework, and the water is thus kept delightfully cool during its passage from the mountains, there are here and there apertures, with iron railings, at which the pedestrian may slake his thirst ; and it is usual to carry a small drinking-cup, made for the purpose out of a young cocoa-nut shell. Passing the convent of Santa Teresa, which is picturesquely situated on an elevated plateâu overlooking the city, we at once get into the country, and become surrounded on every side with the richness of tropical vegetation ; here and there a pretty cottage or country-house, half hid amidst the shade of bananas and cocoa-nuts, displays its red tileing, the pure white of the building forming a strong contrast to the deep greens of the surrounding foliage.

Perhaps, amidst all the glory of the tropics, nothing strikes the eye of a stranger more, especially in Brazil, than the resplendent profusion of insect life: butterflies of countless varieties, and many of them of enormous magnitude, displaying the most gorgeous tints of colour,

float through the sunny air, skimming along with the rapidity of thought,—now descending suddenly from the top of some stately palm, and then flitting from bush to bush, in and out among the foliage,—until the eye becomes bewildered with their fascinating beauty; again, perhaps, some superb variety, of bird-like size, will flit past, borne through the still air on silent pinions, glancing along the vista of chequered shade and sunlight, and startling one with its sudden and meteor-like appearance. It is a sight indescribably beautiful to the lover of nature, to watch these brilliant creatures flash in the sunshine, and to ramble amidst scented blossoms, where the humming-birds are busy like bees around the jessamine, the coffee blossom, and the long slender bells of the trumpet flower.

It was evening before we returned from our delightful ramble: for, when weary, we lay down to rest in the green shade, and regaled ourselves with refreshing draughts of the cool water from the aqueduct; and then, after strolling here and there in search of new beauties, we would rest again upon the shady turf, and contrast all this loveliness with the monotony of the dark and tempestuous ocean we had so long been traversing.

At sunset we entered the convent of St. Catherina, where vespers were being sung. The nuns and novices of this convent are very numerous; and it is customary with the Brazilians to immure their wives

occasionally in this convent, that the ladies may be securely guarded during the absence of their lords on a journey into the interior. We had heard the nuns spoken of as very handsome, but could not see sufficient of them to judge of their claims to personal beauty, as a thick and very close lattice-work separated the gallery of the nuns from the outer portion of the church, through which their forms were but dimly visible; but their rich mellow voices, chanting the vesper hymn, produced a sweet harmony, seeming, like the song of the caged nightingale, sweeter and more pensive from the songsters being imprisoned.

The richest convent in Brazil is that of Sao Bento; an extensive building, crowning an eminence at the top of Rua Direita, and overlooking the harbour and the Ilha das Cobras, or Isle of Snakes. From the entrance gate of the convent, a magnificent view of at least half the city is obtained; and the numerous windows, looking out of the cells and corridors of the building on every side, command different prospects, all of great beauty. The chapel of Sao Bento is one rich piece of emblazonry in gold and marble. The pillars, sides, and roof are all gilt and ornamented with the most elaborate carving and arabesque work, and the effect of this stupendous mass of rich decoration is almost overpowering. Lamps of solid silver, at least twelve feet in height, and of enormous weight, are suspended from the gorgeous roof of this golden chapel. Most of the wealth of the monks of Sao

Bento consists of land and diamond mines, and many of the brotherhood belong to Brazilian families of distinction.

We spent an evening with a friend at his country house, situated amongst the hills at the back of Bahia da Gloria, and enjoyed the luxury of a night ramble. The vegetation was gemmed with fire-flies, flitting like sparks over the low bushes, and shining in dark places with their pale green light, illuminating every dell as with a thousand restless stars—

“Sorrowing we beheld

The night come on, but soon did night display
 More wonders than it veiled—innumerable tribes
 From the wood cover swarmed, and darkness made
 Their beauties visible: one while they streamed
 A bright blue radiance on the flowers that closed
 Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;
 Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,
 Self-shrouded; and anon, starring the sky,
 Rose like a shower of fire!”

SOUTHEY'S *Madoc*.

With the first beams of the sun, the humming birds were darting into the bells of the campanula, and hovering over the jessamine, thrusting their slender beaks into the flowers to extract the honey they contain. I took a dewy walk amongst the coffee plantations in search of insects; amongst the most remarkable of those I obtained was a caterpillar about four inches long, of a pale green colour, armed with poisonous spines that projected from its body all over to the length of half an inch. This singular

caterpillar was feeding on the jessamine, and on handling it I experienced violent pain and irritation, as though my hand had been stung by a nettle.

Bahia da Gloria, or the Bay of Glory, is an enchanting spot, worthy of its name. Here are situated the residences of most of the Brazilian nobility; and the white villas, together with the church of Sta. Maria da Gloria, ornamenting the richly wooded sides of this deep and picturesque bay, combined with the intense blue of the water and the bright tropical atmosphere, render it almost a fairy scene.

Further on round the promontory, after passing Bahia da Gloria, is the secluded and landlocked Bay of Boto Fogo; backed by steep mountains and rocks, that, attracting the moisture from the clouds, are frequently wrapped in mist. The Sugar Loaf mountain forms a conspicuous object across this bay, shutting in the entrance to the harbour; and the scattered village of Boto Fogo lies along the margin of the shore, looking upon the water, while at the foot of the steep mountains behind, are gardens and glens of the most luxuriant foliage.

In the damp and shady recesses about Boto Fogo, are plants and parasites of uncommon beauty. I observed on the sea-shore beyond the bay no less than four species of convolvulus, all displaying their gay blossoms within the space of a few yards.

About eight miles from Rio Janeiro, beyond Boto

Fogo, there is a lovely mountain-path leading to a ruined archway on the summit of the mountain-ridge that divides the harbour from the ocean. I pursued it alone, and never shall I forget the silent rapture with which I stood by that arch and gazed around; looking down upon the gay harbour and the distant city on the one hand, while on the other lay a waste of wild and dreary sand-hills, intersected with glens of rich foliage, bounded by the immeasurable ocean—the vast Atlantic. There was no sound save the distant roar of the sea, every wave of which I could see distinctly break along the shore for miles; and no sign of life but the busy throng of insects flitting around, and an occasional serpent gliding stealthily into the bushes.

I descended to the sea-shore and bathed in the surf. The sandy plain and the hill sides adjoining were clothed with magnificent plants. The cactus here attained a height of ten or twelve feet, and the yucca, the aloe, and the palm, grew in unchecked luxuriance, whilst at every step some new and beautiful shrub would meet the eye.

During my stay in Brazil, I was introduced to the celebrated Rugendas, the French artist, whose pictures of South American scenery are so justly esteemed. Rugendas had not long since returned from a sketching tour amongst the Andes of Chili. I accompanied him to the annual exhibition of paintings at the National Academy in Rio Janeiro on the opening day. The rooms were decorated with a

profusion of flowers, and the stone floors of the various apartments were strewn with the leaves of laurel and bay. Two rooms were devoted to the chalk-drawings and other productions of the students during the past year. Several pieces of sculpture were exhibited of considerable merit. The best pictures—for there were about half a dozen very clever ones amongst an alarming quantity of trash—were a couple of exquisite landscapes; three paintings by Rugendas — “Wild Horses on the Pampas,” “Thirsty Travellers arriving at a Boiling Stream,” and “Crossing a Glacier of the Andes,”—and a wonderfully painted Scripture piece, by Barraudio,—“The Murder of the Innocents,”—in which the expression of horror is admirably portrayed. There were many indifferent portraits, and amongst them two of the Emperor. Although the fine arts have not been much patronized in the New World, it is gratifying to observe that the Brazilians are following in the march of intellect.

The palace of the Emperor is a plain building, forming two sides of a quadrangle, facing the landing place near Pharoux' Hotel. The guards wear a blue uniform, and it is amusing to see regiments composed of awkward figures of all heights, chiefly creoles and mulattoes, going through their exercise in the streets.

The market of Rio Janeiro is well stocked with fruit, vegetables, and fish. It is situated close to the public fountains on the quay, at one side of the Palace-square.

Numerous emigrants are annually arriving in Brazil from Lisbon and Oporto, and these constitute the most hard-working and industrious portion of the population; there are also several bodies of Swiss emigrants, who have established themselves in villages high up in the Montes Orgaos, or Organ Mountains. The coloured population are the most numerous; they present fine athletic figures, and the negresses render the streets picturesque by their gaudy costume. Some of these people I observed in the streets, belong originally to a peculiar African tribe, who have their faces curiously tattooed, or studded with a row of excrescences, like warts, extending from the forehead, down the centre of the nose, and over the lips and chin, giving to the countenance, when seen in profile, a strange and repulsive appearance. Elephantiasis and leprosy are of frequent occurrence amongst the negroes: the former disease causes the feet and legs to enlarge enormously, and grow horny and distorted; and I have seen poor creatures afflicted with this hideous and loathsome disorder, whose feet actually resembled those of an elephant more than of a human being.

The church of the Candellaria, and the monastery of San Francisco, are well worthy of a visit; as is also the chapel of the Emperor. Near the latter is a building once used as the Inquisition, which has lately been abolished.

Towards evening I entered the chapel of the

Benedictines, where some ceremony was going forward, and curiosity tempted me to linger a while. A long row of men in black and white surplices lined each side of the grand aisle, and on an elevated stand in the centre, before the altar, was a box of crimson velvet, lined with white satin, and decorated all round with bunches of artificial flowers, containing what I at first imagined to be an exquisitely wrought figure in wax, of some saint for whom they were performing mass. At the conclusion of the mass the box was shut, and carried in procession out of the church to an enclosed garden, full of sepulchres, in the high rocky sides of which were niches for sealing up the dead. I followed amidst the crowd, who halted with the priests before a small altar beneath a verandah in the garden. The velvet case was again opened to sprinkle holy water upon the figure within, and I discovered, being now close to the altar, that what I had mistaken for a wax image was in reality a lovely dead infant; there was a bloom on its cheek, and the long silken fringes that so gently shadowed its closed eyelids made one think that it was only asleep, and would wake again: the perspiration, too, stood on its forehead, but it was the clammy sweat of death. The corpse was robed in blue satin, trimmed with rich lace, and a flower was placed in its hand. After a censer of incense had been swung for some time above the body, the lid was shut down, and the case secured by a lock and key; the beautiful crimson velvet of

the exterior was then cut crosswise in gashes with a knife, as though to mark that corruption and decay had now claimed it for their own ; and the remains of this infant of rank were sealed up in one of the niches that occupied the wall of this sepulchral garden. It was a strange, solemn place : the day was setting in glory, and the last beams from the sun stole across the gloom of the garden, burnishing the tops of the cypress trees, and leaving the tombs and monuments below in dark and silent shade.

On the evening of the following day, which was one of incessant heavy rain, the funeral of Don Silva, the Prime Minister of Brazil, took place, at the convent of Sao Bento. He was buried by torch-light, with military honours ; a large cavalcade of horse soldiery formed a part of the procession, and the cannon continued firing till nearly midnight.

Steam-boats ply from Rio Janeiro to the various places on the opposite shores of the harbour. Perhaps the most interesting of these is Praiha Grande ; and the inhabitants from the city frequently resort thither to enjoy the fresh air, and the retirement of the country.

We spent a very pleasant day at Praiha Grande and Braganza, and in rambling over the hills and amongst the coffee and sugar plantations in the neighbourhood. The orange gardens here are delicious, and on the rocks beyond the Praiha Grande the cactus grows to an enormous size. Beneath a shady

avenue of trees along the water-side, the company who arrive from Rio Janeiro may be seen seated at tables in the open air, enjoying the sea-breeze, and diverting themselves with cards or dice. And from a ruined fort at the extremity of the bay, a fine view is obtained of the surrounding harbour, with the vessels going in and out, of the distant mountains behind Rio Janeiro, and of that city itself upon the opposite shore, with its churches and convents glittering in the sunshine.

There are some lovely spots around Praiha Grande : deep glens, shaded from the sun by palms and bananas ; dark lanes, along which the butterflies flit with gaudy pinions, gemming the sultry air with their beauty ; and quiet nooks by the sea-shore, in secluded bays where the cool green water dashes into snowy surf in the twilight of overhanging caves. But the most delightful of all are the little gurgling streams that make music beneath the dense leaves and jungle that hide them from sight : nothing can be imagined more refreshing, on one of these midsummer days in the Southern tropic, than to find a translucent and brimming well, half revealed amongst the foliage, and to drink a copious draught of the cooling water as it descends through a piece of bamboo into the cistern beneath.

After a long detention in Rio Janeiro—owing to some disputes with the captain, which were at length arranged by the consul to the satisfaction of the passengers—we again put to sea in the middle of

December, beating out of the harbour with a strong sea-breeze. The Gavia mountain presents a very remarkable appearance, when viewed from the sea, resembling the profile of a man when reclining on his back. It is commonly known as Lord Hood's Nose.

Dec. 28th.—For the past fortnight we have had strong winds from the N.N.E.; which is remarkable weather, as we expected the S.E. trades shortly after leaving Rio Janeiro. After making no better course, by lying close to the wind for nine hundred miles, than E. by S., the vessel was put about; and in a couple of days' time we fell in with the S.E. trades, which carried us across the line into 3° north latitude.

Dec. 31st.—Off the island of Trinidad, in the South Atlantic. Being the last night of the year, the sailors *beat* the old year out and the new year in—a truly barbarous and senseless mode of celebration. No sooner had orders been given to strike eight-bells, the hour of midnight, than a most furious serenade commenced upon the fore-castle deck: the whole of the crew and the steerage passengers began thumping and beating upon empty casks; knocking tin cans and pots together; striking the bell, till it was almost swung off its hinges; shouting, screaming, and hurrahing: the din was perfectly deafening. Despite this noisy tumult, the good old year rolled silently away, with those that are past; and when the cheers suddenly ceased, the murmuring surges sounded

their solemn music—a more fitting requiem for the dying year.

Jan. 23rd.—Lat. 19° N. The sun, for several evenings past, has set in unclouded glory: deep golden yellow, pink, violet, and, lastly, bright azure, all blended imperceptibly into each other, have adorned the western sky; telling us that we are still within the realms of the sun, and whispering of the rainless shores of desert Africa, abreast of us; where such a sky of glory meets the Arab's gaze nightly, from year to year, till he looks and worships the glorious luminary.

Jan. 29th.—Lat. $21^{\circ} 35'$ N.; long. $37^{\circ} 30'$ W. Quantities of the gulf-weed are floating amongst the waves, driven into long lines upon the surface of the water by the action of the sea and wind.

Feb. 2nd.—Passed the Azores or Western Islands, between Flores and Pico, with a strong westerly breeze and hazy weather.

Feb. 8th.—We spoke the *Flora*, a large West India-man, twenty-eight days out from Portsmouth, bound for Jamaica; in long. 18° W.; lat. 44° N. She had encountered very heavy weather, and her top-gallant-masts were struck. A crowd of strange faces gazed on us for the passing moment; and we gazed on them again, looking at them as if they were some strange phenomena, and regarding with wistful eyes some fine joints of fresh meat that were hanging at the stern of the vessel: they no doubt pitied us when they saw our board with “160 days out”

marked in chalk letters upon it. But the most novel sight to us was, a lady—a real, live English lady—on the poop-deck of the *Flora*, looking quite gay, in a red and yellow shawl. After a hasty interchange of civilities, away steered the *Flora* for the islands of the sun.

Feb. 11th.—A tremendous gale of wind set in yesterday, from E.S.E., and has continued blowing without any abatement. The vessel is laid-to, under a close-reefed main-top-sail, and the wind still “dead on end.”

Feb. 17th.—This morning at daybreak, the distant hills of Ireland were in sight, near Bantry Bay. Last night, although we had not sighted the coast, yet the smell of turf-burning was clearly perceptible in the air, as the easterly wind set off the land. At four P.M., we spoke the *Wanderer* barque, from Gibraltar, seventeen days out: from this vessel we fortunately obtained a cask of beef and some biscuit; our provisions being nearly exhausted, and ourselves having been on short allowance, both of food and water, for the past ten days. We also obtained English papers as late as January 26th, and Gibraltar papers up to the 31st ultimo.

On the 22nd, we arrived off Dover, and took a pilot on board; and on the 23rd, at noon, I landed at Gravesend.

A P P E N D I X.

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### NOTE 1.

#### ABORIGINAL CARVINGS, OR OUTLINE TRACINGS, UPON ROCKS AND HEADLANDS IN THE VICINITY OF PORT JACKSON.

(*As yet explored.*)

THESE are to be found on North Head, on South Reef Promontory, on Middle Head, at Camp Cove, at Point Piper, at Mossman's Bay, and at Lane Cove on Mr. Kirk's property.

The subjects represented are the human figure, the hieleman, or shield; kangaroos, birds, flying squirrels, black swans, and various sorts of fish, some of them twenty-seven feet in length.

In Lane Cove, in Middle Harbour, at George's Head, and at Port Aiken, are carved heads; and at the latter place, parts of the human body cut in intaglio. At Port Aiken and in Middle Harbour they are found in caves, formed by projecting masses of rock, called by the natives "Giber Gunyah;" *i. e.* stone or rock house. Thus, a black fellow, on his first arrival in Sydney, seeing a stone house exclaimed, "Ah! white fellow too in *giber gunyah!*" The term is of eastern origin, as appears from the derivation.

گبر *Giber* (in Arabic), a hump on a camel's back; a rock. *Giber*, altar, Gibraltar.

گن و *Gunn* (in Arabic), preserving; covering; shading from the sun; a veil; court or middle of a house.

That these sculptures are of remote origin, is also corroborated by the fact that these carvings, or outline tracings, are on promontories and peninsulas.

Promontories, islands, and peninsulas, high lands overlooking the sea, were sacred in the far East and in Western Europe. A chapel is erected on Cape Finisterre, the farthest land then known; whence named Finis-terræ, or the land's end. A chapel, dedicated to "St. Aldhelm," stood on the summit of the high promontory, St. Alban's Head, well-known to the homeward bound traveller.

Pan was worshipped by fishermen, who inhabited promontories washed by the sea. The Athenian maidens were accustomed to leave propitiatory offerings to the gods, for a good husband, on the east bank of the Ilissus, near the Stadium, on the first evenings of a new moon. Byron and Hobhouse, when Galt informed them of this, remarked, that on the promontory above that spot, it is recorded that a statue of Venus formerly stood.—*See Galt.*

The natives of New South Wales have some superstitious feelings relative to the moon, by which they count their time, and an eclipse of the moon throws them all into an awful state of consternation. It is also during the full of the moon that they hold their dances or *corrobbories*.—*See Corybantæ.*

Relative to these tracings, or carvings, upon the surface rocks of projecting headlands, their uses or intention are now only legendary. The natives say, that "black fellow made them long ago;" and, to convey an idea of remote antiquity, they hold up their fingers and hands, elevate the face, shut the eyes, and say "Murrey—murrey—*murrey*—long time ago"—shaking the head each time they pronounce the word "murrey."

They agree in stating that the tribes did not reside upon these spots, assigning as a reason—"Too much dibble-dibble walk about;" for they greatly fear meeting the "dibble" or some evil spirit in their rambles, and never leave their camp at night. They state that these places were all sacred to the priest, doctor, or conjurer—for the one is the other among

these tribes. A man potent in spells and of great dread, is the Ko-ra-gee—*χειροργος*—Chiruga. The oldest person in the Sydney tribe, is the widow of the chief who ruled when the first fleet arrived, and whose name was "Bungaree;" thence dignified as "King Bungaree." He lived, poor fellow, for some years, and saw the kangaroos and opossums chased from his domains; but he gloried in a cocked hat, excelled in a bow, knew a fresh arrival instinctively, and welcomed him to "his country" with all the form of a master of the ceremonies, and concluded by begging a dump (a small silver coin then current) to drink the stranger's health. His queen has survived her glories, and she now totters about, very aged and decrepit, known as "Old Gooseberry;" but her memory is still good.

In her statements she says she was no eye-witness—"Bel I see it, my father tell me"—so that all is a matter of legend relating to these carvings.

Though the tribes did not reside on those places, I am informed that they used to have mystic dances\* or festivals on this Ko-ra-jee land, and that they used to fight as well as dance. Poor old "Gooseberry" said in a mysterious tone, "drag gin," which means, run off with the women. It is customary with the natives to take the women of another tribe by force; stunning them, and then actually dragging them into the bush. One chattering native added very seriously, "Pi, fellow,"† "Kill fellow;" but a look of anger from the more cautious "Gooseberry" prevented further information as to *human sacrifices*.

The early mysteries of the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, and even the Romans, were of a libidinous though less ferocious character. The custom of the Roman youth running naked, and chasing women with thongs of leather, is analogous to the similar early practice of "dragging the *gins*." The *g* is pronounced hard by the natives—*γιν*.

\* See the ancient dances of the Corybantes. They were a sort of Cory-beri (corrobbory) perhaps.

† "Pi, fellow," "pi-mooden," in Persian is to slay or kill *پیموون*

The orgies which, as legends tell, were once celebrated on the promontories of Port Jackson, also partake of the character of the Buddha mysteries, the Singam of the East, and the Priapus worship of the West.

One rock or hill at Spring Cove is called "*Ky-hy-Giber*," the rock or hill of lewdness. There is no reason to doubt the truth of what the fathers have told their children, or their children (now aged people) have told to us.

I have copied the rude outlines of these primitive engravings as they now exist, and noted down the legends of the natives; but the question has yet to be answered, *Who* introduced these ceremonies, and chose rocks, and promontories, and caves—as in the old world they have been known to exist thousands of years ago—sacred to Priests or Ko-ra-jee?

And who taught these savages to call what we suppose they never saw, and assuredly never constructed, viz., a vessel, by the same name now in use in India, and in the Celtic dialect of the Welsh, "Náo," a ship? <sup>ن</sup>

Who taught them the use of the *Boomerang*, which is depicted in the tombs of Egypt, and called by Wilkinson the *Throw-stick*?

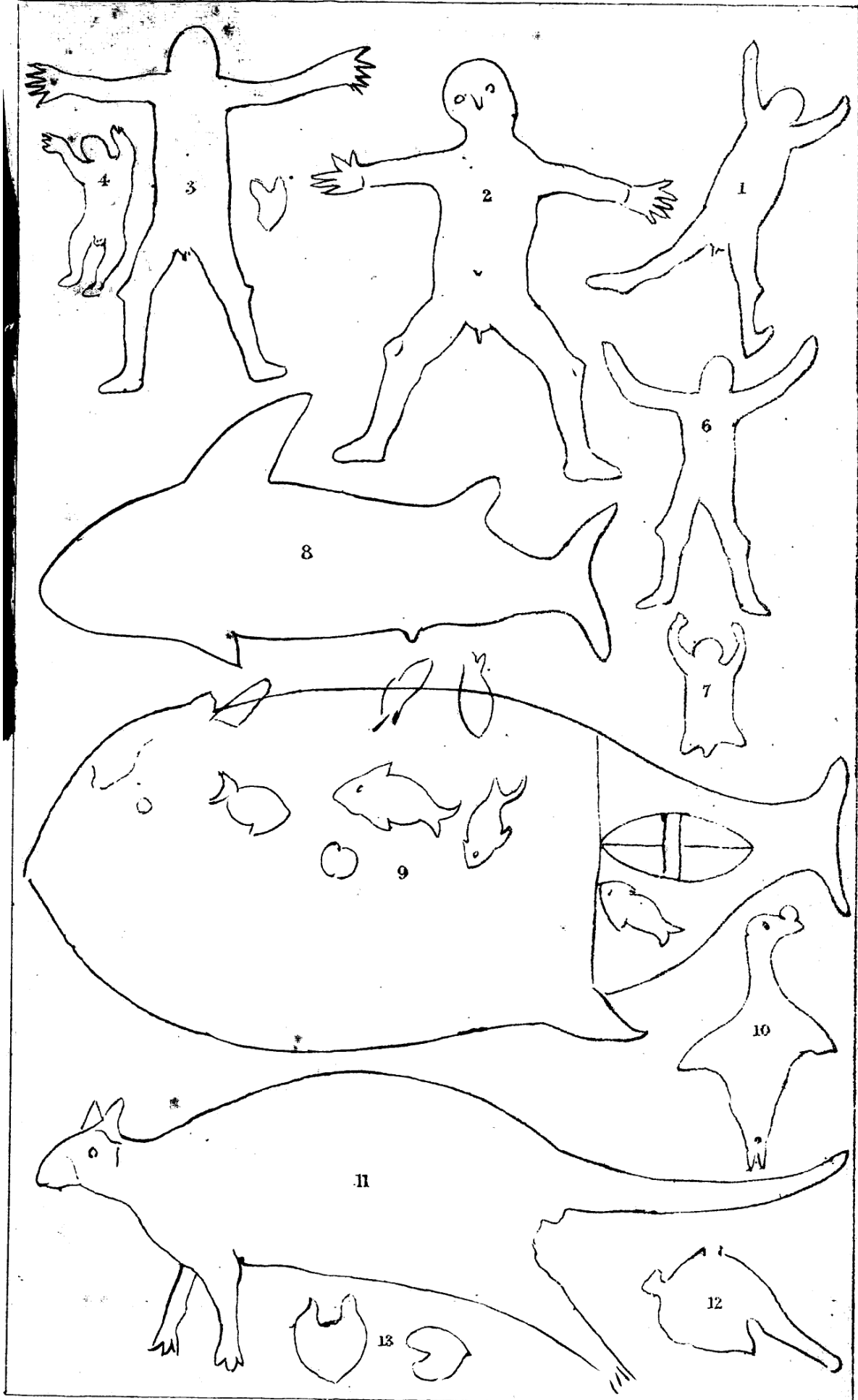
Are not these all evidences of the Asiatic origin of this people? But by what event or means, or at what period, New Holland was peopled by this now degenerate race, still remains clouded in obscurity; the people themselves, unlike the New Zealanders, having no legends whatever of their former origin.

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#### DESCRIPTION OF ABORIGINAL CARVINGS.

##### *Plate I.*

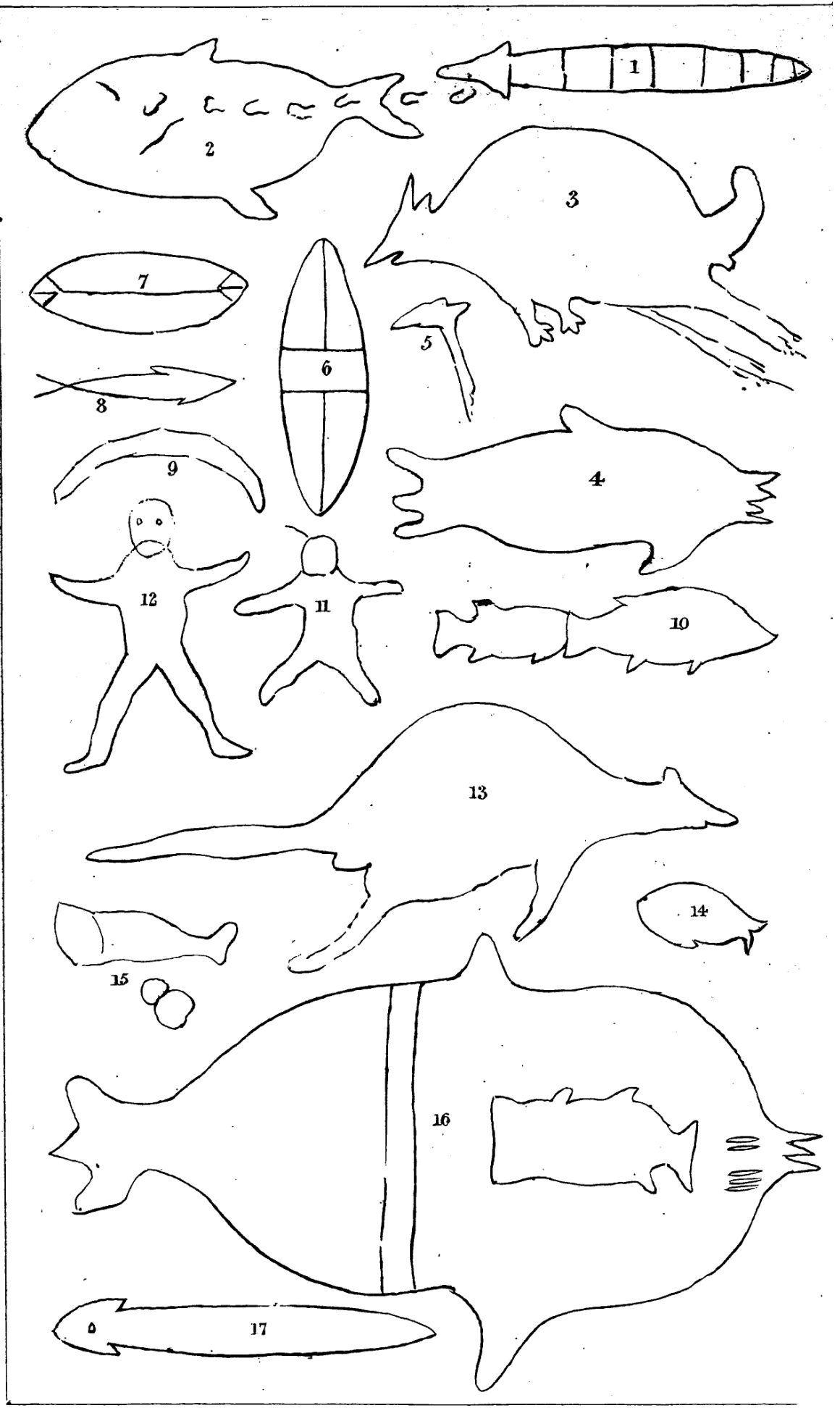
Figs. 1 and 2.—Representations of the human figure carved on a flat rock at the extremity of Point Piper, on the property of D. Cooper, Esq. The attitudes are those of the *corrobory* at the present day. Length of large figure, 5 feet; small figure, 3½ feet.



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George French Angas, del et lith.

Am. B. Soc. Lith. & Print. Co. Phila.



George French Angas del et lith.

Dee & Son, Lith. & Col.

Figs. 3, 4, and 5.—A group carved upon a flat rock at Camp Cove. Length of large figure, 5 feet 6 inches. Coryberi, or invocation, or perhaps both? So in other representations of the human figure—

“Duplices palmas ad sidera tendens.”

Near the figure (No. 5) is a *heart-shaped* object.

Fig. 6.—A similar outline of the human form in the usual attitude, at Middle Head.

Fig. 7.—Flying squirrel, at Point Piper. Length, 18 inch.

Fig. 8.—A fish, probably a shark, at Middle Head. Length, 18 feet.

Fig. 9.—A whale at Point Piper. Length, 27 feet. The shield and small fish are carved upon it in the attitudes represented in the Plate.

Fig. 10.—Black swan. Two feet in length. Also at Point Piper.

Fig. 11.—A kangaroo. Nearly 9 feet in length. At Point Piper.

Fig. 12.—Probably a parrot. One foot.

Fig. 13.—Heart-shaped figure, not unlike the cockle that forms part of the food of the natives. Length of the largest one, 10 inches.

#### Plate II.

Fig. 1.—At Point Piper. Six feet in length.

Fig. 2.—A fish at Point Piper. Length, 6½ feet.

Fig. 3.—An animal, 6 feet 2 inches in length. At South Reef Promontory.

Fig. 4.—A fish, 12 feet long. At Middle Head.

Fig. 5.—The *Mogo* or stone axe. South Reef Promontory.

Fig. 6.—The *Hieleman* or shield. Precisely similar to that in use at the present day amongst the people about Port Stephen, and many places along the coast.

Fig. 7.—Another shield. At Woodford, on the estate of Mr. Kirk, at Lane Cove. Two feet 4 inches.

Fig. 8.—A fish. Two feet in length. Also at Lane Cove.

Fig. 9.—The *Boomerang*. One foot 7 inches. Lane Cove.

A representation of the boomerang is found in the tombs at Thebes.—See *Wilkinson*. There are also at Lane Cove, besides kangaroos, shields the same as those here represented, and numerous carvings of small fish, but no large ones.

Fig. 10.—Two fishes. Five feet in length. At Middle Head.

Fig. 11.—A human figure. At Lane Cove. Three feet 2 inches.

Fig. 12.—Another figure. At same place. Four feet 10 inches.

Fig. 13.—A kangaroo. Eight feet long. At South Reef Promontory.

Fig. 14.—A small fish. At Point Piper. One foot.

Fig. 15. do. do. do.

Fig. 16.—A fish, 27 feet in length; and a smaller one, 3 feet in length. At Middle Head.

Fig. 17.—At Point Piper. Six feet in length.

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#### NOTE 2.

##### CAVES OR GUNYAHS.

Porphyry tells us, that in Arcadia was a cave sacred to Pan and the *moon*.

*Mithratic Caves*.—Wherever the rites of the ancient Cabiri prevailed, we always find them in some manner or other connected with *caverns*; and the most mysterious rites of the Samothracian Cabiri were performed within the dark recesses of the cave Zerinthus.—See Faber on the Cimbri.

The Cabiric cavern was symbolical of the Hades of the Epopææ, or the vast central cavity of the earth. The Noëtic gods, worshipped within these sacred caverns, were termed *Patari*, which appellation is derived from *Patar*, to *dismiss* or *open*, and alludes to the egress of the Noachidæ from the ark.

The carvings of the natives along the east coast of New South Wales, are all near the water, and probably may have

had some connection with water worship. Demeter and Kora were worshipped at the Charonian cavern mentioned by Strabo.—*Strabo*, l. 12, p. 869.

The oracular shrine of Apollo was held in a mighty chasm in a hill side, known as the Delphic Oracle.

Amongst the Persians, most of their temples were caverns in rocks; either formed by nature or artificially produced. In Chusistan there are, at this day, many remains of such sacred caverns, and in the front of them are representations of various characters.

Painted caverns occur in sandstone rock, on the north-west coast of Australia; many of which were discovered by Capt. Grey, during his expeditions along that coast in 1838. The figures were principally men and kangaroos; the human figures, like those carved on the rocks at Point Piper, being all destitute of mouths.

*Hands in Caves.*—In his narrative of the journey along the north-west coast of Australia, Capt. Grey remarks,—“Another very striking piece of art was exhibited in the little gloomy cavities situated at the back of the main cavern. In these instances some rock at the sides of the cavity had been selected, and the stamp of a hand and arm by some means transferred to it,—this outline of the hand and arm was then painted black, and the rock around it white, so that on entering that part of the cave, it appeared as if a human hand and arm were projecting through some crevice admitting light.—*Grey*, vol. i. p. 204.

Intaglio hands are formed on rocks in various parts of the east coast of New South Wales, as at Port Aiken, and also near Lake Macquarrie.

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### NOTE 3.

#### BOOMERANG.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson mentions this instrument as occurring in the tombs at Thebes, in Upper Egypt. It is also distinctly delineated in one of the fresco paintings illustra-

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o

tive of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, now in the British Museum, where a figure is represented in the act of flinging a *boomerang* or "throw-stick" at a number of ducks and aquatic fowl, as they are in the act of escaping from amongst the papyrus rushes.

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NOTE 4.

CORROBORRY.

The dances or corrobories (*quasi* Corybantes) have some reference to mystic rites; and are usually held at night, and by moonlight. "The earliest people in the north, the Celts, had no fixed habitation, knew not how to read, learned hymns or songs by heart, sang and danced to music, holding their meetings by moonlight, and had a solemn annual meeting."—*Fasbroke*, p. 527.

There were sacred hills in Persia, where, as people passed by, there were heard shouts as of a multitude of people; also hymns and exultations, and other uncommon noises. These sounds proceeded from the priests at their midnight worship, whose voices were reverberated by the mountains.—See *Bryant*.

It seems probable that the *corrobory* dances are remains of this *midnight* and noisy worship, and were originally derived from these religious ceremonies; although the natives have no such meaning attached to them at the present day.

*Cannibalism*.—"The horrible custom of eating their own dead was common to the ancient Irish, and the Massagetæ, a Scythian nation.—See *Archæologia*, vol. v. p. 276. Also *Herod.* i. 216.

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NOTE 5.

MEM. RELATIVE TO WORDS USED BY THE SYDNEY TRIBE.

Ship. Sydney tribe, Naowi. Welsh, Náo. Greek, *ναυς*. Latin, Navis. Persian, *نَؤ* Nao.

A stone—a rock. Sydney tribe, Keba or Giber. Arabic, **غبر** or **گبر**—so *Gibraltar*.

To go. Sydney tribe, Yan. Hindostanee, Jan-na. Latin, An-dare. Scotticé, Gang.

Water. Sydney tribe, Aba. Persian, Ab, **أب** Latin, Aqua.

Strike. Sydney tribe, Mah. So when spearing fish, one who sees the fish near the spear will call out “Strike, strike, now,” “Mah, Mah.” Hindostanee, imperative from Mahna, to strike.

Woman. Sydney tribe, Gin (*g* pronounced hard). Greek, *γιν ομαι γονη*.

A Man. Sydney tribe, Joen. Persian, **بوان** Juvan. Latin, Juven-is.

Where? Persian, **كُو** Koo. Where are you? **كُوِي**  
Koo-i. The native call in the bush.

A cave. Sydney tribe, Gunyah. Arabic, **گسن** a covering from the shade.

A village or settlement in Hindostanee is “*Gong*.” Thus, Mitta-gong, sweet or delightful village, is a common name for places in the Deccan: so, “Mitta-gong,” in Australia, Woollon-gong, and other places ending in “gong.”

To make marks, or to write, Sydney tribe, Calama. Persian, kullum. Hindostanee, Callam. Greek, *καλαμος*, a reed, a pen. Latin, Calamus.

Beautiful. Sydney tribe, Kalia. Greek *καλος*, *καλα*, *καλου*.

Sun. Sydney tribe, “Noah.” See *Faber*, or *Bryant*, who state that the sun was so called in the most ancient times.

To kill. Sydney tribe, Pi. Persian, I think, Pi-mocden, to kill **پيمو ون**

## NOTE 6.

## BURIAL.

Burial in a sitting posture. The Carib Indians bury in a sitting position.—*Hodgson*, vol. i. p. 260.

Burials under tumuli are common in every part of the northern world. So here at the Clarence river.

The tombs of the ancients were kept in repair. Games were instituted by Æneas at the tomb of his father Anchises. A woman at the Clarence river neglected to trim and weed the tumulus of her late husband, and she was put to death in consequence of her neglect.

The blacks at Clarence river mark the burial-place by placing stones in a circle, and a large upright slab in the centre, even to the present day. They give no other reason for this than that it "belong to black fellow;" "black fellow make it so."

Some tribes throw the corpse into the branches of a tree for the birds to devour it. So the Persians, at the present time, expose their dead upon iron gratings, surrounded by an enclosed wall, but open to the skies, and birds feed upon the corpses.

Anciently the Sydney tribe burned their aged dead, but the young ones they buried. The three spots for burning were three bays, now known as Rose Bay, Chowder Bay, and Shell Cove.

Weapons are buried here with the dead, as in Tartary; also among the American Indians, and the early British. Cæsar speaks of this custom.

At Clarence river, when an old man is sick, he lets himself down into a hollow tree to perish.

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